FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR
MONTHLY.

Vol. I.—No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1876. $2.50 Per Annum.

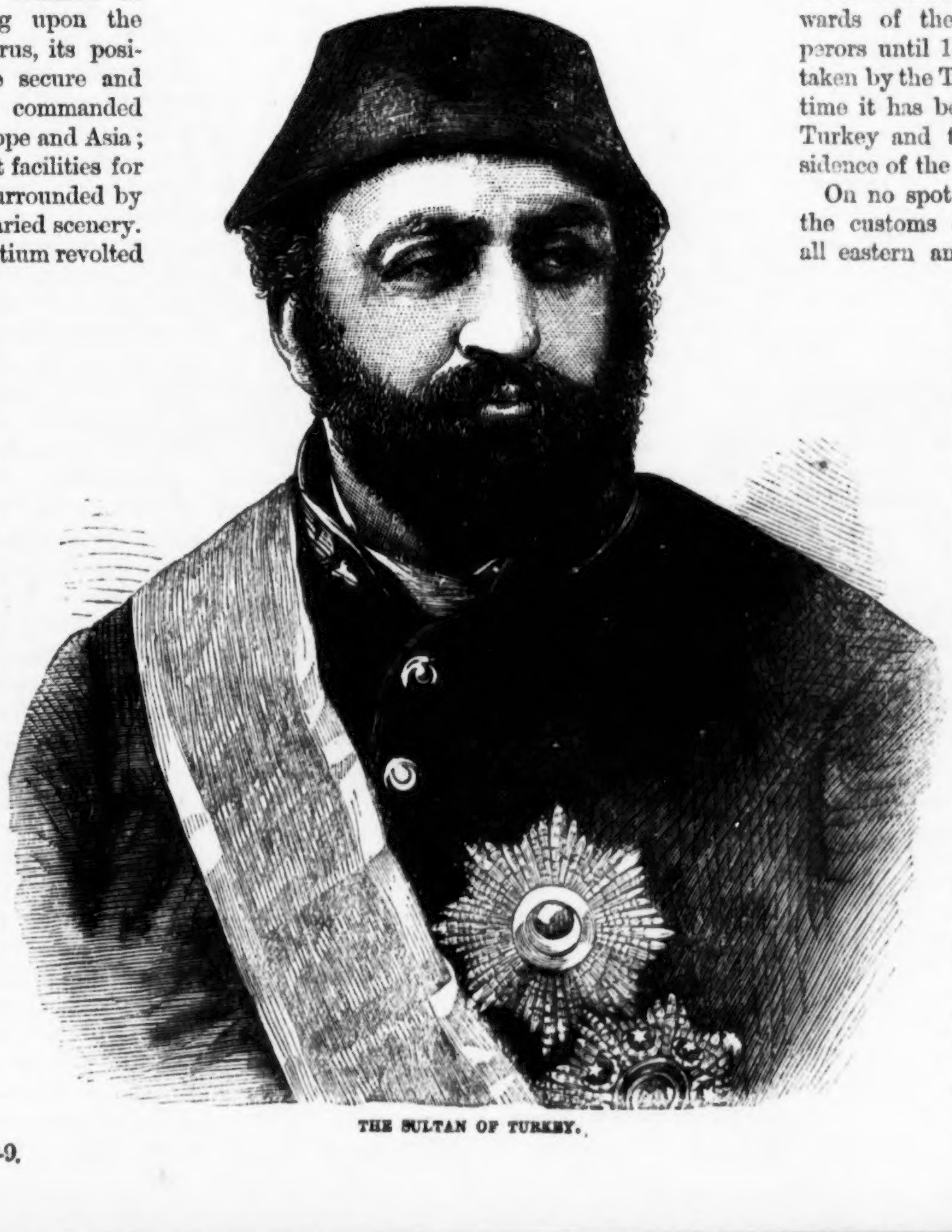
TURKEY: ITS PAST CONDITION AND PROMISED REFORMS.

TURKISH CITIES, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the ancient Byzantium, was founded in 667 B.C. Lying upon the Thracian Bosphorus, its position was at once secure and enchanting. It commanded the shores of Europe and Asia; it had magnificent facilities for trade, and was surrounded by picturesque and varied scenery. In 440 B.C. Byzantium revolted from Athens, though it afterwards returned to an alliance with that city. Under Alexander the Great it retained for some time a certain degree of independence, but later was tributary to the Gauls, and finally attached itself to Rome. In 196, A.D., it was captured by Severus and destroyed, but afterwards rebuilt; and in 330, A.D., was made, by the Emperor Constantine, the capital of the Roman Empire, and called after his own name. It continued to be the residence of the Roman and afterwards of the Byzantine emperors until 1453, when it was taken by the Turks, since which time it has been the capital of Turkey and the principal residence of the Sultan.

On no spot in the world are the customs of the people in all eastern and western countries so blended in proportions as in this city. Nowhere else are seen the European hat, bonnet and chignon, and the Turkish fez, turban, and yashmach.

The male Turks are now generally dressed in European costume, excepting the fez, which is still worn. The ladies and the clergy are almost the only classes who have preserved the ancient costume, and there are few sights more picturesque than to see a group of women, as they appear in Constantinople, clad



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

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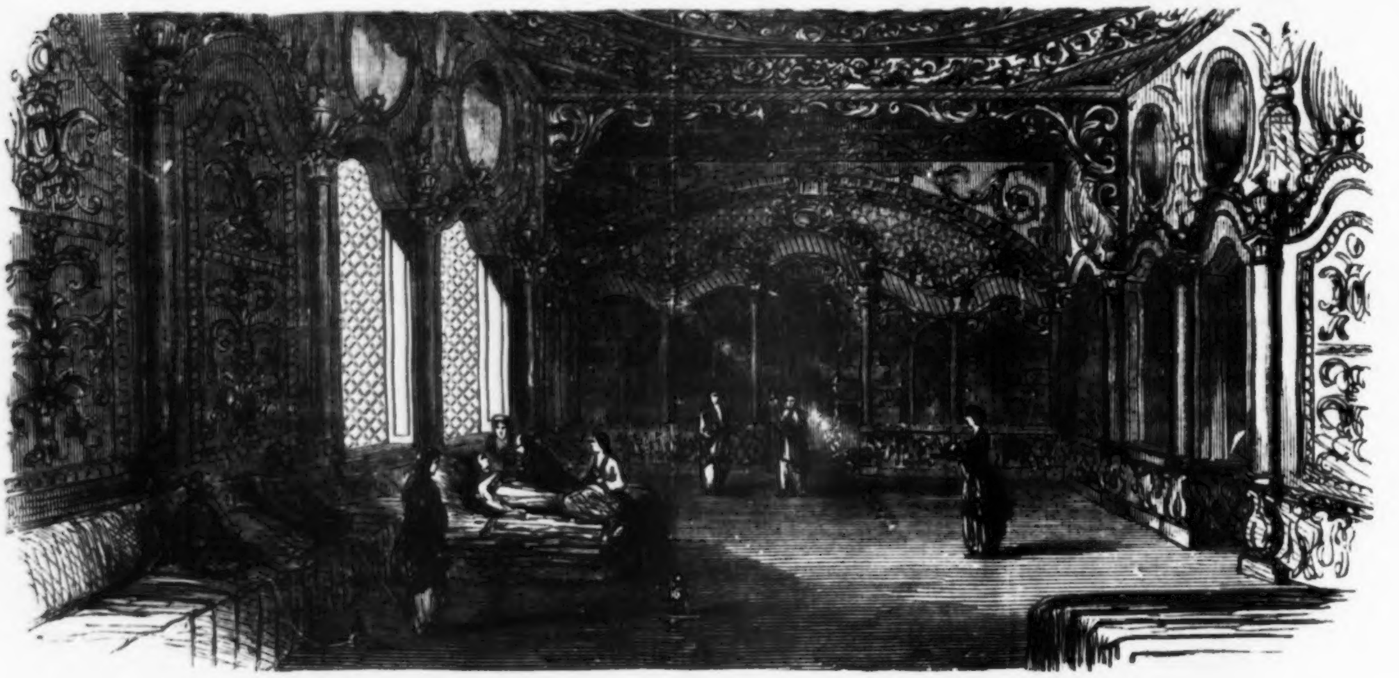


A TURKISH SICK-ROOM.

in fabrics of every imaginable color, and made of the customary material.

The city itself is built on hilly ground, and with its numerous gardens, cypresses, mosques, palaces, minarets and towers, it presents a very splendid appearance as seen from the side of the Golden Horn. But a nearer approach reveals the characteristics common to every eastern town: narrow, crooked, filthy streets, and miserable houses of wood and clay; although, since the Crimean war, the city has been greatly improved in this respect. Great fires, which took place in 1865, 1866, and 1870, swept away square miles of old wooden houses on both sides of the Golden Horn, and on these spaces handsome stone buildings have been erected in the modern European style.

Constantinople contains many magnificent buildings, of which the mosque of Santa Sophia, the grandest ecclesiastical building in the Levant, is the most attractive. This was formerly a Christian church, and is built in the form of a Greek cross, 269 feet long by 243 broad, with a flattened dome 180 feet above the ground. Outside the building is colored with alternate bands of pale red and yellow, and displays little of the magnificence within, where rich golden mosaics, porphyry columns supporting figures of arabesque patterns, metallic ornaments, richly carpeted floors, and other glittering and showy display in various materials, altogether present a very sumptuous appearance. The mosque of Sultan Achmet is also one of the attractions of the city. It has six minarets, each with two galleries. It is considered the finest specimen of a purely Turkish building in Stamboul.

But the greatest attraction to strangers in Stamboul is the bazaar, a collection of passages covered with stone-barreled vaults. On each side are wooden closets, like very large wardrobes, only they open in the middle, horizontally. The merchant pulls up the upper half of the doors, which forms a sort of canopy over his head, and is used for the suspension of choice articles. He lets down the lower half, which can be supported by posts in the ground; he then sits down upon it, surrounded by his wares. This, however, is only one description of a shop, and there is great variety in their construction. Sometimes the bazaar is held on each side, in which case there is an arch supported by pillars.

The bazaars are given up to different trades, as the drug, jewelry, slipper bazaar, etc., each being generally congregated in one street by itself. Thus, near the mosque of Sultan Solyman, there is a row of shops tenanted by the makers of inkstands and penholders; near that of Biazid is another occupied by the braziers.

Another remarkable feature in Stamboul is the number of fountains of all shapes and sizes, from a simple arch to serve to keep off the sun, to the elaborate affair like that of the Seraglio Gate, consisting of a square edifice with circular towers at the entrance, the use of which is to enable persons outside to supply cups of water to passers-by. The more important fountains are generally covered with a coating of marble and decorated with surface ornament, comprising representations of vases filled with flowers, or dishes with fruit. These fountains, when carved in stone, are most elaborately colored and gilt; but when of marble, they have only a little gilding and but little color.

As to the population of Constantinople and its various suburbs, they are motley indeed! Of the Asiatic tribes, as a rule, one sees only a mere rabble walking, and but rarely a lady. The throng of horsemen, cabs, and broughams is enormous, and the rush of travel is coincidently great. The Turkish women still wear the yashmach, though completely modified. It consists of a coarse linen fold, swathing the brow, also covering the mouth, leaving full one-third of the face for the women of the people; and with a vail of the finest kind, and somewhat in shape like that customarily worn by ladies in Europe and America, for the use of those of higher rank. From this, all that can be seen in the throng is an occasional pair of black eyes shining out, a dusky brown complexion, round faces; occasionally the outline of exquisite features is perceived through some carriage window; but of the customary female figure no other idea can be imagined than that of a shapeless bundle of white clothes loosely hidden by a long blanket-like cloak with broad sleeves—usually a dark green, deep crimson, or sickly yellow, and, more rarely, a white and red check plaid.

The population of Constantinople and its suburbs has been variously estimated. In 1873, it probably contained about 800,000 inhabitants, of whom about one-half were Mohammedans, one-fourth Greeks and Armenians, one-eighth Franks, and one-eighth Jews. There are more than three hundred mosques, some public libraries—both Turkish and Greek—of which that of the seraglio is particularly rich in the treasures of Oriental literature; and there are several Turkish and European printing-presses.

The public baths and coffee-houses are exceedingly numerous and much frequented. Some of the peculiar manufactures of the East are carried on, as in leather, carpets, etc., but the manufactures of Western Europe abound in the markets. Constantinople is now connected by railroad with the interior of the northwestern part of Asia Minor. The railroad which runs from Stamboul to Bellova was opened on the 17th of June, 1873, and passes through one of the richest parts of Europe. It will be connected with Western Europe by a branch line crossing the Danube.

One of the peculiar sights of Constantinople is the dancing dervishes. To see thirty-four of these strange fanatics of different sizes, ages, and degrees of corpulency whirling about in a sort of waltzing step, which their naked feet perform skilfully to the sound of the music of a reed flute, is certainly a strange exhibition, particularly when one reflects that it is all done in the interests of religion. The howling dervishes have their habitation across the Bosphorus, over in Scutari. Here the process consists of fierce invocations not unlike those to be heard in a Methodist camp-meeting; and is heard in the midst of a thick, stifling incense, the quaint, wild ejaculations of "Oh, Mediator!" "Oh, Beloved!" "Oh, Advocate!" "In the day of judgment," etc., sounds certainly strange enough, and much unlike the performance of human beings; the dervishes at length howling out their "*La illah—illah la!*" as if they were turning into wolves; while the motion of bending and gesticulating, which is performed to music at the same time, becomes mechanical, and sometimes almost epileptic.

The Turkish shopkeepers all sit upon their platform counters robed and turbaned, looking as if they had been acting stories from "The Arabian Nights" in private theatricals the night before, and had not yet had time to change their clothes. They are always sitting cross-legged, generally smoking, and half-dozing. Donkeys pass and bump up against the door-post, thieves run by pursued by angry soldiers with drawn and flashing sabres, the "Sick Man" himself rides past, sad and hopeless, with the ambassador at his elbow; but nothing moves the calm, self-possessed shopkeeper in his white-and-green turban.

In fact, the Turkey shopkeeper is the type of the Turk in general, of whom the nineteenth century one is the same as that of the seventeenth century—reticent, stolid, incapable of fret or worry, and as qualified to return to his Asian tent to-day as he ever was.

Travel through the narrow streets of Constantinople is one of the most difficult imaginable kinds of peregrination. The continuous stream of ox-carts, water-carriers, and oil-carriers, ass-drivers, bread-sellers, carriages with Turkish ladies, pack-horses, children, and Circassian loungers, with praying dervishes at every step, dogs, innumerable melon-stalls, and beggars—altogether this furnished a whirling maelstrom of difficulties terrible to men and impossible to women.

Pipe shops are among the most common in Constantinople, where cherry stems from Asia Minor, and jasmine saplings from Albania, with their small red tea-cups of a bowl, the latter crammed with the choicest tobacco of Salonica, furnish the chiboque that the Turk so loves. Opposite to these will be found coffee shops, where men can lunch off a cup of coffee without milk or sugar, and the puffs of a narghile. Next, perhaps, comes the maker of vermicelli, followed by a print shop, and that by a baker's establishment. Fez shops are also numerous, for turbans decrease, though slowly. The fez is of a deep crimson in color, having at the top a little red stalk, to which the heavy blue tassel is tied.

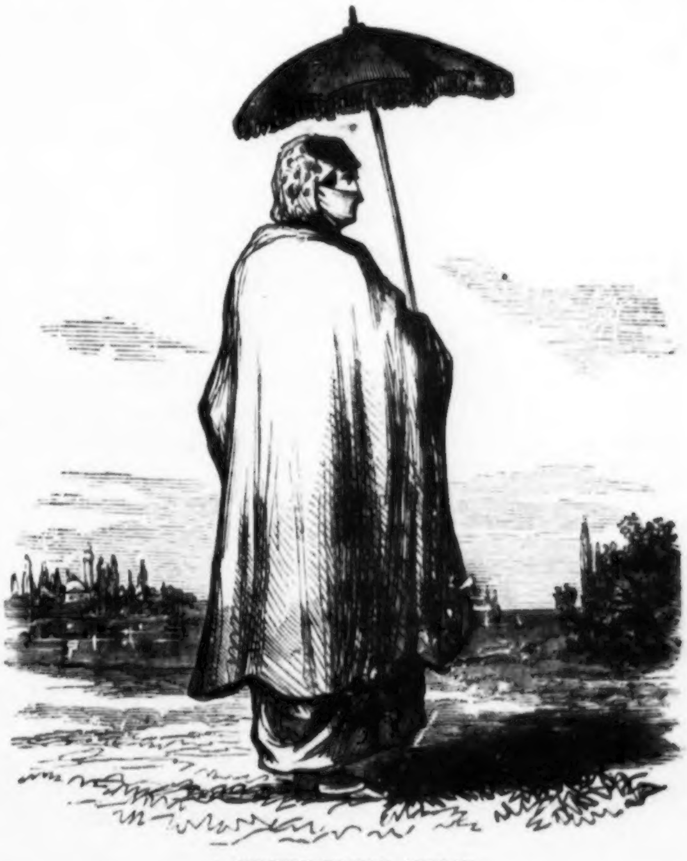
Tailors are uncommon, as are stationers and booksellers. The jewelers have their establishments chiefly in the bazaars, where they sit, sorting heaps of seed pearls, or weighing filagree earrings, with vailed ladies looking on, and black duennas in yellow boots in waiting.

As we have already mentioned, the dogs of Constantinople are a prominent feature of the population, as they say 80,000 of the canine species are domiciliated in the different quarters of the city. They are fierce and quarrelsome; but troublesome as they are, are tolerated as scavengers, since they clear away the offal, as the hyenas do elsewhere, or the buzzards at Aspinwall. If a horse or camel dies, or even one of their own number, the carcass is not left to taint the air, but is taken into possession by these animals, who pick the flesh from it, leaving only the bones. They are a fierce race, but, if unmolested, will not attack you in Constantinople; but they are dangerous if met in the open country, though even here they will fly from a stone.

The pavement of the city is roughly put together—the pedestrian hobbles and the equestrian stumbles. In regard to lighting, the yellow lamps swung across the streets serve only to make the darkness visible, and render it necessary to carry a light for your own comfort and protection. These lamps even are only to be found in the European suburbs of Pera and Galata. The genuine Osmanli thinks nobody should be out of his own house after nightfall.

Scutari, which is across the Bosphorus and in Asia, will be remembered as the locality of the hospitals during the Crimean war. It is from Scutari that the caravans depart for the desert. Here there is a picturesque object called Leander's Tower, or, by some, the Maiden's Tower, which has a legend attached to it. According to this legend, one of the Sultans had a lovely little daughter, of whom he was so fond that he was anxious to know what the Fates had in store for her in the future. Through the intervention of astrology, the child's nativity was cast; and the reply was, that, if she survived her sixteenth birthday, her life would be long and happy. But she must beware of all serpents. The Sultan, accordingly, caused a tower to be erected, in which was centred everything that could be procured for her accommodation and delight, and she was placed within it, not to leave until the time was fully passed.

The eventful day arrived, the fair princess was dressed handsomely, awaiting her father's coming, who was to release his child from the prison in which paternal love had immured her. She was looking for the Sultan when she perceived a small basket, covered over with fresh leaves,



A TURKISH WOMAN ABROAD.

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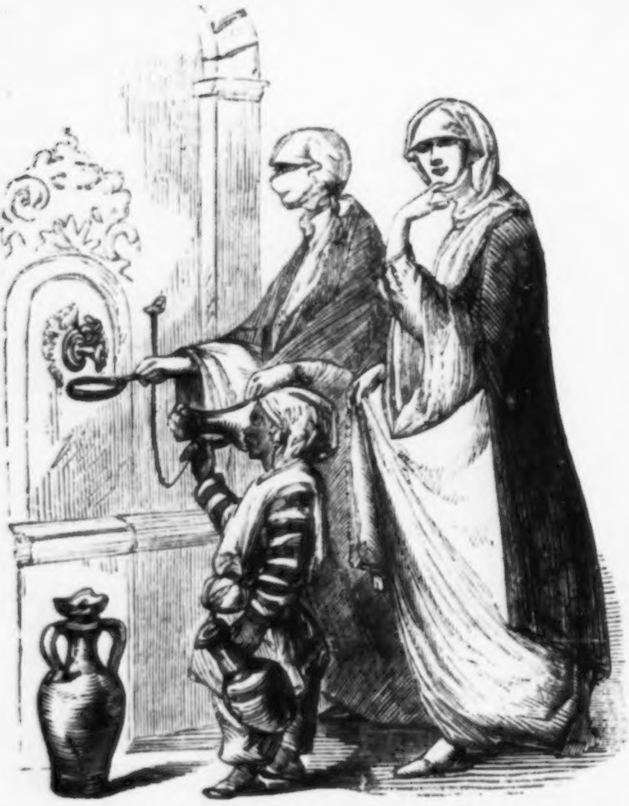
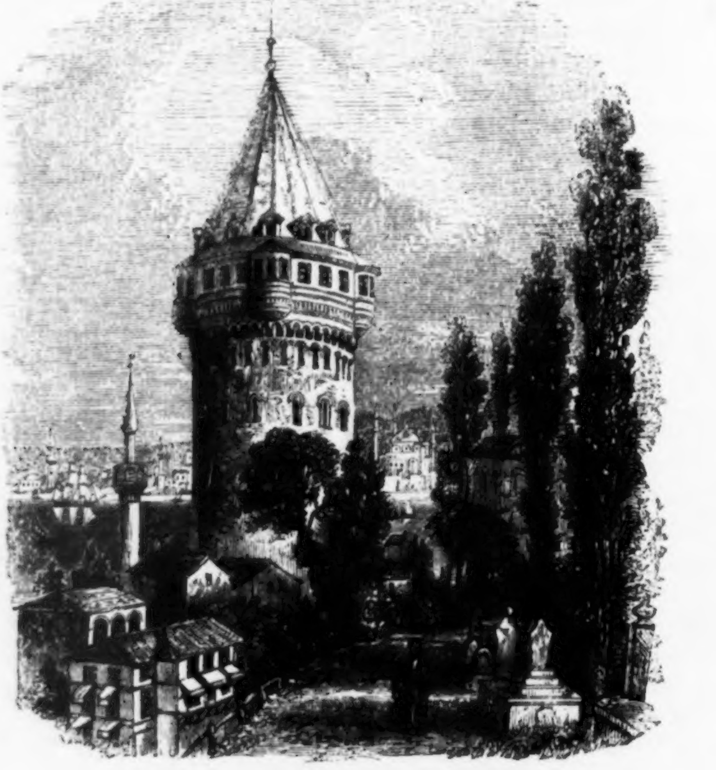


WOMEN AT A FOUNTAIN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE TOWER AT GALATA, NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

standing on a ledge which surrounded a pretty garden that had been contrived for her, such offerings being common among people who felt interested in her fate. With girlish pleasure she ran to fetch the gift, and, reaching it, sat down to examine its contents. When the Sultan came, he rushed up, surprised at not being met by the princess—and found her evidently arrayed for the occasion, but seemingly asleep. He called to her, "My child!" No answer. An asp that dropped from the basket revealed that hers was the sleep of death. The serpent had been concealed among the flowers. This story will be recognized by our readers as almost identical with one common to all modern fairy books—the "Sleeping Beauty."

The interior of Turkey comprises a heterogeneous population of different races. The Turks there are the Osmanlis and Turkomans. Then there are Sclaves, Romans, Arnauts, Syrians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Arabs, Druses, Gipsies, Tartars, Circassians, Kopts, Nubians, Berbers, etc. Of these the Greeks and Armenians are traders. The Turkomans and Kurds are herdsmen and nomads. The Sclaves, Romans, and Albanians are the chief agriculturists in Europe, and the Osmanlis, Armenians, Syrians and Druses in Asia.

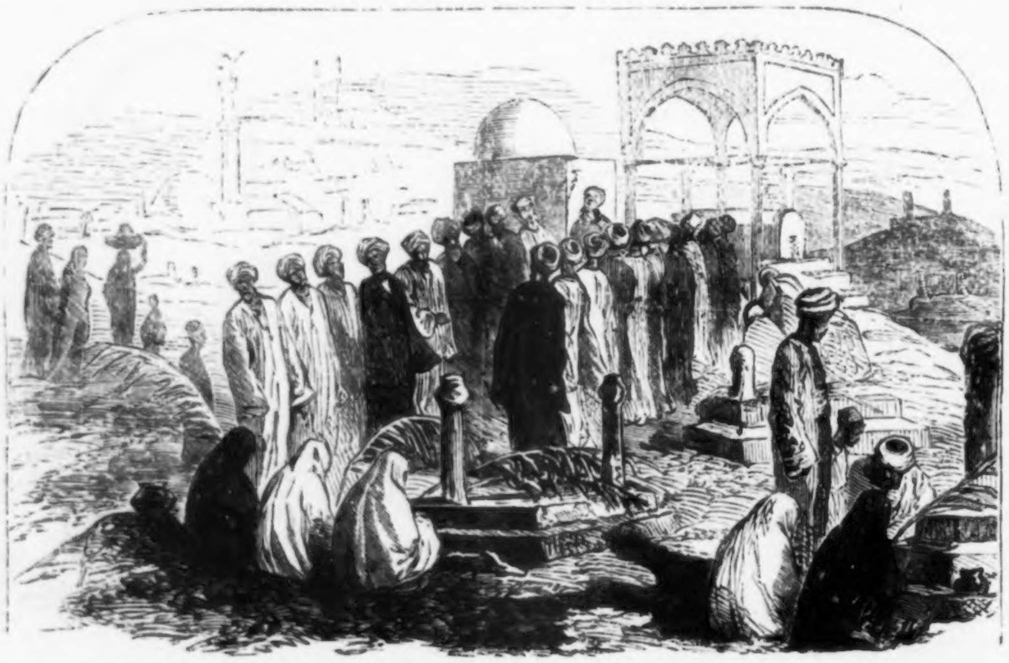
The Government of Turkey is a pure despotism. The sovereign, who is commonly styled Sultan, being also entitled Padishah, Grand Seignor, and Khan. But, though nominally absolute, his power is much limited by the chief of the Ulemas, who has the power of objecting to any of the Sultan's decrees, and frequently possesses more power over the people than his sovereign. Next in rank is the Grand Vizier, after whom come the members of the Cabinet or Divan, being the Presidents of the Supreme Council of State.

The Provincial Government no longer has power of life and death, and the introduction of stated tax collections has greatly diminished their power of practising extortion on those under their rule.

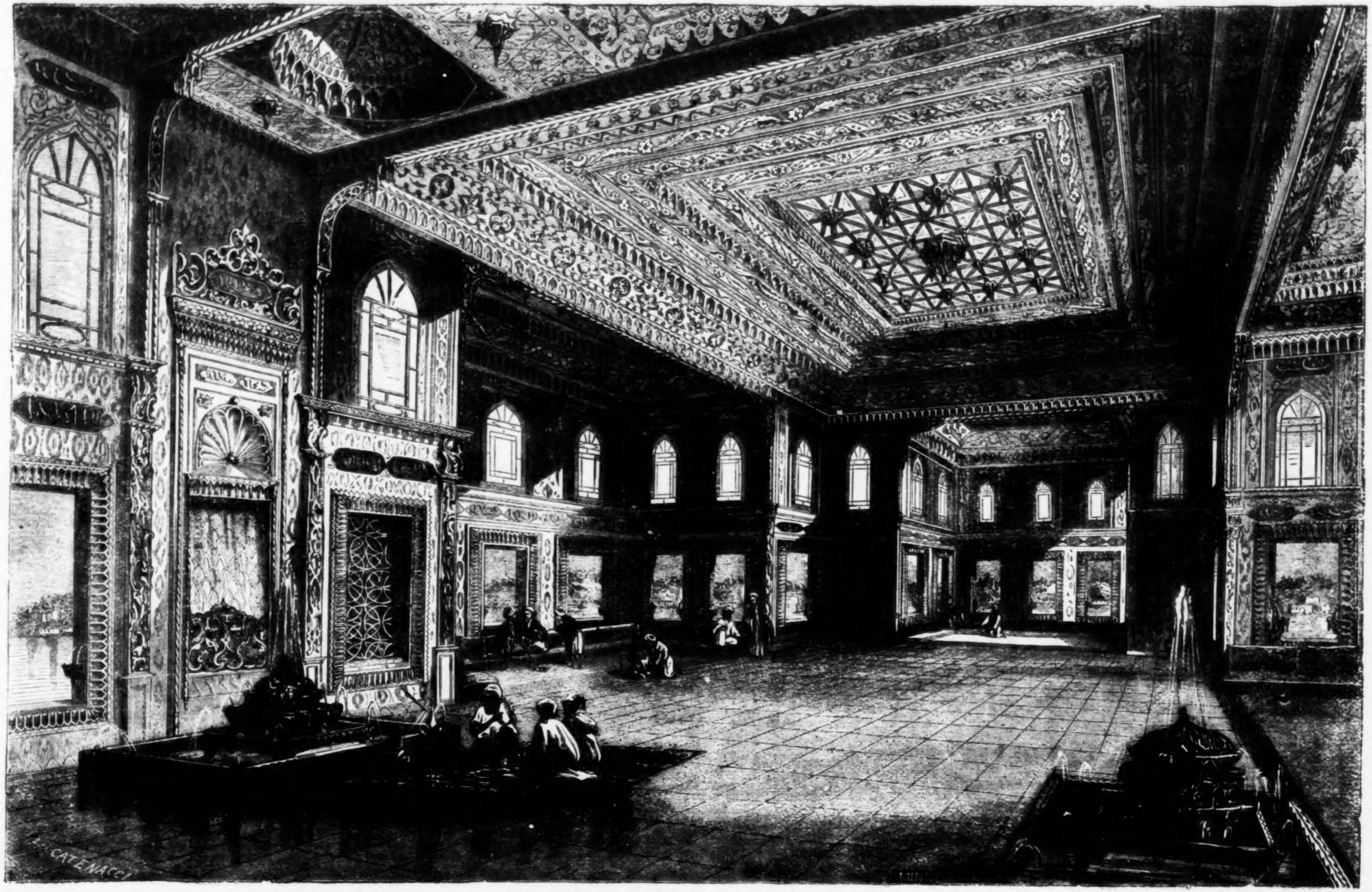
The established religion is Mohammedanism, but all other sects are recognized and tolerated; and of late years a Moslem has even been free to change his religion at pleasure, without becoming liable to capital punishment, as was formerly the case.

The term "harem" has been greatly misunderstood by foreigners in its true signification among the Turks. It means simply the domestic fireside or "home," and is as sacred in the Oriental usage as are these other terms among us. The Koran, which is both moral and social law among the Osmanlis, affords to each believer a plurality of wives, and consequently, to themselves, the following out of this ordinance is not even incorrect—much less improper.

Oriental women are judged



HOWLING DERVISHES AT THE TOMB OF A SHEIK.



THE INTERIOR OF THE SUMMER SALOON OF THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

by their Western sisters to be subjects of pity, in that their movements are, to a certain extent, under regulation and circumscribed. While the condition of inaction, which they are presumed to sustain, is, in the highest degree, objectionable to these others; yet, when all is said and done, it is at least questionable if the European or American woman, with her thousand-and-one worries and annoyances, her ambition for "woman's rights," and her excited interest in the affairs of men, is personally any more comfortable in her life or any happier than the women of the harem.

In Turkey the recognized condition of the female is that of subserviency to man. Satisfied with this condition, she is content to do the bidding of her lord and master, at the same time shouldering whatever responsibility there may be as to human affairs upon him. Among the Turks, as says a recent writer, "the man is considered the *vital* principle, and the woman the *material*."

We, who are inclined to give to the sex a higher standing among human beings, may rail at this philosophy, but we cannot justly say that those who practice it are not consistent, or even wise, in accordance with other customs which prevail in their midst.

That the Turks seclude the females of the family from the public is rather evidence of a desire to protect them from scandal than of abstract jealousy. And yet it is the fact that Turkish ladies can go about unattended by gentlemen, and protected only by a strong public sentiment of respect for their sex.

To salute or accost a lady in public is, among the Turks, an act of manifest rudeness; even members of the same family restricting themselves on such occasions.

As a rule, Turkish ladies are modest and refined in their deportment, and among foreigners do not evince curiosity as to differences of costume or habit, unless specially invited so to do. Their own costume consists of long flowing robes, and they wear the hair either long or cut short, according to taste. Sometimes the fez is used for a head-dress, sometimes the turban. The dress is invariably cut high, though sometimes left open at the neck. Full trousers are worn, and frequently a Cashmere shawl or light gauze scarf is fastened about the waist by a belt ornamented with gold and jewels. Of the latter species of adornment Turkish ladies are particularly fond, and jewelers find ample employment in attending to their caprices in this matter. The complexions of Turkish women are generally fair, owing to the constant use of the bath and their seclusion. Their features are regular, with "almond eyes," dark and lustrous. Beauty spots, or moles, are prized among them, and they frequently tip their fingers and toes with the stain of the *Henna*.

Polygamy is by no means as common in Turkey as is supposed; indeed, this custom is falling greatly into disuse. The abolition of the Circassian slave-trade has done much to change the habits of the country in this regard, and Turks are constantly becoming more and more addicted to restricting themselves to one wife.

Turkish ladies are by no means so confined to the harem as is generally supposed, being frequently met riding in the public streets in European carriages, while in the vicinity of Constantinople there are numerous watering-places which are favorite resorts.

Harem life has in recent years been made known to the world through the books of certain English and other ladies, who have been employed by high Turkish officials as governesses and teachers; so that gradually the many foolish notions which have obtained abroad in relation to the domestic concerns of the Turks are being dispelled.

The Turks are generally brave, simple in their mode of life, intelligent, religious, and thoughtful. They are, however, bigoted, cruel in warfare and not uncommonly in peace, hard task-masters, and deceitful to Christians, whom they contemn. Altogether, they derive the special qualities of their character from their religion, and from the esteem in which this is held among them, as the only true religion afforded to man.

THE HISTORY OF TURKEY.

Midway between Asia and Africa, having the Black Sea upon the north and the Mediterranean Sea upon the south, lies Turkey. In one sense, the centre of the hemisphere which contains it, this country, by its geographical position as well as its political import, is, so to speak, the "hinge" of the eastern continent.

Comprising in Europe 196,770 square miles, with a population of nearly seventeen millions, and in Asia 664,272 square miles, and a population about equal to that in Europe, there are to be added to the area, 1,036,350 square miles in Africa, having a population of eleven millions; making a grand total of about two millions of square miles, and forty-four millions of people. This entire country, including all dependencies, is known as the Ottoman Empire.

And the significance borne by its geographical situation has been, almost since its first existence as an empire, sustained by its political import in the affairs of Europe and Asia. For this reason, and equally—whether we consider it in its palmy days and under monarchs whose achievements have become matters of high consideration in the history of the world, or at the present time, when, as the "Sick Man," it challenges no less the attention of humanity everywhere—Turkey may not improperly receive the title which we have ventured to give to it: that of the hinge of the eastern continent. Shorn, by the exigencies of war and the devastation of foreign hosts, of much of its ancient dominion, the Ottoman Empire at present comprises, besides Turkey in Asia and Turkey in Europe, the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, Servia and Montenegro in Europe; Egypt, with Nubia, Tripoli, and Tunis in Africa, and a part of Arabia, including the holy cities of Mecca and Medina in Asia.

Although bordering upon the confines of European civilization, Turkey has but little in common with the genius of that spirit of progress which has advanced, in so marked a manner, the condition of the western portion of the eastern hemisphere. It is only, in fact, since a very recent date, that western civilization has made any steps towards a foothold among this remarkable people. To trace the history of such a people from its origin in eastern Asia, beyond the time of its progress westward, even to the conquering of Greece and endangering of Austria, and from this period down to its assumption of its present dwarfed proportions, is a task which almost seems impracticable in the limited space of a magazine article.

The Osmanlis, as they are termed, are of Tartar origin; and even yet the Tartar peculiarities are to be found, though softened and embellished, in the genuine Turk of Constantinople—and this not alone in person and demeanor. Their style of architecture is that of the Tartars, while many national characteristics will at once suggest themselves to the traveler or sojourner among them, as asserting and repeating the peculiarities of their ancestors. The myth, or tradition, from which the Osmanlis date their descent, is original and peculiar. They claim to come in a direct line from Turk, a son of Japhet, who is said to have taught his subjects the arts of working in metals, of writing, and of computing time. From this first progenitor, we are told, descended great kings and princes, the last of whom introduced monotheism, and established his capital at Samarcand. The name of this prince was Oguz; and from his great-grandson, Osman, we have a powerful dynasty and a name, of which Abdul-Aziz is the present representative. This Oguz lived in the thirteenth century, and his tribe inhabited the steppes lying east of the Caspian Sea. Down

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upon their heritage came swarms of Mongolian invaders from the northwest, and the comparatively small body of Oguzian Turks were swept before them like the sand of the desert before a storm. They are said to have numbered at that time but fifty thousand souls; and, borne onward before the Tartar invasions, they fled westward to the mountainous region of Armenia. The death of its chief divided this tribe; and it was not until the time of Osman that its adherents were again united in an independent power, located at that time in Phrygia. But from this small beginning, by means of an aggressive policy closely followed by successive sovereigns, the Turks gained a foothold in Europe, even, at length, establishing themselves in Greece.

War was, in fact, the business as well as the delight of the earlier Sultans, and it would seem almost that they had conceived the possibility of extending their conquests over all Europe. The Byzantine Empire was reduced, the great confederacy of the Slavonian tribes of the Upper Danube were defeated, with dreadful slaughter, late in the fourteenth century; and under Bajazet I., in the beginning of the next century, the Turks ravaged Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia; this tempest of conquest being finally given pause by the defeat and capture of the Sultan Bajazet himself by Timur-Beg, the Mongolian, vulgarly known as Tamerlane, who routed the Turks after a long and obstinate contest at Angora, July 20, 1402.

Bajazet was followed by Mohammed I., and he by Amurath II.; and under these monarchs the irrepressible inroad of the Tartar conqueror proved a sufficient quietus to the spirit of Turkish conquest for nearly half a century. In the meantime, however, there was war with the Venetian Republic; and, under the latter Sultan, the conquest of the Greek Empire was completed by the reduction of Macedonia and Greece proper. After these came Mohammed II., who, storming Constantinople in 1453, destroyed the last relic of the empire of the Cæsars; and after him, again, was Bajazet II., who pushed the boundary lines of the Turkish Empire far north of the Black Sea to the east, even to the mouth of the Don, and including in his conquests portions of Dalmatia, and Otranto in Italy.

But the greatest of all the Turkish Sultans was born in 1496, and under the title of Solyman II., surnamed "The Magnificent," succeeded his father, Selim I., in the government of the Ottoman Empire. Solyman reminds us, in the magnificence of his projects and the vigor of their execution, of the greatest conquerors and statesmen alike who have lived —Alexander, Atala, Genghis-Khan, and Napoleon. He exterminated the Egyptian Marmalukes; he attacked Hungary, and captured Belgrade; he drove the Knights of St. John from Rhodes, attacked Buda and Pesth, and, by treaty with France, first opened the commerce of the Levant to the French flag.

During his reign the Ottoman Empire was at the height of its power and splendor, and then no ship belonging to a nation hostile to the Turks dared to navigate the Mediterranean, so completely did his ships crowd that sea. But not alone in war was Solyman great and worthy of renown. Among the Turks he is known by the title of the law-giver. Under his judicious administration, property which had been unjustly confiscated was restored to its owners; officials who were found unfit for the discharge of their duties were removed from office; mosques were raised, educational institutions were established, justice equitably administered, and toleration prevailed. At that time Turkey was as well governed as any of the Christian States of eastern Europe, and far better than its Muscovite neighbor.

After Solyman came Selim II.; and the most remarkable event of his reign occurred in the first collision between the Turks and the Russians. Singularly enough, in the light of recent events, this collision was brought about by an attempt on the part of Selim to cut a canal between the Don and the Volga which should allow the passage of ships from the Black Sea into the Caspian. With this brilliant idea in his mind, Selim sent five thousand men to cut a canal, and eighty thousand more men to protect them while doing it. But the conception was destined to go no farther. Unfortunately for the plans of Selim, the possession of Astrachan formed part of his programme, and an attack upon this town brought down upon the enterprising Turks the vengeance of the Russians—a people till then comparative strangers to southern Europe, though destined at a later period to become much more familiar in that locality—and the result of whose opposition to the canal scheme was its summary discontinuance under pressure; all of which shows that Russia constitutionally objects to foreign canals when these may perchance be utilized to her disadvantage.

Under Amurath III. the prestige of the Turks had perhaps reached its highest point of importance. They dictated to the Poles whom they should choose as their king, they received the first English Embassy, fought a successful war with Persia, and held a long contest with Austria. But in this last, although the Turks gained advantages and even penetrated within forty miles of Vienna, they afterwards suffered terrible reverses, and were at length compelled to evacuate all Hungary and Transylvania. It is about this time, or in the beginning of the seventeenth century, that symptoms of the decline of Turkish prowess and power first manifest themselves. Yet, in the East, the Osmanlis conquered Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, and Armenia, and presently captured from the Poles their conquests, and from the Venetians all their strongholds in the Ægean Sea.

Time and space will not permit of a close consideration of the following reigns down to that of Mahmoud II., in the beginning of the present century. Their history is that of constantly changing fortunes on the part of Turkey; leaning, however, always towards that decadence which eventually came to cast the shadow of failure, and almost of oblivion, over the previous conquests and successes of this extraordinary empire.

The name of John Sobieski, and his defeat of the Turks at the siege of Vienna, furnish prominent episodes in the early portion of this period; while wars in Hungary, and against Austria, Persia, and Russia occupy the major portion of Turkish history at the same time. In fact, it is probable that, but for political complications in western Europe, Turkey would have become a dependency of Russia before the period which we are now about to consider.

Mahmoud II. found the Ottoman Empire fast falling to pieces. Many of her most important provinces had passed, after unfortunate wars and still more unfortunate treaties, into the hands of Russia. The Turkish character did not stand high in the general estimation of Europe. The Greeks were in a state of insurrection, and had gained sympathy throughout the West. The interior condition of his realm was even worse. Subordinate officials ruled despotically in Asia Minor, in Lebanon, in Egypt, in Constantinople. And, since the latter city was at this time governed, in fact, by the Janissaries, it becomes necessary for us to consider especially this remarkable military organization.

The Janissaries formed a force originally organized by Orchan, the Osmanli Sultan, in 1330. They were young Christian prisoners compelled to embrace Mohammedanism; and, being more perfectly disciplined by Amurath I., became, in his reign, a well-ordered host of about ten thousand men, specially educated from childhood to a military life. The children of Christians, captured during the conquests of the Turks, were taken at the age of twelve years and trained to forget their country and their religion, and to know no

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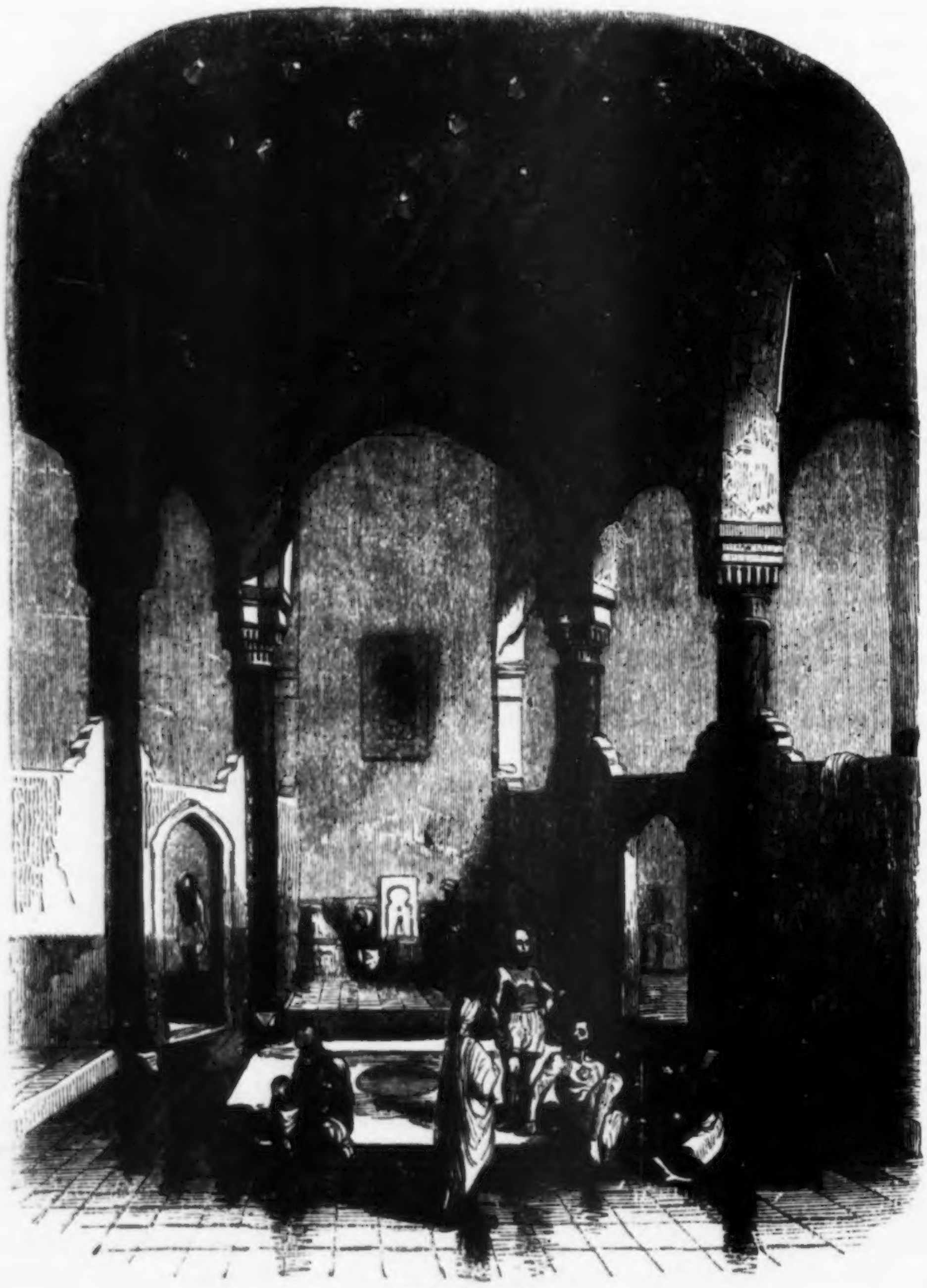
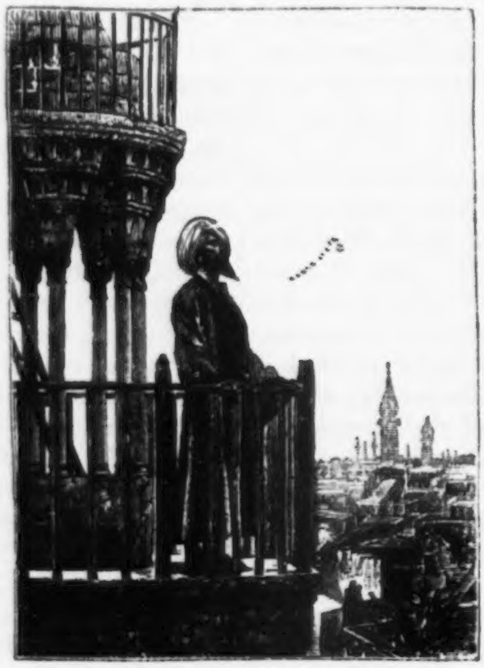


TURKISH BATH.

other parent than the Sultan. On reaching manhood, they were guaranteed special privileges, and, eventually, their ranks were filled by conscription from among the natives. Originally designed as a guard to the Sultan's person, this force became augmented until they numbered four hundred thousand men. In times of peace they acted as a police force, they served on foot, generally formed the reserve of the Turkish army, and were noted for their wild impetuosity in attack. Their dress consisted of a long gown with short sleeves, which was given them annually by the Sultan at the feast on the first day of Ramadan, and, in lieu of the turban, they wore a cap with a long hood, which hung upon their shoulders. Their arms consisted of a sabre and a carabine, though in time of peace, at Constantinople, they only carried a long staff. In Asia, they bore a bow and arrow and poniard. In early times they fought with darts, arrows, and hatchets, though the sabre was their favorite weapon. They rarely married, believing that a married man made a worse soldier than a bachelor. The discipline observed among the Janissaries conformed in many things to that used in the Roman legions, and, like them, they became formidable to their masters as their strength increased.

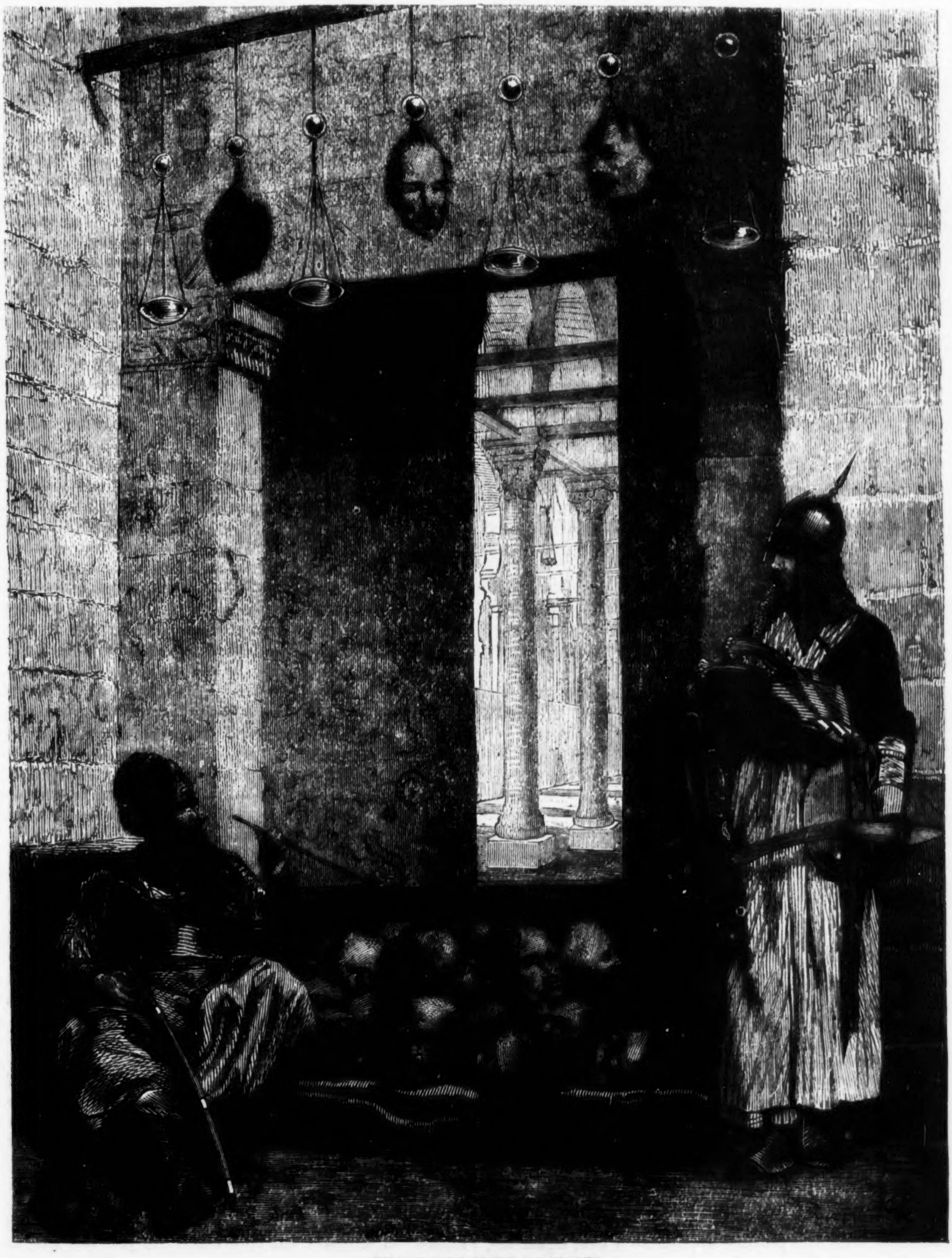
They deposed Bajazet II. in 1512. They procured the death of Amurath III. in 1595. They robbed Osman II. of his empire and his life in 1622, and two months later dethroned Mustapha, whom they had made his successor. In 1649 they deposed the Sultan Ibrahim, whom they strangled, and in 1730 they deposed and imprisoned Achmet III., and advanced Mahmoud I. from prison to the throne in his stead.



THE MUEZZIN CALLING TO PRAYER.

Bearing the burden of this history, the Janissaries came under the authority of Mahmoud II., and it is little wonder if this monarch trembled at the fate which he might properly reason would be in store for him, should he not succeed either in placating or destroying this vast and ungovernable body of men, trained to the art of warfare, and accomplished in all the *technique* of insurrection. This Sultan seems to have early formed his conclusions as to his necessary action under the circumstances. He proceeded as follows:

Issuing an order incorporating the Janissaries with new troops which he had raised, and commanding them to adopt the same dress and arms, he was, as he had expected, peremptorily refused obedience. He next assembled all of them, whom he could immediately control, in the square of Atmiedan in Constantinople for review. The sides of the square had been lined with the Sultan's new levies, and also with masked batteries, and no sooner had the Janissaries assembled than the avenues to the square were closed, and, at a signal, the whole mass of men were shot down with dreadful slaughter. It is said that they displayed that heroic valor for which they had been always distinguished, and that the Sultan Mahmoud shed tears for the loss by his own order of so many of his finest and bravest troops. But there was no alternative. He must either reign or die; and, as he chose the former course for himself, the latter only remained for the Janissaries. Eight thousand of them are said to have perished in this bloody attack; and the proclamation which immediately followed, declaring the Janissary force forever dissolved, completed their destruction. Not fewer than fifteen thousand were executed, and more than twenty thousand were banished. This occurred a few years after the revolt of Greece, which was commenced in 1821, but whose independence was not secured until the battle of Navarino in 1827—that country not being recognized by Turkey as a separate kingdom until April, 1830. Neither the successful revolt of the Greeks, nor the triumph of the Russians in gaining by the Treaty of Bucharest the country between the Dniesta and the Pruth: not all the external tribulations sustained by Turkey, together with the internal commotion of the Janissaries, could swerve Mahmoud from his original design: which was to raise his country out of the slough of despond



THE MASSACRE OF THE JANISSARIES.

into which she had fallen, and bring her once again into her proper place among nations. He established thorough reforms in every department of the administration, progressed far in his plans for granting his subjects civil and religious liberty, modified and reduced the taxes, formed a militia, established schools, abolished the export duty on grain, and generally conceived and sustained measures of sound policy which tended largely to consolidate the newborn prosperity of Turkey. The conduct of this monarch is the more to be commended not only in contrast with that of many of his predecessors, but especially because of the fact that it was persisted in, in the face of the disastrous war with Russia on the one hand, and that of the revolt of Egypt—except so far as the present nominal dependence of that country is concerned—on the other.

After Mahmoud came Abdul-Medjid, with the main events of whose reign our readers are doubtless tolerably familiar, the chief of these being the Crimean war; a contest brought on by an attempt, on the part of Russia, to obtain the exclusive protectorate of the members of the Greek Church in Turkey. This war continued during 1853-55, and resulted in the victory of the Turks, joined with the allied powers of France and England, being distinguished by the siege of Sebastopol, and the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava. By the Treaty of Paris which followed, Turkey regained a portion of territory north of the Danube, extending between Moldavia and the Black Sea, and along the coast to the mouth of the Dniesta. Abdul-Medjid, although not a very energetic man or monarch, proceeded in the path of reform entered upon by his predecessor. His efforts to give freedom to all religions, and his chivalrous act in refusing, at the risk of losing his throne, to give up Kossuth and the other political refugees to the menaces of Austria and Russia, will cause his name to be remembered in the annals of humanity. He was the thirty-first sovereign of his race, and the twenty-eighth since the taking of Constantinople.

In 1861 he was succeeded by his brother Abdul-Aziz, the present Sultan. Under Abdul-Aziz, the situation of Turkey, though constantly threatened, has not ceased to be generally tranquil. Probably the chief element of interest in this reign has been the frequent raising of new loans, the eleventh of these having been in 1872, when the foreign indebtedness of Turkey amounted to nearly ninety millions sterling, and the internal debt to about forty millions. The recent insurrection in Herzegovina has also attracted considerable public attention. This country is a province situated between Croatia, Bosnia proper, Montenegro, and Dalmatia. Originally a dukedom, it fell into the hands of the Turks in the fifteenth century, and was for two centuries thereafter the battle-field between the Christians and Mohammedans.

Aided by Montenegro, and possibly Austria, the rebels of Herzegovina have succeeded thus far in offering such resistance to the Turks that the definite conclusion to the revolt in any given time is uncertain. The war, meanwhile, has been prosecuted with great severity on both sides—the Turks devastating the country of the unhappy Bosnians, while the latter are enabled only to continue a desperate guerrilla warfare, encouraging murder and violence. It is proposed by Turkey to divide the rebellious province into its former subdivisions—Bosnia and Herzegovina—both to be governed by a Christian governor; this, doubtless, in deference to the sentiment of western Europe. Under this administration each province would have a local legislature, the delegates to be chosen by each race and religion, according to numbers. Oppressive taxes would be abolished, and revenues collected legitimately by duties on luxuries, while freedom of worship and security of person would be guaranteed. Should all of this charming programme be carried out, the Great Powers would, unquestionably, so far as they are concerned, remain satisfied. But, unfortunately, Abdul-Aziz, though himself, doubtless, a man versed in good intentions, is incapable of sustaining these by any vigorous acts; and, inasmuch as the subordinate officials in power in Turkey and the Mohammedans throughout the country are bigoted and unscrupulous, and hate the Christians, moreover, with a deadly hatred, it is easy to imagine that such plans, even if honestly designed, would never reach consummation.

Having thus traced the history of the Ottoman Empire in its more noteworthy particulars, and in accordance with our limited space, we may turn now to those personal and national characteristics which go to make up the individuality, so far as that exists, of the Turkish people. Bearing in mind, however, that the population of Turkey comprises elements from very many races, whose union, while existing in the form of political and social cohesion, has never reached homogeneity.

In the history of Turkey we have the peculiar situation of a distinctively Asiatic people brought into immediate and close contact with all the elements of Western civilization for a period covering centuries. And yet, through the peculiar exigencies of necessary diplomacy and the political combinations of sovereigns, we find this people retained, as it were, in a condition of practical isolation from their nearest neighbors. That this is an anomaly in history, is shown by the far different condition of that other Asiatic people—the Japanese—who, even in the little intercourse, extending over only a few years, which they have held with the European and American people, have assumed to themselves and developed very many Western ideas, and conformed to Western customs. And this difference, as regards Turkey, is, doubtless, only owing to that geographical position which has made her inimical to the jealous consideration of each of the great European powers. Turkey, conquered by any other European power, would afford, to a far greater extent than is offered by the Suez Canal, a key by which to control and unlock the vast wealth of eastern and southern Asia. That each of these other powers should appreciate this pregnant fact, and guard jealously against such a conquest by any one of them, is not remarkable. What may be the conclusion of the historical paradox to which we have referred, is, doubtless, a question which will require not many years for its solution.

Meanwhile, however, Turkey must remain the "Sick Man." Threatened by the power of Russia on the one hand, and sustained by the still greater power of the Rothschilds on the other; harassed by internal disturbances and oppressed by external manifestations, she must remain the same combination of mysterious fragments, whose flimsy union has thus curiously brought her into a condition both of antagonism and harmony with the purposes and interests of her present guardians.

MOHAMMED AND MOHAMMEDANISM.

Inasmuch as the Koran is at once the law and the creed of all Mohammedan nations, it is essential, in order rightly to understand the Turkish character, that we should have a clear conception of the nature and tendencies of their religious faith.

Mohammedanism takes its name from Mohammed (Arabic, "The Praised"), who was the founder of Islam, the native term by which the religion, prescribed by the Koran, is known. Mohammed was born about the year 570 A.D., at Mecca. His father was a poor merchant, and Mohammed is said to have been handed over by his mother to a Bedouin woman, and nursed by her in the desert.

In his infancy, the prophet is alleged to have been subject

XUM

to fits, which were ascribed to the influence of demons. His early years were passed in tending the flocks of the Meccans, though he is said to have accompanied his uncle on his caravan trips to southern Arabia and Syria. When still a young man, Mohammed entered the service of a rich widow, and accompanied her caravans, possibly as a camel-driver, to the fairs.

At about this time the fortunes of the embryo law-giver were suddenly and unexpectedly changed by his marriage to the rich widow, whom he served—the offer, as is said, coming from her. It was not until his fortieth year that Mohammed's life became of importance to the world and religion. At this time he is said to have been a man of middle height, lean, but broad-shouldered, and strongly built. His eyes were large and coal-black, a long beard added to the dignity of his appearance. His presence is said to have been imposing.

At this time Christianity had penetrated into the heart of Arabia from Syria and Abyssinia. Judaism likewise played a prominent part in the peninsula, chiefly in the northern part, being introduced by emigrants after the destruction of Jerusalem. Besides these major religious elements, there were numerous sects—the first outcropping of the disturbances effected by Christian proselytism. These were Sabians, Mandæans, etc., who managed to sustain a considerable religious ferment, and produced numerous men of power who preached against the ancient Pagan creed.

The times were, in fact, ripe for a radically new departure in religious belief; and with the times appeared the man. Mecca was at this time the centre of the pilgrimages of the Arabian tribes attending sanctuaries which had been held carefully in charge by the very tribe to which Mohammed belonged. Ruminating over many things, as he doubtless had ample time to do, it seems to have occurred to Mohammed that there was opportunity for the introduction of a new faith which should dispense with idolatry on the one hand, and with Judaism and Christianity on the other. According to his own account and the belief of his followers, it was on the 23d night of the month Ramadan that the angel Gabriel came down from the presence of God and purified the heart of Mohammed. Gabriel, it seems, commanded him to preach the true religion and to spread it abroad by committing it to writing. Afflicted, as the prophet was, by constitutional epilepsy, it is easy to determine the origin of the numerous visions with which he was presently favored, and under whose influence a something, not clearly known to himself—something like the ancient *Dainion*—moved him at times, so vehemently, that during his revelations his eyes became blood-red, he foamed at the mouth, streamed with perspiration, and is said to have roared like a camel. Under these influences he heard voices impressing him with religious teachings which at first, however, he did not seek to disseminate out of his own family. In four years he had made but forty proselytes.

The Koran, as asserted by him, had been projected from the upper to the lower heaven, in readiness for use by the prophet. It was delivered to the world in verses consisting originally of brief rhymed sentences. With these for his text, Mohammed now inveighed against the superstition of the Meccans, exhorting them to a pious and moral life, and to believe in Allah, the All-mighty, All-wise, Everlasting, Invisible, All-just but merciful God, of whom Mohammed was the prophet.

It appears from his personal history that Mohammed was acquainted with both the Jewish and the Christian doctrines, and that he was familiar with the legendary poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures, but that his knowledge of the New Testament was confined to a few apocryphal books. It is conceded, however, that he considered Jesus and Moses as the greatest prophets in religious history—after himself! Doubtless from this knowledge, which, at least, included the magnificent imagery which appears in the early enunciations of both the Jewish and Christian law-givers, Mohammed derived many of his own poetical and beautiful ideas which were embodied in the Koran.

It is related that, at first, the Meccans did not object to the preaching of the new prophet. They esteemed him a common poet or soothsayer, who, moreover, was probably a little out of his mind, in their esteem. But, as his success in making converts increased, he began to appear dangerous, and soon fierce opposition arose against him. Many of his converts suffered terrible punishment; and, at last, Mohammed himself was forced to fly to a fortified castle belonging to a relative. Now troubles began to come upon him. His faithful wife, and his uncle—a man powerful in his day—both died. And after this came poverty. Later he married again, and afterwards increased the number of his wives, so that, at his death, he left nine of them.

His preaching continued to bear harvest, and, as numbers of his new adherents came from Medina, Mohammed conceived the idea of locating himself in that city. Accordingly, in 622 A.D., he made the celebrated Hegira, preceded by about one hundred families of his converts.

From this period dates a future of success and importance in the history of the prophet. Formerly a despised impostor, he now assumed the position of judge, law-giver, and ruler of the city of Medina, and over two powerful Arabian tribes. The Hegira has been considered of sufficient importance to date from, in the Mohammedan calendar.

Towards the end of the tenth year of the Hegira, Mohammed conducted a pilgrimage of forty thousand Mussulmans to Mecca, and there, on Mount Arafat, instructed them in important laws and ordinances, exhorting his believers to righteousness and piety, and recommending them to protect the weak, the poor, and the women, and to abstain from usury. He died on the 8th of June, 632 A.D.

The personal character of Mohammed has been sharply criticised, and, as is believed, unjustly. He is said to have been at times deceitful, cunning, revengeful, cowardly, and addicted to sensuality. There is, however, much to be said in his favor. His amiability, his faithfulness toward friends, his tenderness toward his family, the frequent readiness to forgive an enemy, the extreme simplicity of his domestic life—these are favorable qualities, which are amply testified to by those who knew him best. Melancholy of temperament, nervous to a degree often bordering on frenzy, a poet of the highest order, he had the weaknesses of a poet in excess. Although preaching the abolition of superstition, he believed in omens, charms and dreams. That he was an impostor, however, is now not generally believed. A man of varied characteristics, of strong personal magnetism, possessing undoubted genius as the simple preacher of a religion, pure, humane, and not priest-ridden, Mohammed must ever occupy a position before mankind as an extraordinary, and, in many particulars, exceptional being.

The religion known as Mohammedanism takes lofty ground in its assumptions! Starting with the theory that it is the only orthodox creed existing from the beginning of the world, it is asserted, in its behalf, that all children are born in its faith, and only removed therefrom by the false teachings of parents or guardians. It is claimed to be of divine origin, eternal and uncreated, and that the first transcript of its doctrines rests near the throne of God on a table of vast dimensions called "The Preserved Table." On this are also written the divine decrees, past, present, and future; and to those who object to the eternity of the Koran on the ground that much of it was adapted to the circumstances of Mohammed's attainments, and not a little to the gratification of his personal wishes, it is answered that these things were predestined from all eternity. The

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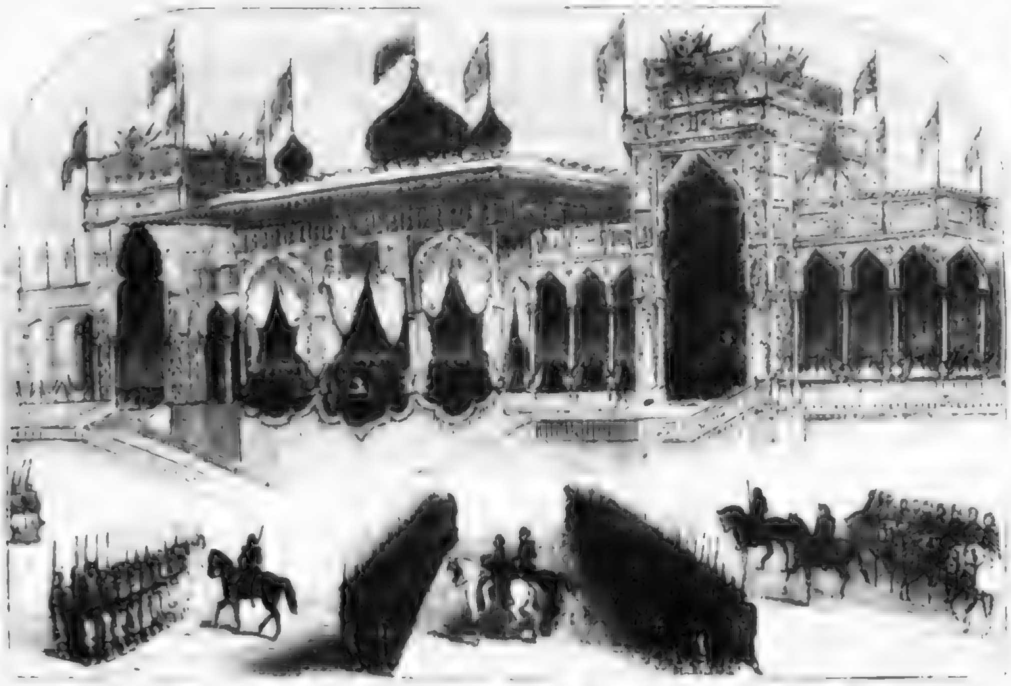


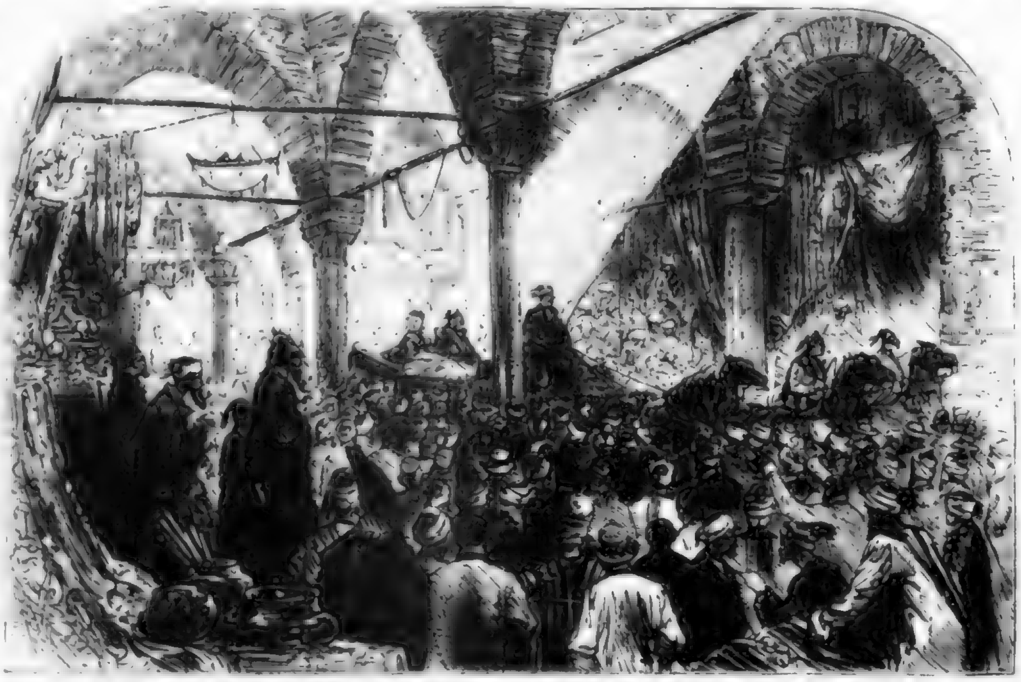
A REVIEW OF TURKISH TROOPS AT CONSTANTINOPLE, IN HONOR OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

revelations of the Koran, as has already been stated, were made in single verses, and as soon as a chapter had been collected from these and taken down by amanuenses, the whole was read over by the followers of the prophet and committed to memory.

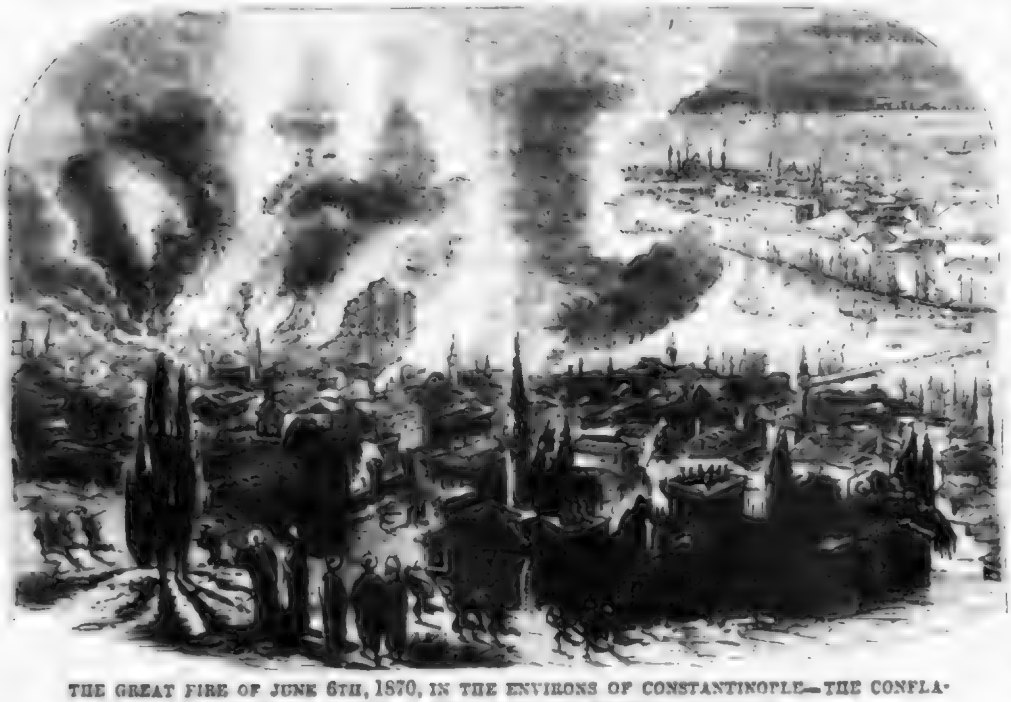
The fundamental principle of the entire work is contained in the two articles of belief: "There is no God but God; and Mohammed is God's apostle."

Next to a belief in God, that in angels forms a prominent dogma; while Jesus is referred to, but as a prophet and apostle who was superseded by Mohammed, as the Koran superseded the Gospel. Meanwhile, the crucifixion is said to have been suffered by deputy; Christ having been taken up to God before the decree was carried out; it being further predicted that He will come again upon the earth to establish everywhere the Mussulman religion, and to be a sign of the day of judgment.

It is very evident that Mohammed borrowed his ideas from the Jewish legends, and from the new Christian theories, with an admixture of Persian traditions; and this process is worthy of comment as displaying remarkable shrewdness on the part of the prophet, inasmuch as, by its means, he avoided running counter in the main to any of the prevailing religious doctrines of the age, directing his attention more particularly to the abolition of what he deemed a factitious and false symbolism and the worship of unauthorized gods. Beyond this, his design seems to have been at once a judicious and a virtuous one—that of disseminating lofty and religious aspirations, and the prosecuting of good works. In fact, by this ingenious scheme, Mohammedanism was dovetailed into all preceding doctrines, but proclaimed as the greatest of them all—the keystone to the magnificent arch of religious belief which had been in process of formation since the foundation of the world.



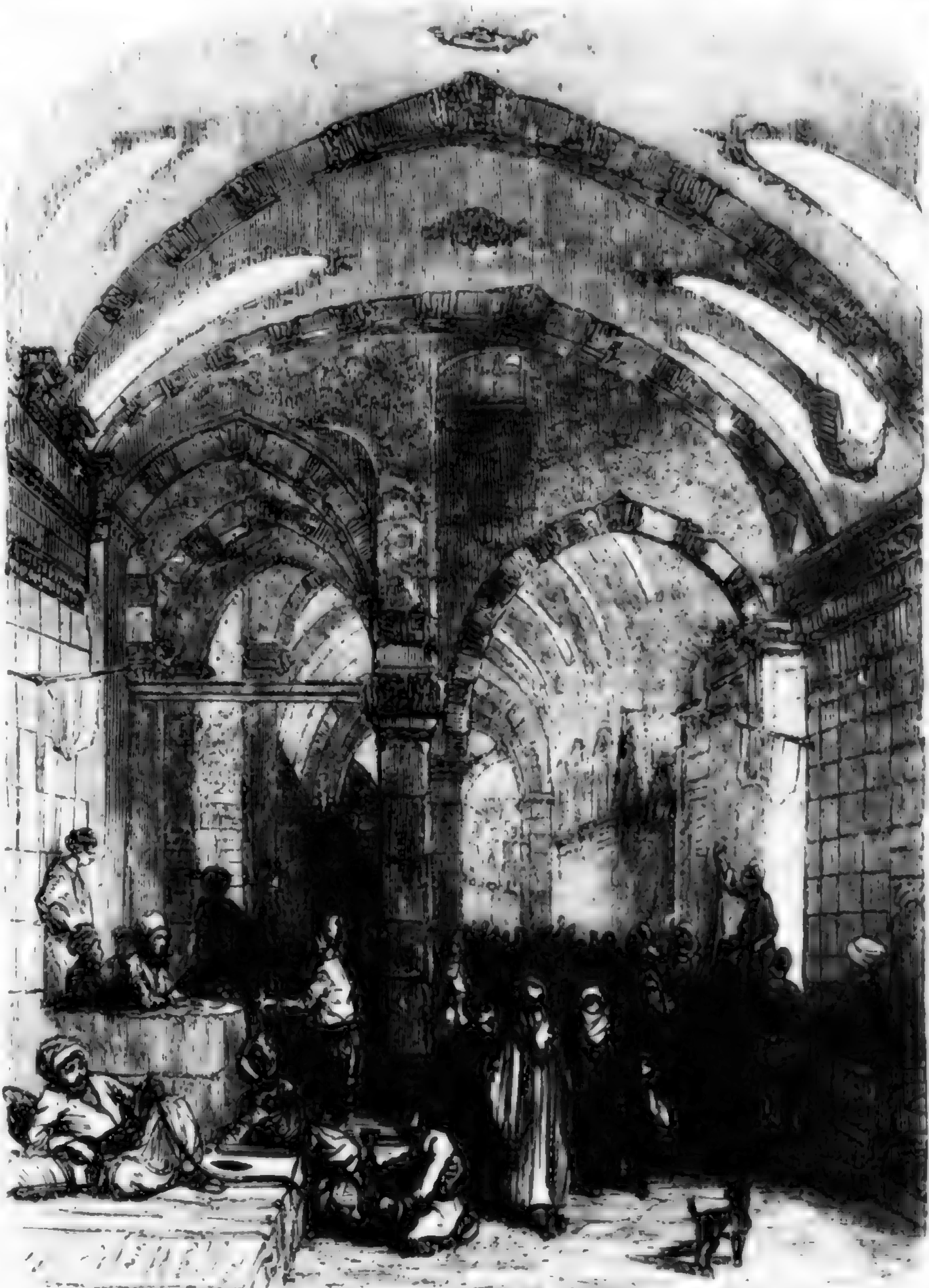
THE VISIT OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE TO THE GRAND BAZAAR AT STAMBOUL.



THE GREAT FIRE OF JUNE 6TH, 1870, IN THE ENVIRONS OF CONSTANTINOPLE—THE CONFLAGRATION AS IT WAS SEEN FROM THE HEIGHTS OF GALATA.

Thus, while the Koran admits the existence from first to last of some two to three hundred thousand prophets, among whom three hundred and thirteen were apostles, it distinctly denominates six, as especially commanded to proclaim new laws and dispensations. These were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. By this means, we have a complete body of belief resting in its various orders, the one upon the other, like the steps of a ladder; with the Father of Mankind at the foot, and the Prophet of Islam at the summit.

The Koran propounds a belief in the resurrection and final judgment. It likewise embodies the classical theory of transmigration of souls. It comprises a conception of paradise, which is the happy hunting-ground of the Indians of North America over again. And, finally, the prophet himself believed—although in this he has not been altogether followed by succeeding theologians—that at the last day, both soul and body will be raised from the dead. The end of all things is predicted, as also that its coming shall be recognized by certain signs, nearly all of which are taken from the legendary part of the Hebrew Talmud or Midrash. These are the decay of faith among men, the advancement of the meanest persons to the highest dignities, wars, seditions and tumults, and consequent dire distress, so that a man passing another's grave shall say, "Would to God I were in his place!" Then the sun shall rise in the West, Constantinople will be taken by the descendants of Isaac, the Antichrist will come, and be killed by Jesus. There will be a war with the Jews, eruption, a great smoke, an eclipse, Mohammedans will return to idolatry; the Kaata, or sacred stone, at Mecca, will be destroyed by the Ethiopians; beasts and inanimate things will speak; and, finally, a wind will sweep away the souls of those who have faith, even if equal only to a grain of mustard-seed, so that the world shall be left in ignorance. After this shall come the last day. Then forty years of oblivion, followed by the resurrection.



A TURKISH BAZAAR.

Next, the day of judgment, when the righteous shall enter paradise, and the wicked hell; both, however, having first to go over the bridge Al Sirat, laid over the midst of hell, finer than a hair, sharper than the edge of a sword, and beset with thorns on every side. Upon this uncomfortable thoroughfare the righteous will proceed with ease and swiftness; but the wicked, probably overweighted by their sins, will be precipitated headlong into hell—a place divided by the Koran into seven stories or apartments, respectively assigned to Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, Sabians, Magians, idolaters; and the lowest of all to the hypocrites, who, outwardly professing religion, in reality had none.

There appears to be even a purgatory in the scheme of Mohammed—since paradise is divided from hell by a partition, in which a certain number of half-saints find place.

Paradise itself appears to be chiefly tenanted solely by God's mercy, and not by good works or merits. It is also alleged that the poor will enter therein five hundred years before the rich; and—*horribile dictu*—that the majority of the inhabitants of hell are women! Further than this, paradise is recommended to the faithful as a purely material elysium. Here, as it appears, the senses are to be given all that they crave. Feasting in gorgeous and delicious variety, costly and brilliant garments, and ravishing odors, these are among the attributes of this brilliant and delightful place. Every believer will have eighty thousand servants, and seventy-two girls of paradise, besides his own former wives, if he should wish for them. A large tent of pearls, jacinths, and emeralds is to contain this rather liberal family. Three hundred dishes of gold shall be set before each guest at once, and the last morsel will be as grateful as the first. With this enormously increased capacity, we need not be surprised that wine, which will then be permitted to Mussulmans, will flow copiously and without inebriating. Those who desire children shall have them, and see them grow up within an hour.

A separate abode of happiness, it is said, will be reserved for women; but there is considerable doubt thrown over the nature of the enjoyment which is to be furnished for them. Prayer is an important element in the practice of the religion of Islam, and to this is added invariably a partial ablution, which is performed with water when that is convenient, but with sand or dust when it is not. The times of prayer are sunset, nightfall, daybreak, noon and afternoon. These times of prayer are announced even to the present day in Mussulman settlements by the Muezzins, from the minarets or towers of the mosques, bells not being permitted by the Mohammedan religion. While praying, the face of the worshipper should be turned in the direction of Mecca. Women, although not strictly forbidden to enter a mosque, yet are not practically allowed to pray there, lest their presence should be hurtful to true devotion.

After prayer, in importance, stands the duty of giving alms. Of this there are two kinds—legal and voluntary; though the former has now been practically abrogated. The second is, according to law, to be given once every year, and rates between two and a half and twenty per cent. of the annual produce. Besides these, a special custom enjoined upon believers, is to bestow a measure of provisions upon the poor at the end of the sacred month of Ramadan.

The duty of fasting, and that of pilgrimage to Mecca, complete the positive injunctions, by ordinance, of the religion of Islam.

The prohibitory laws include those against drinking wine and other strong liquors; games of chance, which are considered so wicked that a gambler's testimony is considered invalid in a court of law; usury—even interest-taking being severely condemned—and idolatry.

Polygamy is allowed, but restricted to the having as many wives as the individual can comfortably take care of; and even further, in the explicit words of the Koran, four wives and a certain number of concubine slaves is as far as a Mussulman may legally go. A Moslem man may marry out of his creed, but a Mohammedan woman cannot, under any circumstances, marry an unbeliever. Divorce is a comparatively light matter with the Mohammedans; mere dislike is a sufficient reason for a man to dissolve conjugal ties, and his saying, "Thou are divorced," and paying part of the wife's dowry, is all that is required from him by the law. A wife, on the other hand, is bound to the husband forever, unless she can prove flagrant ill-usage or neglect of duty on his part; and even then she forfeits a part, or the whole, of her dowry.

A woman disobedient to her husband may be declared rebellious, and her husband is not bound by law to care for her.

The law is very lenient toward debtors. Insolvency and inability to work for the discharge of the claim dissolve all further obligations. The most concientious performance of private contracts is, however, recommended.

Murder is punished with death, or the payment of a fine to the family of the deceased, according to their own pleasure. Theft is severely punished; while infidelity, or apostacy from Islam, is a crime to be visited by the death of the offender, if he have been warned thrice without recanting. Finally, the complete body of Mussulman divinity, and which most distinctly reflects the intention of the author, and the least changed in the course of time, is the ethics of the Koran.

Herein injustice, falsehood, pride, revengefulness, calumny, mockery, avarice, prodigality, debauchery, mistrust, and suspicion are inveighed against as ungodly and wicked; while benevolence, liberality, modesty, forbearance, patience, endurance, frugality, sincerity, straightforwardness, decency, love of peace and truth, and, above all, trusting in God and submitting to his will, are considered as the pillars of truth, piety, and the principal signs of a true believer.

Whatever is to be the judgment of mankind as regards Mohammedanism, in comparison with the other religions of the world, its effects during the first centuries of its propagation must be admitted to have been helpful and advantageous to civilization. It has been justly alleged that the Mohammedans may be said to have been the enlightened teachers of barbarous Europe from the ninth to the fifteenth century. Classical literature would have been irredeemably lost had it not been for the home it found in the schools of the unbelievers of the Dark Ages. Arabic philosophy, medicine, natural history, geography, history, grammar, rhetoric, and poetry were the precursors and foundation of all that has been done in these sciences and arts under the guidance of succeeding doctrines.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The wordy and weak discussions which have filled up the time of the so-called "Social Science Conventions" have not availed to fix public attention upon social evils more strongly than before they were uttered. The few suggestions made for reform, and the correction of acknowledged existing evils, have been of the most impracticable kind, and showed most glaringly superficiality of thought in those who uttered them. If there be not now, it is high time there ought to be such a thing as social science.

It is painfully evident that society is in some respects going from bad to worse. We will not say that on the whole it is deteriorating; but granted even that it is growing in virtue and increasing in knowledge, that its sanitary condition is improving, and its moral health better than in the dark ages—all this is not enough.

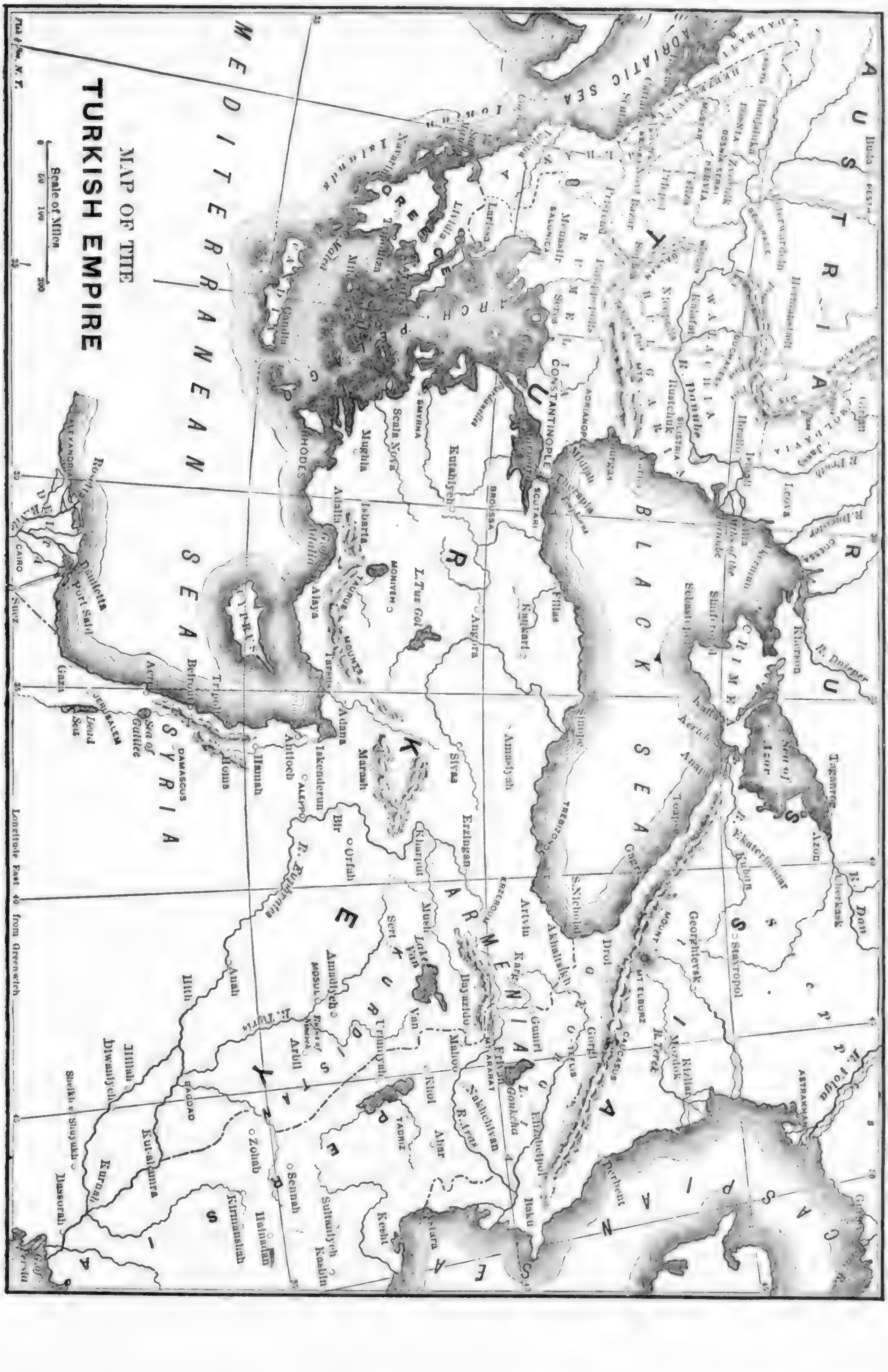
It is sad to reflect that whatever progress has been made, or is now making, is the result of bitter experience to those who have gone before us, and whose blood and tears have stained the pages of history for ages.

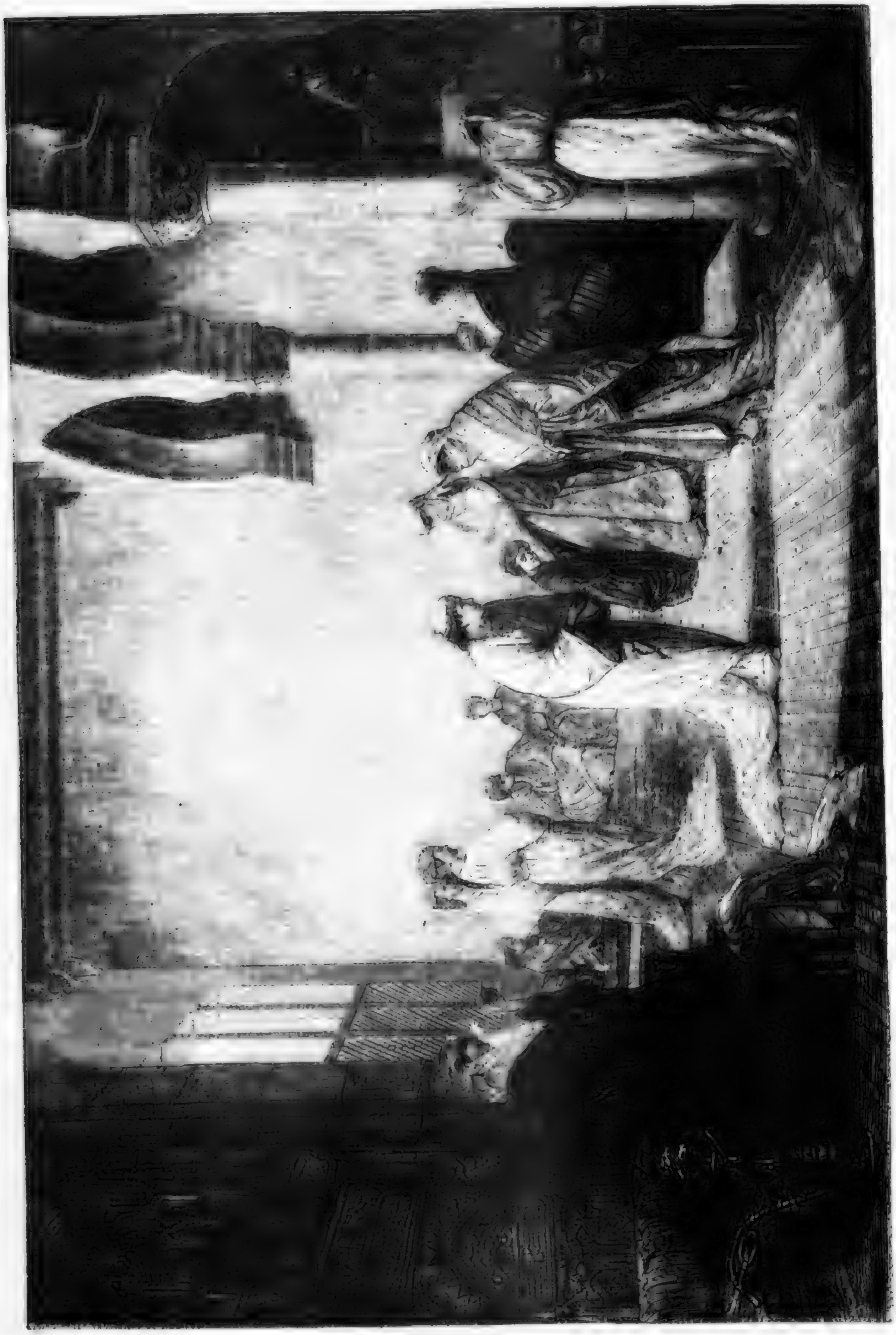
Is there no way to adjust society on immutable principles? Must all progress be in the future as in the past secured by experiment? And must what we call social science be for ever a mass of ill-assorted facts culled from history? Surely there is some more solid basis than this for social organization.

Did we want proof that nothing like social science exists among us, it is found in all that surrounds us. Very little that passes current in society will stand the test of reason. Our eating, our working, our dress, and even our sleeping, are alike performed with a general disregard to physical law. Pauperism has become a profession. Disease, though on the average, perhaps, not so deadly as it was a century ago, if not more general, is still not less diffused. Perfectly healthy people are the exception, not the rule. The professions of law and medicine still find enough in the misery and crime of humanity to amply sustain them. The administration of justice too is often a mockery, and legislation has become a matter of barter and sale. The drones of society are on the increase, and honest hard-working producers are compelled to contribute to their support.

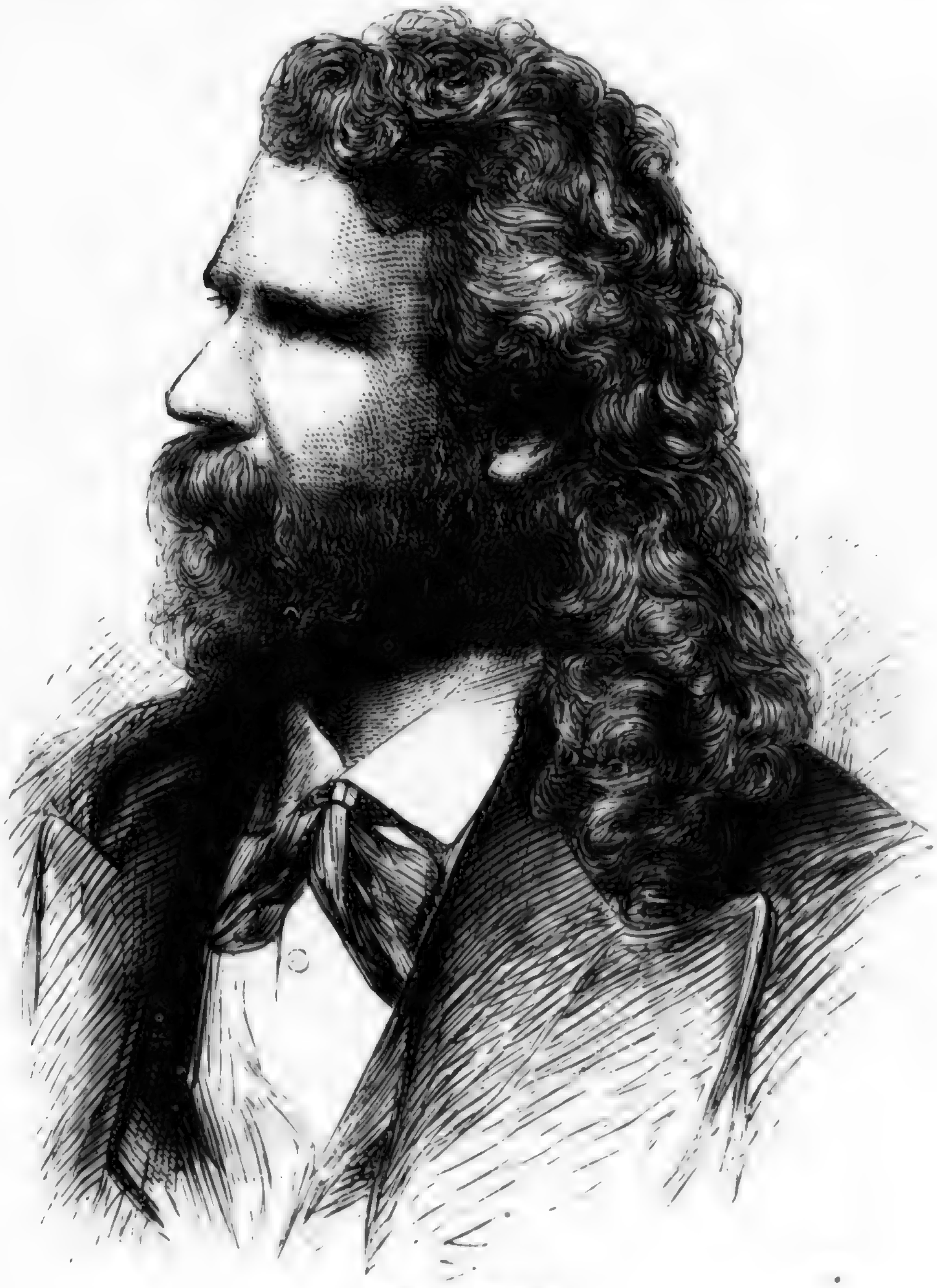
Could these things be if social organization had been reduced to a science? Blackstone, in his "Commentaries," has laid down some general principles upon which all society must be based, and any departure from which is a step toward anarchy; but these principles underlie the civil rights of people united in a national compact. They leave untouched great and fundamental physiological and biological laws, the disregard of which has burdened society with the greatest evils under which it now groans.

Until some prophet arises capable of grappling with this subject from a physical and biological, as well as a political, point of view, and tells us how society may be constructed in harmony with all the conditions of pure living, regardless of creeds, conventionalities, or traditions, let us not flatter ourselves that such a thing as social science exists. A heterogeneous mass of facts does not constitute a science, any more than a rude heap of stones, and sand, and lime may be called a temple.


MAP OF THE
TURKISH EMPIRE
Scale of Miles
0
50
100
200
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
ADRIATIC SEA
AUSTRIA
RUSSIA
TURKEY
GREECE
SYRIA
ARMENIA
KURDISTAN
PERSIA
CRIMEA
WALLACHIA
MOLDAVIA
SERVIA
BOSNIA
BULGARIA
ROUMELIA
CAUCASUS
CONSTANTINOPLE
SCUTARI
ADRIANOPLE
SMYRNA
BROUSSA
Angora
Sivas
Trebizond
Erzeroum
Kars
Erivan
Tiflis
Batoum
Sinope
Samsoun
Adana
Tarsus
Aleppo
Antioch
Damascus
Jerusalem
Beyrout
Tripoli
Acre
Gaza
Dead Sea
Sea of Galilee
CYPRUS
RHODES
Candia
ALEXANDRIA
CAIRO
Suez
Port Said
Damietta
Rosetta
Mosul
Bagdad
Bassorah
Orfah
Bir
Diarbekir
Van
L. Van
Bayazid
ARARAT
TABRIZ
L. Urumiyah
Erzingan
Kharput
Marash
Iskenderun
Hamah
Homs
L. Tuz Gol
Konieh
Isbarta
Adalia
Alaya
Kutahieh
Scala Nova
Mughla
Salonica
Monastir
Seres
Philippopolis
Sofia
Nisch
Belgrade
Widdin
Rustchuk
Silistria
Varna
Bucharest
Ibrail
Galatz
Jassy
Kishenev
Odessa
Kherson
Nicolaiev
Sebastopol
Simferopol
Kertch
Kaffa
Anapa
Sea of Azov
Taganrog
Azov
Tcherkask
Ekaterinodar
Stavropol
Georghievsk
Mozdok
Kizliar
ASTRAKHAN
Derbent
Baku
Shemakha
Elizabethpol
Nakhitchevan
R. Aras
L. Goktcha
Ghurri
Akhaltsikh
Poti
Redout Kaleh
S. Nicholai
Artvin
MT. ELBURZ
Resht
Kasbin
Sultanieh
Hamadan
Kermanshah
Zohab
Senneh
Kut-al-amara
Kurnah
Hillah
Diwanieh
Sheikh el Shuyukh
Hit
Anah
Arbil
Amadieh
Jezireh
Sert
Mush
Khoi
Ahar
Maragha
Urumiyah
R. Euphrates
R. Tigris
R. Danube
R. Dnieper
R. Dniester
R. Pruth
R. Don
R. Volga
R. Kuban
R. Terek
Buda Pesth
Temesvar
Hermanstadt
Kronstadt
Sarajevo
Mostar
Scutari
Dulcigno
Antivari
Cattaro
Durazzo
Janina
Larissa
Athens
Patras
Tripolitza
Navarino
Ionian Islands
ARCHIPELAGO
Longitude East 40 from Greenwich



VISIT OF CEREMONY TO A HAREM.



JOAQUIN MILLER.

IN THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

Sound! sound! sound!
O colossal walls, and crowned,
In one eternal thunder!
Sound! sound! sound!
O ye oceans overhead,
While we walk subdued in wonder,
In the ferns and grasses under
And beside the swift Mercéd.

Fret! fret! fret!
O ye sounding banners, set
On the giant granite castles
In the clouds and in the snow.
But the foe he comes not yet—
We are loyal, valiant vassals,
And we touch the trailing tassels
Of the banners far below.

Surge! surge! surge!
From the white Sierra's verge,
To the very valley blossom.
Surge! surge! surge!
Yet the song-bird builds a home,
And the mossy branches cross them,
And the tasseled tree-tops toss them
In the clouds of falling foam.

Sweep! sweep! sweep!
O ye heaven-born and deep,
In one dread-unbroken chorus!
We may wonder or may weep,
We may wait on God before us;
We may shout or lift a hand,
We may bow down and deplore us,
But may never understand.

Beat! beat! beat!
We advance, but would retreat
From this restless, broken breast
Of the earth in a convulsion.
We would rest, but dare not rest,
For the angel of expulsion
From this Paradise below
Waves us onward, and . . . we go!

Joaquin Miller.

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THE PINK COUNTESS.

By Joaquin Miller.

Chapter I.

THE ONE FAIR WOMAN.

"The one fair woman of the whole wide world."
—Browning.

"Others for others, but she for me—
The one fair woman beneath the sun."
—Hay

SUCCESSFUL men live in the age in which they are born. Great men live in advance of it. Poets and painters belong to no age. They fit in nowhere on top of the earth. They are more out of place than the other great men in the world's gallery of statuary. This young man, whom we shall name Murietta in order that his real name may be concealed, was of this class.

In the year 18—, the world applauded this young artist, Murietta, and pronounced him a genius of the very highest order.

As the world is nearly always wrong, it is safe to say that in this case it was at least partly so. In justice to the young artist, who was being borne as it were on the shoulders of his seniors, and held up to the full gaze of the great, I may say that he himself half suspected that the world lied. Yet he was not so terribly displeased after all at the falsehood.

In the year 18— the world denounced the young artist Murietta as an impostor, a libertine, and a fraud of the very worst stamp.

As the world, if we may repeat the expression, is nearly always wrong, perhaps it was mistaken again. As for young Murietta, he was this time himself perfectly certain that the world lied. But this time he was certainly displeased and troubled too. And sad as it was, and certain as he was in this conviction, in truth I must say that this time he stood almost alone in his belief.

His had been an eventful story, which we may come upon further on. Boy as he was, he was scarred all over by battle. He had lived the life of a man in his boyhood. His heart lay broken in bits and scattered like clay all over the world where he had wandered. With all that, he had never yet met the one great woman of his life, the one whom somehow he felt all the time was standing somewhere in the world by his path of life, waiting till he should come that way.

Woman, full, complete, and perfect woman, was to him the whole wide world. He would follow her, worship afar off, wait and watch if by some chance he might be able to do her service. His soul, and sense of duty to woman, was that of a knight of old. Murietta was born out of his time. Amid the revolutions of his land, he had grown up in the field and camp almost without culture, and was what the world, with its usual felicity for fitting a man in his proper niche, was very happy to call a half-savage.

That the young new-risen star was a little rough in his appearance and blunt in expression, is true. But his voice was low and soft, his manner gentle, engaging, almost childlike, certainly timid, shrinking, shy of the gaze and attention of men. He stood alone, mantled in the gloom of his individuality.

A soldier by chance and fortune, yet his figure was lithe and light as that of a woman. His was a striking face for that age. Men were always saying, "Why, I have seen that face before!" In fact, it was a face that men would paint, would see, without knowing it. Artist as he was by nature, his face, half hidden in blonde and abundant hair that hung to the shoulders, was such a face as painters would paint and men would buy and hang on their walls, and yet know not why. And still it was not beautiful, not by any manner of means. It was a sympathetic face, full of affection and full of truth, of resolution, self-will, defiance, doubt. That is, sometimes.

Faces change so. Let a face be backed by blood and mettle, let the soul be tempered by experience and made mellow as a ploughed field by troubles that have torn it up, let it be made charitable of the sins of others by a sense of its own sins—and you have a face that will win you, plain as it may be, and a face that will wear as many changes of expression as the wind and weather.

This man had come upon his art by instinct. He had fancied, or perhaps really seen, things of beauty; he knew they were hiding back behind his canvas, that some day they would come out from there, stand before him, droop, lean, reach, live, look him in the face, and talk back to him and answer the solitude of his soul. In his solitary hours he had seen them, distant, dim, faint, and far away. They seemed to be afraid to draw near.

By devotion, self-denial, adoration, love for the beautiful, and a sincere and simple life, he made him familiar with their ways, and then they came, and he made them his friends for ever.

With all his love for woman, as I have said, he had never yet seen the one certain destiny of his life. Yet he knew she lived. He knew perfectly well that she would come, as the figures and faces of beauty had come on his canvas. And he knew he would recognize her when she came. He pictured her a tall and silent woman, dark and half mysterious; strong, moving a world, yet scarce moving a hand, a central figure, a sun with a thousand stars that moved as she moved, that knew no light but hers.

The first year, the one and only year, of his glory was gone. The young artist was no more a wonder. People began to measure their praise, to doubt, to damn with a definition of qualities. Soon made, soon marred. All sudden growths, as a rule, are the story of Jonah's gourd.

At last, without design, without desiring such a thing now, at a time in fact when he almost wished his dream of her to be and remain for ever but a dream and fancy, he met this one fair woman face to face in one of the highest social circles of London society.

He had heard her name without knowing it or caring for it. He had been dreaming all day, was dreaming still. He did not see her till he stood before her in the gorgeous saloon, splendid with all the magnificence of modern art and civilization, and set about by beautiful women and noble men, and she the one chief centre stone in the shining casket.

Then he lifted his eyes to hers, dark and deep and thoughtful, and full of fire. Their light startled him. He wakened from his dream, shrunk back embarrassed, stammered some strange words that he himself did not understand, and in the whirl and movement of the company took refuge at once, and was perhaps at once forgotten by this wonderful woman. At least she betrayed no consciousness, no emotion, no interest whatever.

Possibly she had not heard his name. Possibly she had heard too much of it. Possibly she, too, had been dreaming like himself that night, and did not waken at all. All these and a thousand other possibilities poured through the young man's brain from that day forth. He did not dare to see her again. Yet dreaming or awake he saw nothing but her, heard no sound but her voice—a voice that was so full of soul, of song, of sympathy, so refreshing, soft, and mellow; like the fountain of Trevi.

Murietta, as I have said, knew certainly that he would on one day meet this woman. Knowing this by some sort of intuition, a sort of revelation that belongs to certain natures cursed or blessed with intense sensibility, he had been content to wait, to go on silently and in a satisfied sort of way with his work, without once considering what he should do when the time came.

No doubt if he had been asked, or if he had asked himself, he would have replied confidently that he should at once address her, tell her the truth briefly, freely, frank and bold as a soldier, and possess her.

As it was, however, he did not address her at all. He ran away. He began for the first time in his life to fear. He could not exactly tell what it was that he feared; but he felt himself tremble in the presence of woman, of man, alone, in crowds, and all the time impressed with the fear that something dreadful was about to happen. Strange horrors began to pour in upon him from a hundred quarters. He had done nothing at all but hide himself away and try all the time to get that one face from between him and his old loves and beautiful princesses on the canvas. It was impossible. He was now miserable beyond expression. Men began to note his change of manner and of mind. His enemies were delighted; his few, very few friends shook their heads and left him nearly alone.

This could not go on with a mind like his. One day in a mood of desperation he resolved to ask who she was. Strange enough, he had not dared mention her name to any one since that night. When at last, pale, excited, trembling, he found the man who could tell him what he sought to learn of her, he found his tongue tied and his mouth dry as if he had had a fever. He wanted to take this man by the collar and lead him into a dark place and turn his face to the wall, and make him tell him there, with his eyes held down and in a voice that only he could hear, who she was and what her name and history.

That, I should say, is love—love, deep, self-denying, indescribable.

To his relief, the man led up to the subject of his heart, and told him all about her while he stood by the fire in early Autumn, and looked out through the window at a man, with a tray on his head and a little bell in his hand, hawking his wares.

The tale was soon told, or at least so much as the man chose to relate, and the artist still stood looking out of the window. The friend set down his glass and laid his hand on his shoulder. The artist started.

"I was looking at the man with the tray and bell. Very singular; very pretty; 'twould make a picture."

The friend stooped a little and looked through the window; but no man with a tray was to be seen. In fact he had gone on half an hour before. But to the artist he was still there, ringing his little brass bell up in his own right ear, as if to be certain he made a great noise to attract the little people to buy his wares.

The men looked each other in the face. The artist was pale and embarrassed.

"You are ill. You must stop work. Do you know what your friends say?"

"My friends?"

"Aye, your friends—the world?"

"No."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Well, yes, since we had as well hear one falsehood from the world as another."

"But it will offend you?"

"I have passed that phase."

"I fear it will annoy you."

"Nonsense. You annoy me by your insinuations. Speak plain."

"Well, then, my dear fellow, you must stop work."

"Is that what the world says?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but——"

"But, but, but!"

The artist drew up his hands and wrung them nervously as he looked at his so-called friend.

"But—but! Well?"

"They say you—you—that you are ill—and ——"

"And—and!" This time the hands clutched the shoulder. They shook the man, and they shook these words from out between his chattering teeth.

"And that you—you—are—that you will go mad—insane!"

The artist shook off his friend and found his way into the street.

"Cabman. India Docks."

"Right."

The Italian flag was fluttering from the masthead of a ship steaming as if just about to start. It bore the word "Genoa."

"Genoa! Genoa? why not? That is in Italy. And *she* is in Italy."

Down the stormy channel around the rocky gates of Hercules, and up the choppy, ugly Mediterranean, and they drew in upon the isolated city of palaces.

At his hotel the good consul sought Murietta out; but he was still sad and thoughtful.

"You will dine with me?"

"No."

"You will at least call and spend an hour—see my family."

"No, no, no. I am not in a mood to see happy people."

Then suddenly turning to the consul after a moment's silence—

"Consul, do me a favor."

"With pleasure, if it is in my power."

"Then take me to see those that are unhappy! the miserable. I was born to that estate. I belong to that class."

The consul hesitated.

"I am miserable to-day; take me among my kind to-day! To-morrow I shall be more cheerful."

They passed up the narrow crowded streets with mighty marble palaces on either hand, up past many fountains, up many steps, under many arches, around a spiral stairway of marble, till suddenly they stood before the Jardin Nero with its tropical flowers, its fountains, its birds, its beasts, and its thousand happy children and beautiful women.

The consul turned his back to this, and led across the shady walk to the beautiful public drive, with its double rows of trees, its fountains, its bands of music, and its whirl of carriages that follow one another around and around on this delightful drive overlooking the sea, that seems to have been, fashioned from a half-leveled mountain.

"There!"

"Folly, folly! I asked for the unhappy. You bring me to this whirl of gaiety—this giddiness of delight!"

"You asked for the miserable. Here they are! There they sit in those carriages! There are the truly unhappy! and so it is the wide world over."

Murietta grasped his hand. He looked him in the face as if he would look him through.

"You have uttered a great truth. I knew it before. I have felt it often before, but dared not say."

Around and around the carriages whirled two and two, and then in double line in meeting, they drove four deep, and the horses took in the spirit of the splendid sunset scene, and bent their necks and tossed their manes and stepped as if they scarcely touched the ground. A group of peasants in gay and beautiful dress with their glorious hair about their shoulders danced below an acacia tree in

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the sprinkle of the fountain, while the officers in splendid uniforms moved leisurely up and down, bowed to the black-eyed women seated here and there in twos and threes, and the black-eyed women blushed behind their fans in return; and all the time the fountains plashed and played in the gold of the sloping sun, while the bands played martial airs and then low and tender melodies.

The carriages were largely those of foreigners. They were filled with beautiful women and men who wore a look of more care certainly than was consistent with the scene. There was a fearful rivalry between many of these splendid equipages.

This one had the best horses in Genoa, but that one had a carriage that shone with gold and silver; then this carriage bore the most beautiful woman in the world, while that one claimed a special glory because it bore the Crown Prince of Italy.

Chapter II.

THE LADY IN PINK.

MURIETTA stood there looking at, and yet not half beholding, the scene before him. He was devouring the thought that the consul had given him as if his soul had been hungry. He was turning it over, testing it, trying to prove that it was false, and yet at every turn of the gay equipage finding evidence of its truth.

From the first there was one carriage, however, that had a special attraction for him. A little boy, with long light hair like gold and sunshine woven together, sat on a front seat dressed in blue velvet, and looking down at the happy peasant children, as if he would like to join them and be happy too.

Beside this boy sat or lounged a great six-foot seaman-looking fellow in a white vest, pea-jacket, and sailor hat, which he was constantly lifting, and sometimes to people who did not respond, and a swagger in his air that spoke as plain as words could speak that his place and position in the world, whatever it was, was about as unsteady as the deck of a ship. Yet he had a powerful face, powerful for wickedness. He certainly had a chin like Dante. He as certainly had an eye like the devil. One hand was constantly employed in lifting his hat; the other kept a sort of reach and regard for the little boy at his side.

As this carriage whirled past, the consul lifted his hat to the very beautiful blonde lady dressed all in soft shades of pink or rose, who sat with her husband on the back seat; and the big man with the big chin lifted his hat in return and bowed twice to the consul.

The beautiful lady smiled with an expression of sadness that was even painful, but only smiled. The husband, a handsome, graceful, Italian-looking gentleman, with a small hand and a small weak nose, and a small head which was slightly bald, lifted his hat also, with that ease and composure which shows at least the gentleman bred and born.

"Beautiful!" said the consul.

"Sad!" sighed the artist.

The two walked on together.

But Murietta could not forget that face. It was the face of a child. The eyes were large and liquid, yet soft and timid as those of a baby. Her complexion was rose and alabaster. She seemed to blush to her shoulders as she breathed. With her pure pitiful face, sad and sweet and lonesome, with its touch of tenderness for her little boy with hair so like her own, she to Murietta was by far the most beautiful of all the beautiful women of Genoa.

"Who are they?"

"It's a sad story."

"I knew it was sad. Let me imagine it. It will give me food for to-night whilst prowling through the silent city."

The sun had set on Genoa. The pretty dancers had disappeared, the bands had broken in pieces, and here and there a man, with a great brass instrument coiled about him, stood bantering, cap in hand, with some fair woman.

The two men were leaving the garden as the carriage with the sad pretty face above the soft rose robes was passing. The consul bowed. The fair woman half turned her head to the man beside her, and he reached his arm and touched the footman. The footman turned his head to the coachman, and the carriage stopped.

The consul stepped up towards the carriage door, shook hands with the gentleman, and then took the extended hand of the big man with the big chin, while the little boy only looked down from the carriage at the doves that strutted about and pecked in the dust near to the wheels and the horses' feet.

"Glad to see you, dear consul," said the big man with the big chin as he clutched the hand in his. "Glad to see you," continued the deep bass voice. "I am a man who carries his heart in his hand, you know. A rough but honest sailor. Glad to see you looking so well, 'pon my word."

The lady looked in the consul's face with her great, sad child's eyes, so full of wonder all the time, and then she looked at his companion, who had held back as if to escape an introduction.

"My friend Murietta—the Countess Edna."

The lady smiled sadly, sighed as if from habit, and bowed as the artist lifted his hat and held it poised in the air. Then he shook hands with the gentleman at her side who was introduced as "Count Edna," and was about to withdraw.

"You are not of the family of Murietta, the artist?"

The artist blushed and bowed in the affirmative.

The consul said something in a half whisper, and then the lady again reached her hand. The gentleman at her side was over civil; and, while the great captain by the little boy, who had just been introduced, was declaring that he was a man who carried his heart in his hand, and was only a rough but honest sailor, the polite gendarme came with his finger to his cap, motioned the carriage to proceed, and the two parties were separated.

The day was done, and the consul and the artist were walking on together toward the Hôtel Italie.

"The poor count has a sorry time of it indeed," observed the consul.

"And why? He certainly seems the happier of the two."

"Ah! you do not understand. He is a poor Italian, of illustrious family, who has married this American heiress. She, it is believed, is mad. She tells strange things of the count and his companions. Well, then, there is a history!—a sort of story which nobody knows much about; for the count is so affectionate, so faithful, and so careful of his wife's good fame, that he would die rather than reveal it. Still, I am partly in his confidence; and he has hinted at enough to make at least a dozen men miserable."

"Well, she at least is miserable."

"She is mad!" added the consul, emphatically.

Murietta put his hand to his brow. He began to wonder if the consul had heard what his enemies had said of him. He looked in the face of his friend, and drew a breath of relief.

"And that big man with the little boy?"

"A sort of keeper, and a friend of the good count's."

"And are they long in Genoa?"

"Oh, so-so! for the season of a few weeks like all travelers. And they too, like all the English-speaking people, are at the same hotel with yourself."

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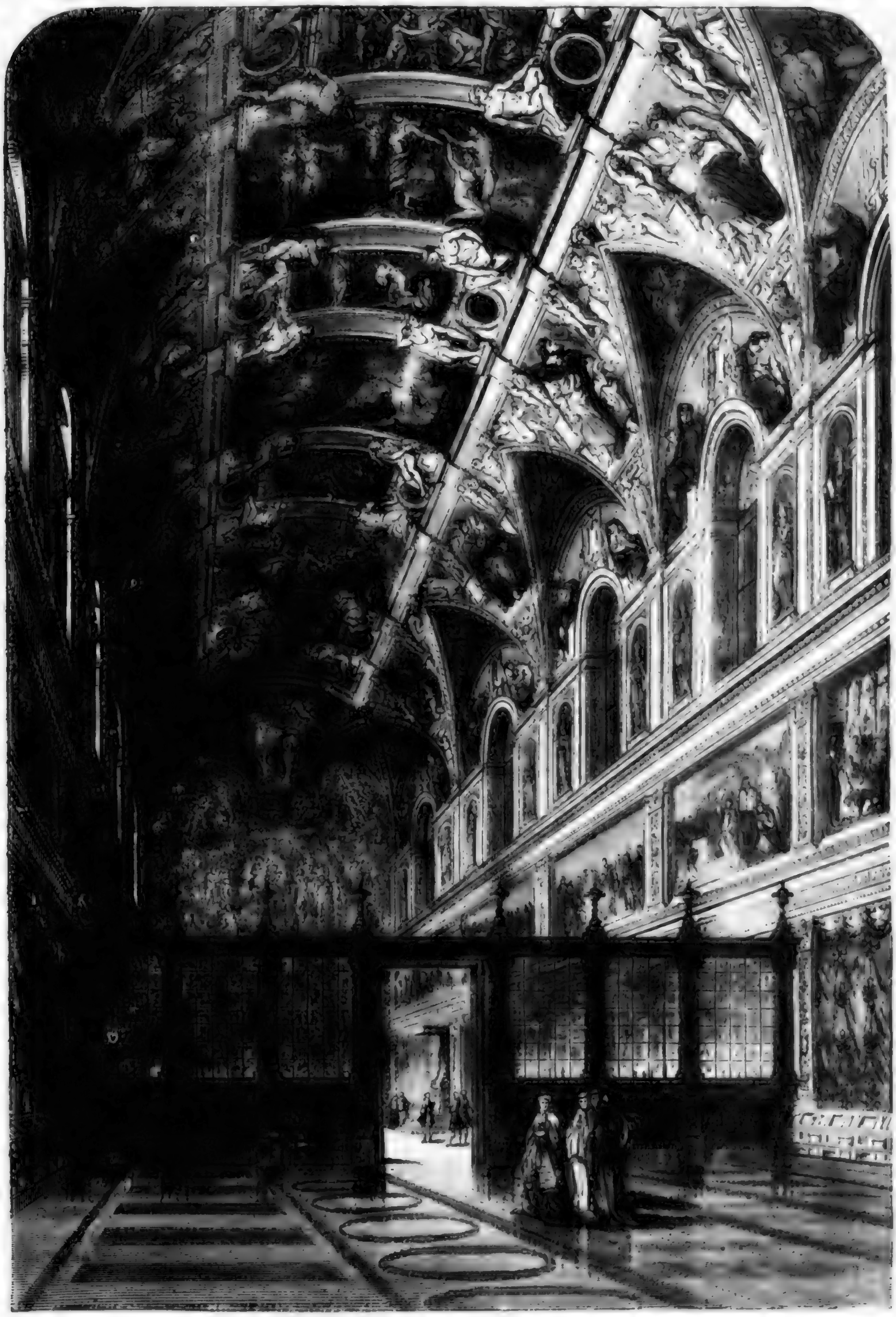

THE INTERIOR OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL AT ROME.

Murietta shrugged his shoulders, and wished them almost anywhere else.

"Whatever she is, I am not in a mood to meet her. As for the count, he is too soft. I should despise him."

As Murietta turned the corner in the street, he laid a finger of his left hand in the open palm of his right, and said emphatically, "Honest men don't tell you that they carry their hearts in their hands." Then they parted.

Chapter III.

THE COUNTESS EDNA.

If this fair sad-faced lady, the Countess Edna, was beautiful as she sat in the carriage, she was tenfold more so as she moved in her rich Italian dress down the hall to the *salle* that evening to dinner.

Murietta was there before she entered. He had his face

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on his upturned palm, and was moody and silent, and dissatisfied with Genoa. He had not seen her enter, although he had been looking straight in that direction. When he first saw her, she was walking, or rather gliding, moving as if on waves, coming noiselessly, save the rustle of her trailing pink garment straight upon him. He rose to his feet, and her husband, who followed, very gently seated her at the table only a remove or two away.

Again Murietta fell into his mood, let his head fall on his upturned palm in an abstracted *abandon* that had been rudeness in any other than this careless land of repose, and fell to thinking of her he fain would find.

There was the prettiest little laugh, and the beautiful countess turned her head just a little, and Murietta turned to look, admire, and listen.

The big admiral sat opposite, bowed to Murietta low, reached his hand as if he held his heart in it—and then turned to look with a sort of hungry expression at his prisoner.

The Count Edna sat beside his lady, and beyond her sat the red-faced, fat, very proper English clergyman, in black clothes, with his napkin tucked up under his chin.

The lady had been speaking to this clergyman, and he had evidently been talking of or quoting the Italian poets.

"Dante!" laughed the lady, "ha! ha! it was Dante who wrote all about hell, was it not?"

The clergyman bowed profoundly.

"Well, was Dante ever married?"

The clergyman laid down his knife and fork, and rolled his eyes about, and lifted up the lower part of his napkin and threatened his mouth with it, and held it there theologically and in silence.

The count sighed, and looked down the table for sympathy. A very long spinster in gold spectacles away down the table said, "Poor lady," loud enough for all to hear, and the hungry admiral whipped out a book and wrote something under the shadow of his enormous chin.

"Because," continued the countess, as if she had not heard or seen a thing that passed, though she heard, saw, felt all, and more than all—"because I want to read Dante once more, and must inform myself on this point, for I have no confidence in authors who get their information and ideas of hell second-hand!"

As the dinner advanced the big admiral melted away under the influence of Italian wine, and withdrew, taking the count in tow. The man sandwiched in between the artist and the countess was fairly absorbed by the literary lady in gold spectacles, and finally drawn out to her side; and thus Murietta found himself at last almost alone by the very woman he had wished to avoid.

He had expected her to begin and wear him out in a dozen ways at once. On the contrary, she sat silent, as far as he was concerned, and only addressed herself to the little sunshine of a boy by her side.

"Yes," at last she answered to the old stereotyped question every traveler puts to his fellow-traveler by way of breaking the ice—"yes; she liked Genoa well. It had such a history—had been such a brave old crusader!"

"And then it discovered us!" added the artist.

The count and the lady's keeper had not returned. The little boy had been led away by a servant; and Murietta could do no less than offer the countess his arm. They entered the great parlor, and sat by the window alone overlooking a portion of the great city. It was white and splendid in the mellow moon.

"Look," said the lady, pointing to a great palace all covered with beautiful frescoes. "Does it not look as if the palace had been filled full of splendid pictures, and was now boiling over and spilling down on the outside?"

Her face was glorious with enthusiasm. But she stopped suddenly. She felt, rather than saw, that she was being watched. Murietta turned his head.

There stood the count in the doorway under the shadow of the enormous chin. Both men were glaring hard at the two who sat by the window, out of the dark of the doorway, and both men were drunk.

She leaned towards Murietta as if continuing the conversation.

"I have something to say. Ah! I *must* say it, and say it soon. Do not—do not run away from me. They all run away—all of them—whenever I begin to tell them how it is I am prisoner. I am watched! I have talked to you to-night to prove to you that I am not mad. Am I mad? Do you think I am mad? Will you some day tell me? Will you some day sit still and hear me? Oh, I am so alone!"

She almost hissed these words into his ear. She had risen as she spoke, and now reaching her hand timidly, she said "Good night!" and was gone, through the door, into the hands of the count and under the shadow of the enormous chin.

Murietta paced his room that night. He was perfectly certain he had never seen so much beauty, so much quiet dignity, such devotion to art, and clear good sense in any one woman before. He was certain something was wrong. He had wished to avoid her. He was a knight by nature; but he did not care for a tilt now. The more he thought of the situation of things, the more he was perplexed and annoyed.

At last he drew back his foot, kicked an ottoman with all his might, said "Confound that woman!" and went to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. The indescribable beauty of this woman was before him all the time. She seemed to be less of earth than of heaven. And then the sad and untold story of her life—the mystery. The weak, quiet count; the strong and stormy old admiral. Yet this was not the woman of his heart. He did not love this woman. He wished it was her as he tossed in his bed. Had it been her he had risen up and possessed her. He arose next morning with a fever.

The Countess Edna still lingered at breakfast in the coffee-room, and Murietta was not at all annoyed to see her there, bright and beautiful, as he entered. There was no cloud lowering over this sun in the shape of the count, no shadow of the great chin; and the little woman sat there sideways at the table in her light pink clothes, her little feet in pink slippers on a footstool, and seemed tranquil as the morning. Her lap was full of morning papers, which she perhaps had never meant to read, for they were tumbled promiscuously with magazines and little paper-covered novels right and left before her on the table.

She smiled her recognition, subdued and in silence, and turned her eyes to the chair opposite. Murietta hesitated. At another time when the sun shone less brightly, or his heart beat less lightly, he had not hesitated at all, but would have gone straight on to the little table away back in the corner, and stowed himself there out of sight as was his habit. But now he stood still and looked inquiringly around.

The lady lifted her eyes to his. She took hold of him as if he had been a prisoner. She led him with her eyes silently and gently to the place opposite, and as he bowed helplessly before her, and said, "With your permission," set him down there a captive to her beauty.

"Yes, the count was out on the bay with little Sunshine and the big admiral."

"Dear, dear, dead old Genoa!" The artist said this, half to himself and half to the lady, as he looked at the crumbling frescoes on the great palace wall opposite, for he did not wish to think of that ugly man the admiral on a morning of such matchless beauty. The great brown eyes were wide open as if with wonder. The little pink feet tapped impatiently on the ottoman, and the papers rustled in the lap with the dress, and against the ruffles of soft pink and rose.

"No, no, no! Genoa is not dead. It seems to be taking a second growth. There are factories and machine-shops growing up about the outskirts of the town; and now and then a new palace or hotel is creeping up from the crowded mass of buildings within the walls. You can well imagine, however, that once the city slept. You can see where it stood still for nearly a thousand years—until the wonderful little Corsican came down the Alps and awakened all Italy with the thunder of his cannon. And since then there has been no sleep! but it has gone on steadily step by step—politically, socially, and materially—till the country stands in nowise in the rear of nations."

Murietta began to be troubled in his mind again. The pretty Italian actor, dressed for his part, and perfect in it, as if he had been all night at rehearsal, came sailing in here with two very bright and shining instruments lifted high in his hands, and held by two black and crooked handles. He came sidewise and bowing up to the table by Murietta, and bowing again, tilted his instruments, and at one and the same time turned a little cataract of boiling chalk and water, and a little cataract of burnt beans, misnamed coffee, into a great white coffee cup, and bowing again tilted back his instruments, lifted them in the air on a level with his head, and bowed himself back and sidewise with such artistic perfection that Murietta almost expected to see the curtain come down, and was a little disappointed that there was now a storm of applause from the frescoed ceilings and walls around.

"And I suppose you have 'done' Genoa?" he observed to the countess.

"No, no, not 'done' Genoa at all. Genoa is like Rome, inexhaustible!" she said. "One cannot well tire of looking at the old, old palaces, built Heaven knows when! One sees them still roofed with Roman tile, and on the side next the sun as red and bright as ever, but on the other slope gray and mossed, and made velvet, as if for the feet of Time. And then, within, the walls are made alive with masterpieces of painting; and some are hung with implements of war—trophies that were won, and banners that were borne in triumph through the Holy Land."

Again the papers and the ruffles rustled, and the little pink feet tapped restlessly on the gorgeous ottoman.

"Then there is a museum of antiquities—the collection, unlike those of our country and of England, made up mostly from older lands than Italy—as if these people counted theirs but a new country, and only the Orient gray enough to give them relics worth preserving. What a curious collection it is indeed! The implements of war are all gnawed and bitten by the teeth of Time; and the stained and yellow statuary is broken up as if it had been overthrown and ground and ground beneath the wheels of his chariot."

"We had an earthquake here last month; do you like earthquakes?"

The curtain was raised, or at least two actors entered here, bowing gracefully, dressed in splendid stage array, and bearing aloft a tray in each right hand, as they glided sideways towards the table. The china and the teaspoons met in convention on these trays, talked for a moment in an undertone, the stray bits of bread gathered themselves together as these graceful actors moved their hands over the linen. The trays lifted up light as balances; the graceful actors bowed, and, edging sideways, were gone, and the curtain seemed to come down and the piece was over.

"You have been to Nervi?"

The brown eyes, so soft, so childlike, so lonesome, so hungry for love, so wishful for just one friend, man or woman, brother, sister, mother, any one—they lifted to his timidly. Then as if half frightened they turned aside, and the lady laughed as if to divert herself, and tapped the ottoman and passed the regiment of novels all up and down with her little babylike right hand.

"Well, you must go to Nervi. I will tell you all about it. It is a little resting-place five or six miles down the line of the sea, and I often go out there for a day or two to see the patient, simple peasants at their work. The drive is the only really pleasant one around Genoa. You pass right under the little mountain where we first met—you look surprised. Well, you will find the road to the eastern gate of Genoa leads right under and through the little, half leveled mountain, on which that beautiful drive and garden with the trees is built. Then you pass through a great moss-grown gate that opens from the old and crowded city, and you pass many Madonnas fastened up in the walls of houses and over doors. And before these lamps are always burning, and the peasants never pass them without crossing themselves and lifting their tattered hats."

She stopped, looked away, and seemed to forget her narrative.

"Well?" said Murietta, as if to call her back to her subject.

"There are soldiers mounted on the mighty walls of the city, which is at least twenty miles in length; and you rarely pass the gate without having an officer peer into your carriage and pull at the robes, or whatever he likes to lay hands on.

The pretty actor entered, walked across the stage, let down the colored curtain, against the sun, and withdrew as she continued:

"And here as you drive on are our little lean and ever-patient friends the mules, in long dusty caravans, climbing up and down and around the rocky hills. Everything—milk, meat, bread, wine, pigs, chickens, children, old men, old women—all things, animate or inanimate, belonging to the peasantry, seem to climb up out of the dust into the baskets that hang from the sides of my thoughtful but not always silent little friends. I met one of these little fellows, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, not long ago as I came into town. The two little bare-headed and bare-footed boys, who were on their way to the mountains to get a load of wood, had climbed into the baskets, and there they lay curled up like kittens and fast asleep. It was a very warm day, and the solemn little donkey was taking it very slow, and letting his long ears flop and flag as if they had wilted in the sun; but he did not stop nor bump the baskets against the walls, nor do anything to disturb the little sleepers."

"Babes of the woods! How I should like to paint them!" mused the artist.

"I am bound to say they are all very lazy," she continued. "You see them asleep by the roadside—asleep among the grape-vines—asleep on the great stone walls. It is my opinion that when an Italian is not singing an opera, or acting a piece, he is asleep. On this pleasant drive to and from Nervi, I must tell you there are two institutions that you cannot avoid, and with which you must not quarrel. One is an old demented beggar, who fancies that he is an officer, and insists on inspecting your carriage for contraband goods. A penny, however, will satisfy him that it is all right, and he will let you pass. The dear old fellow has learnt that from the real officers; such a satire, is it not? The other institution is a one-legged beggar with matches. Now there is no use in trying to drive away from this man. I have tried it, and there is not a horse in all Genoa that can escape him. He is the liveliest Italian I ever saw. It is safe to say that he can outrun any

XUM

two-legged peasant to be found on this grape-clad slope of the Apennines."

The soft tones stopped at last; the little pink feet played their tattoo again, and the nervous little dimpled right hand began to set the regiments of novels in motion as if a battle was about to begin.

The brown eyes opened wide and clear and candid, and she looked to Murietta as if he could rise up in spirit and march in through those beautiful, broad, opened doors and enter her soul, and sit down there and rest perfectly satisfied that there was nothing but good, but peace, but charity, but sympathy, hope, and faith, and love.

"I will go to Nervi, lady." He leaned over the table on his arms as he spoke, and looked full in her face with his old enthusiasm and frankness. "I will go to Nervi. I will go as if on a road that a saint had traveled. I will lift my hat as I pass the places you have named. Your little peasant boys, your beggars, even the little mules, shall have all the road as for me, for I will turn aside and let them pass. I will see in each one of them an immortal picture. Your custom-house officer shall take me a prisoner, and your one-legged beggar——"

The lady turned white as the marbles on the mantel. Her eyes fell, she did not look around. She knew that *he* was there, and the blood went back to her heart in such floods that it beat and beat as if there was indeed to be a battle.

The enormous man with that dreadful chin was standing in the door, and the mild-eyed count, with his weak nose as red as a priest's, was standing under his shadow, watching the beautiful woman and the enthusiastic artist.

The warm blood of Murietta flowed also. But it was not with fear. He saw the situation of things but imperfectly, yet he saw enough to know perfectly well that there was a wrong, and that a woman was the sufferer.

A man has no right to ask to know more. This to a man should be enough to ensure his action. But it is not enough in this day of shops and shoddy. The creature man, the coward, must first know that he, his name, his position, his money, his all, is not only safe, but that he is to be paid for his services as a sort of upper servant is paid, and then he works. Bah! Out upon the time!

Murietta did not move. He did not even draw back his eager face, but sat there the same as if no one had come upon the scene.

The beautiful lady, pale as a California lily, sank and settled down, as if she would disappear in the rosy folds of her robe.

"Lady," the artist went on as if he still spoke of the drive to Nervi—"lady, do not fear, do not move unless you desire. No hand shall touch you, no tongue shall insult you here."

"Oh sir, you do not know what you say. You do not know what you promise. You do not know a thing about it. Ah, if you only knew! Now—now—now——" she put her little hands to the side of her head as if in pain—"Ah, I have wasted time! I was coming to it, you know. I was going to tell you. I wanted to prove to you that I was all right—that—that—you——"

"Will you come?" called the count, at the same time lifting his hat civilly.

"Come, come, it's past meridian," thundered the admiral.

The lady rose, smiled sadly, bowed, looking back, and went out a prisoner.

Why did they not come in? and why did she go away?

CHAPTER IV.

GOOD-BYE, BEAUTIFUL LADY!

MURIETTA, finding himself left alone, after loitering an hour or two about the hotel, went to his friend the consul.

The consul was a good man, which is a new thing in an American officer abroad. The consul was also a politician and a politic man, which is not a new thing at all. In fact, had he not been a politician he had not been a consul.

The consul shook his head and laughed.

"My dear boy, this is no new thing. Pardon my liberty, but the lady does not suffer. She tells, or tries to tell, some sort of a story to every one who will listen to it. At least, so I hear," added the consul in a sort of foot-note, for he was a politician, and did not like to be positive or say anything that meant an open assertion.

"Has she ever told anything to you?"

"No, nothing."

"And you have known her and you like her?"

"Yes," bowed the consul.

"And you have known her long and like her much?"

"Like her? yes, exceedingly. She is a good woman, as good as she is beautiful, and that is saying much! but she is really, you know——" The consul touched his forehead, tapped it with his fingers, and shut his eyes.

"Yes, I understand what you mean. But may you not be mistaken? May not she be a prisoner? May not this husband be a jealous little monster? an old man of the mountains?"

The merry consul laughed again, rose up, reached a cigar, struck a match, and with his cigar between his teeth, and the light still burning in his fingers, which he held around it like a lantern, said:

"Murietta, look here! You are an artist, an enthusiast, and a dreamer. Half the time you are asleep, the other half you are altogether too much awake. You do things in a wild and unreasonable way. Now you listen to me. I do not sleep, I do not dream; I am always awake. Level head, you see."

He tapped his bald head with his finger after throwing away the match, and seated himself by the side of his friend.

"I see," said Murietta, though he did not exactly see what he meant.

"Well, I make no mistakes. Now let me tell you what to do. Will you hear me? will you take my advice?

"Yes, that is——"

"That is, what?"

"Well, when I see anybody in trouble, I am not to be persuaded to let them suffer; you may take my word for that."

"Suffer! Do you suppose a lady with a hundred thousand francs, a husband, a titled gentleman of culture, who is with her as if he was her shadow, can be allowed to suffer? No, no, my boy, depend upon it you are in the wrong. You have no experience with women—no *sara*, as your Mexicans would say. Besides, you cannot afford to mix up in this matter, even though there should be the least bit of tyranny."

"And why could I not afford it?"

"Well, what would the world say?"

"That for the world, and all it can say and all it can do." Murietta sprang to his feet and snapped his fingers, as if he was snapping the cap of a pistol in the face of the world. "In the teeth of the world I have lived thus far, and in the teeth of the world I shall die! Let me have the good opinion of myself, and I will whistle in the face of men and win them at my feet."

He threw away his cigar, came up and stood before the consul. The flame that had shot up, beautiful as it was, was dying out. It had been too intense. His mind had been strung to a sort of madness that morning, and now, in the presence of the cool and clear-headed friend, it was tempering down.

"Well, you will pardon me. I am sorry. I want only to serve the lady, not to annoy you. I see that you are wiser in these things than I. Besides, what can I do for her?"

"Listen. Will you do as I advise?"

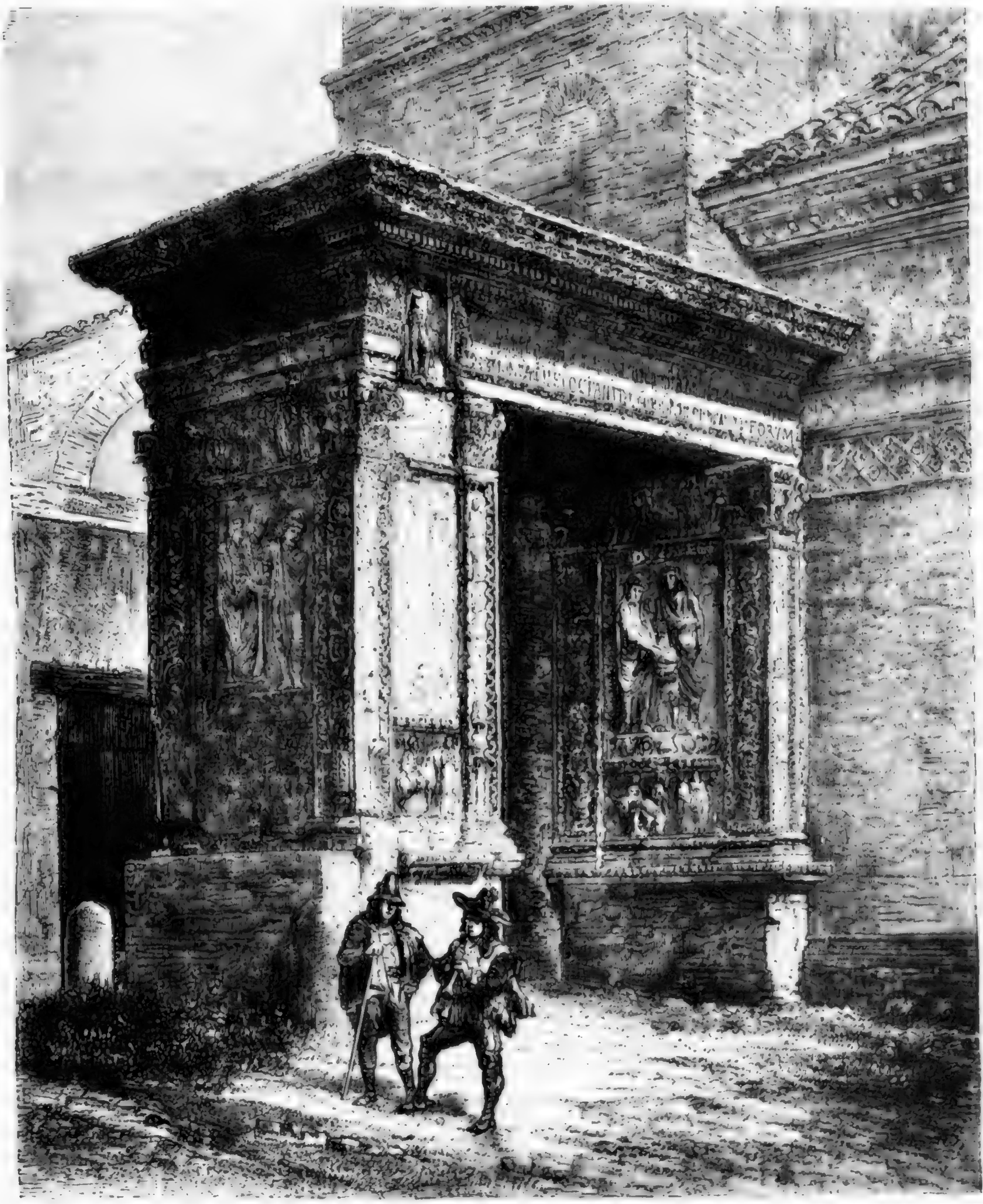
"Yes."

"Well, you will *do* Genoa to-day and to-night. At dawn to-morrow there is a ship goes out for Naples. A glorious sea, and a glorious sail it will be. You, my friend, are not now the man to reach a hand into any man's or woman's affairs. You would only spoil all. Wait, if you must interfere, for a more convenient season."

The artist thought a moment, thought of the old trouble, the days before he left the British Isles—and this confirmed him. He reached his hand.

"You are perfectly right and I trust you. I will go on the ship that leaves Genoa for Naples to-morrow morning."

That night Murietta stood by the old city wall above the sea, and watched the sun go down on Genoa. Away to the left the sea and sky were one unbroken curve of blue; but to the west the sun wedged in between the two and lit it up like a far light in some vast and eternal temple. And then it fell like a sinking isle of fire, and it was night in the city of the Holy Grail.



THE MONEY CHANGERS' ARCH AT ROME.

The artist did not retire. He did not even return to his hotel. He passed the night wandering through the dark mysterious streets of Genoa. As morning approached he touched the high wall to the north. The sea winds blew and faned the stars into a tender light.

Looking up the Apennines and beyond the wall, Murietta saw a thousand—nay, ten thousand—lights on the mountain sides that looked down upon the city from the cottages of men who trimmed the vines or tended goats upon the hills. Higher and higher the eye followed the loftier Apennines, further and fainter shone the little lights from the grape-growers' doors, until the mountain-tops were lost in the distance and the cottage lights were lost among the stars.

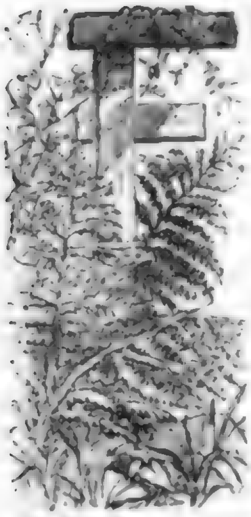
The sun came suddenly over the hill, blew out the little lights of the cottages and the little lamps up in the purple heavens—and it was morning in Genoa!

"Good-bye, beautiful lady!" The dreamer stood on the deck of the ship as she foamed through the opaline sea, and looked sadly back and kissed his hand and said—

"I am a coward."

CHAPTER V.

ROSES IN HER PATH.



FROM man and from woman Murietta wished to fly. Nature opens her arms, her heart to man, when weary of his follies and of his kind. He found an old man—a sort of American missionary—for a guide, and made haste to ascend Vesuvius. At the hermitage they stopped, dismounted, and turned to look on the world below. Ships on the bay blew in and out, white as sea-gulls' wings, and their sails seemed scarcely larger. The great city of Naples seemed drawn up close to the base of the mountain. The sea seemed to be almost under them.

Suddenly some clouds blew in between them and the sea. These clouds were below them. The thunder growled as if it had been a monstrous beast shut up in the caves of broken lava.

Then there was lightning. Then the clouds rolled black and dense, and tumbled like seas of the north.

Then the lightning wove and wound below them as if running threads of fire and gold in this woop and warp of storm and darkness. Then stab, stab, stab! the lightning struck at the earth as if angry; and the thunder boomed, and then the great white rain, high-born, beautiful rain, poured down below them, and then all was light and bright as Summer morning.

Out of this rain rode a lady. She had a better horse than was to be had of the brigands below, and she sat it as if she had been born in the saddle. She led her party, and an old man, a tall man with a severe face who might have been her father, rode at her side.

Murietta mounted and rode on as he saw her ride out of the cloud and rein up one of the terraced curves of the tortuous road below, for he had no desire to be disturbed that day by the presence of strangers.

Peasants were coming down in parties, bearing wood on asses all along the road, and baskets of flowers on their heads. Wild, splendid-looking women they were, and polite as if bred at court. Right and left were high-heaved masses of lava in all conceivable shapes, and over these ugly masses ivies were climbing and twining tenderly, as if to hide them from sight. Nature had been on a spree, and, now penitent, was trying to cover up what she had done.

Here and there the smoke came curling up through fissures in the road. And over there, to the right, the smoke curled up as if from many wigwams. Yet all over this grew roses and grapes, and olives and oranges, and fruits of the four parts of the world.

A beautiful peasant girl aroused the artist from his pensive mood with the present of a beautiful pink rose from the basketful which she bore on her head.

The artist handed her a franc. Then the grateful girl reached him the whole basketful, for he had given her thrice the price of it. He took the fragrant and beautiful basket of roses up before him, smiled, and wondered what in the world he could do with it.

There had been some delay, and, fearing lest the party led by the lady might be drawing very near, he looked back down the road over his shoulder. They were indeed very near, but he could not see the lady well for the walls and trees by the tortuous road.

What shall be done with the roses? He must ride on or the strange lady will be upon them. He lifted a handful and breathed their fragrance, and then let them fall in the road. A thought came like an inspiration. The doctor was in advance awaiting him.

"I will scatter roses in the path of that stranger. In the way of that lone, brave woman, whoever she may be, I will strew roses and wish that they shall have never a thorn. Here on this mountain of fire, in this strange land, in a pilgrim's path, a pilgrim shall scatter roses."

And then the man rode on slowly and lifted the roses by the handful and scattered them in the pleasant Roman road, in the path of the strange woman, while the pretty peasant girl, who seemed to understand and sympathize with the sentiment and admire his strange fancy, ran beside him, showing her pretty teeth and shaking out her abundant hair.

The artist emptied the basket, handed it to the girl, but did not dare look back lest he should see the strangers. He put spurs to the little pony, rode on, and joined the sedate doctor of divinity or missionary.

After two hours' pleasant journey they touched the base of the great ash-heap or cone, dismounted, left their horses in charge of boys stationed here for that purpose, and began at once slowly to ascend.

The other party came up as the two ascended the cone, and one of the gentlemen was carried up in a chair by eight of these reformed brigands; but the lady laid hold of ropes, and, tucking her dress prettily up under her pretty waist, came boldly on at the head of her party.

Naples seemed to be nearer than ever; and the ships sailed right up against the base of Vesuvius as it seemed, and wound and wove over the bluish bay in a dreamy sort of way that seemed almost supernatural, and is certainly indescribable. To the right and left lay little white towns dotted over the plains, and below them the white houses looked like flocks huddled together and at rest.

Away, away at sea the little fishing boats, with their snowy sails, looked like swarms of swallows blowing idly in the sun.

Another hour up this field of plowed land set up on its edge, and the ground grows very warm to the feet. Then you come upon little seams and puffs of smoke curling lazily out from under the clods beneath you. Then you begin to smell sulphur, and coal, and tar, and turpentine, and almost every other concoction that you can conceive of.

It is certainly very hot as you draw nearer to the crater; and the plowed land seems to be plowed a great deal deeper, and to be sowed and planted with fire—which seemed to be coming up in a first-rate crop, for Murietta stopped at a little crevice by the way and coolly—if one may be allowed to say coolly in this case—lighted his cigar.

And now after two hours and a half, suddenly and almost before they expected it, they stood by the great crater of the New Vesuvius.

The first view of this chasm of smoke and fire is awful in the extreme. Broad and bottomless, round and vast, boiling and seething, it seems alive and full of pent-up strength.

You can hear the monster breathe. You stand, you lean over, you look down, down into the monster's open mouth—

the monster that has swallowed up cities and even seas—and you are mute and dumb with awe and wonder. You feel a fascination and desire that you hope never to feel again. It is an impulse, almost irresistible, to leap into this awful fiery mouth of restless mother earth, and become a part of the grand spectacle before you.

The yellow smoke curls lazily about the rim of the crater at your feet; but the opposite side of the vast round and hollowed mountain, half a mile away, stands up before you clear and fair as pictures on a wall.

It is sometimes perfectly clear of smoke and flame. At such times you see an unbroken perpendicular wall away down, almost a mile down into this mountain, made light and bright with fires from below, and you see little mountains of flame and sulphur at the very bottom.

Surely here are colors that no man has named

Chapter VI.

ON THE MOUNTAIN OF FIRE.

As they were about to descend, there came up out of the smoke a very, very beautiful lady, with a party of English and American tourists.

She seemed to lead them, for she came on, dimly seen through the smoke, ahead of all the party. How tall and superb she seemed as seen through the curling smoke that wreathed about her form as she advanced, as if she was borne in a chariot of fire!

At first only this lady was visible; and Murietta stood contemplating her from a distance with awe and wonder. How tall she was! how gracefully she moved! She seemed to ride on the rising clouds of smoke that curled about her dark mantle. She came on but slowly up the steep and stupendous field of fire, and Murietta felt an almost irresistible desire to go down and lead her to the summit.

At last through the smoke he saw dimly behind her the faces of others. Only their faces were seen through the clouds of smoke, and it gave them a weird and unearthly appearance. Their feet and forms were hidden in the smoke that curled up from out a thousand pores and fissures of the earth; but their faces lifted above this and they seemed to be floating in the air. They looked, back there in the dim, drifting, shifting clouds, as if they were spirits following always after, and attending on the tall and wonderful woman in black who was just now emerging from the smoke, and turning the crest of the pyramid.

Murietta had resolved to go forward and offer her his arm. He took a step forward as she emerged from the smoke. Then he saw her face fairly and fully for the first time, and stepped back, turned his head, and hurried away to one side. His heart beat with a mad and intense delight.

It was Annette, the one fair woman. At last he had again looked upon the one woman of all the world for whom he had waited, and the woman who had visited him for years and years in his dreams.

She stood at last, as he shrunk back into the smoke up on the topmost rim of the pyramid in the full light, leaning on her staff, resting there, looking down into that matchless and magnificent panorama of colors and the awful commotion of the elements.

She was silent as before. Her brows lifted, a hand passed back the splendor of midnight hair that blew loosely about her shoulders, but she did not speak.

How fitting it was that she should stand alone! Murietta clasped his hands and bent his knees till they touched the steep side of the mountain where he stood, and he lifted his face in gratitude.

This to him was the most perfect moment that he had ever known. It was a moment large and full and rich to overflowing. He felt that it was such a time, such a scene, such a combination of grandeur and beauty and splendor, so much of history, of love, of poetry—the past, the present, the future—as he had not found before, and would probably never know again. It was such a scene, he thought, as his soul had aspired to from the first dawning of his adoration for things that are divine.

Still clasping his hands, he held his head, and said softly to himself:

"I—I scattered roses in her path. It is a good omen. I scattered roses in your path, O beautiful and divinest of women, without knowing that it was you! Some day I will tell you this, and you will look at me and will not be displeased."

The lady moved. He was afraid he would be seen. He hastily arose and fell back further in the smoke and down the mountain almost out of sight. He had sooner dared go into the presence of the Madonna had she stood there on the crest of the mountain invoking the Deity.

The doctor and guide came down and stood with him as if ready to descend.

Murietta looked up once more. The beautiful woman was moving along the rim of the mountain now in the midst of her party.

"I scattered roses in her path," he kept saying to himself, and thanking heaven for the happy thought and the happy opportunity that had led him to do this little service for the only woman he had ever really loved, or now could ever love.

He was the happiest man in all that happy land of happy people. Never had the sun looked down so soft and golden and glorious as it did now. Never had fair Italy seemed half so fair as at this hour. His heart was full of gratitude, and all things seemed fair and good, and full of hope and happiness.

"I scattered roses in her path," he said, and peered among the clouds of smoke that curled about his face as if they had been blowing curtains, as if to see her still more perfectly.

Then the clouds blew low and close to the ground, and left him quite unvailed before her. He turned hastily and half frightened down the mountain, as if he had stolen into Paradise and was afraid of being seen.

"I scattered roses in her path!" he said again, and still kept watching her, and retired slowly down the mountain, and deeper into the smoke, as if to be certain he could not be seen.

"I scattered roses in her path. Will she follow me down here? Perhaps she will come directly down this way! Then I shall be covered with confusion. Possibly I shall leap down this precipice into the chasm of St. Sebastian. Oh, if it would please her, if rather she would weep and think of me, I would leap into the depths of Vesuvius!"

"I scattered roses in her path!" Poor man, she had not seen him or thought of him at all. Such is life—such is love.

No one attempted to go around to the other side of the crater again that day. The smoke was now rolling dark, thick, and threatening, and the new comers decided to return to the plain.

Seeing that the fair lady was about to return, and from some unexplained timidity fearing above all things to meet her then, Murietta led the way, and descended by a more steep and direct route, the great ash-heap moving with them as they strode down in steps that had amazed the giants.

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There is nothing more exhilarating and exciting than this descent. It is much like going down a very precipitous mountain after a deep fall of snow, when the new snow moves down the mountain in little avalanches with you. In less than fifteen minutes they were mounted and on their return to town.

"I scattered roses in her path. It is a good omen."

That night as he slept he could see only this tall, dark woman towering above the smoke and fire of Vesuvius, and all the time he kept thinking of and thanking God for the roses.

It is remarkable how constantly, and all the time, one turns to look at Vesuvius when in this part of Italy. You see people—people who were born in Naples, perhaps—standing in the street staring up at the gray and grizzled mountain. No matter on which side of the bay you find yourself, it is the last thing you look upon at night on going indoors, and the first thing in the morning. You know you will be lonesome without it when you go away.

The next day they went down to the bay, the doctor and Murietta, to look at the little town of Pozzuoli, where St. Paul was landed when brought to Rome. How beautiful! how peaceful! What a touch of tenderness in all things! And yet Murietta found himself, as they stood together on the broken piers of twenty centuries ago, looking away across the bay at the curling smoke of Vesuvius.

Yonder upon the hillside still steamed the hot bath of Nero. There, but a stone's-throw away, was the spot where he had his mother butchered. There was the headland where Æneas had landed after deserting Dido, and from that little hill to the right Pliny had witnessed the eruption of Vesuvius, and waited in vain for the return of his uncle.

The sun, that had stood in high mid-heaven all day, like a warrior with lifted shield, now settled his shield on his low left hand. Lower and lower he let it fall, and settle, and sink, till it touched the sea. The sun had set on Vesuvius.

Again Murietta found himself gazing at the rising column of smoke. The great gray column grew and grew from the summit of the mighty mountain, taller than a cedar of the Sierras—and then it branched and branched away and blossomed into stars.

While he stood gazing at Vesuvius, watching the sun go down, and drinking in the scene with all the thirst and eagerness of a poet's or a painter's longing, unsatisfied soul, another party had silently come upon the pier; and they, too, stood still and reverential, as if awed by the scene and the story of the holy place.

At last the winds blew in and fanned the stars till they shone like torches, and Murietta reluctantly turned to go.

He turned, and there with her party, right in his path, before he had time to retreat or escape in any manner, stood the lady he so earnestly and devoutly worshipped.

She seemed full of the scene before her. She gathered her blown garments closer about her, and stepped even a step nearer. Murietta's heart beat as if he was about to take part in his first battle.

She was looking away at the sea, and did not speak or notice him, although he could distinctly hear the rustle of her robes. He could almost touch the hem of her garments with his hand. Then she turned a little, and looked down the coast in the direction of Naples, at the three little islands.

How earnest her eyes were! what a glow and glory in her beautiful face as she looked on the spot where Brutus took his last farewell of Portia, and turned his iron breast to the battle front! What could she have been thinking of?

Murietta bowed his head as if he had stood in a sacred temple and the high-priest stood before him. He did not even dare lift his eyes for fear he would disturb her and break her meditations.

She turned at last to look out to sea, and as he lifted his face their eyes met. His hat was in his hand, and he bowed and tried to speak, but he could only stammer inaudibly, and his voice trembled like his half-extended hand.

She did not answer; she did not lift her hand towards his: she did not even smile, nor bend her head, nor make any sign whatever.

She only stepped a little to one side to let him pass from the pier.

Murietta did not lift his eyes again. He could have gone into battle and died with perfect delight; he would have smiled at death. He could have leapt into the warm, soft sea-water, and ended it all there and then; but lift his eyes! he could not have done it for the kingdom of Naples. He felt that every one of that strange party was looking at him—laughing at him, and he felt as if he had been crushed beneath a weight.

On, over the broken pier; on, up the dusty road; on, past the little town—the doctor harrying after—the man strode, almost ran, with his head held down, and his heart as if it was a great stone in his breast.

He reached his hotel, and sent for the landlord.

"Landlord, what is the best route to reach Barcelona?"

"Barcelona! Barcelona? Ah! you may take the train here, pass through Rome, through Florence, Turin, the Mont Cenis tunnel, and so through France down to the sea. But you may find it besieged by land, and in that case you had better go by water."

"Well, well, the best way—I will go by water, then."

"To Barcelona? Do you know they are fighting there?"

"Are they, landlord? Are they fighting—fighting sharp—killing each other by the regiment?"

"Ah, indeed they do kill!"

"Good! I will go to Barcelona to-morrow."

Chapter VII.

IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

LONG before the sun had risen Murietta stood all ready for the voyage; for he had not slept, had not even cared to take off his coat again in Naples.

How ugly all things seemed that morning in the gray dawn! There were shrill ugly voices calling in the street that he had never heard before. The island of Capri, away out yonder, looked like an ugly humped camel pushed away into the sea. Vesuvius was not beautiful: it was terrible and ugly, an instrument of destruction—the mouth of hell—hell with the lid off.

The ship, after all, was not to go that day. There was cholera on shore, and ships of war at sea, and the Italian captain hesitated about taking in the coast of Spain at all.

Murietta could not remain in Naples. He would leave Naples that day if he left it on foot, and barefooted at that. What would be the time to the seat of war by way of Rome? Not long, but you would have to remain over night at Rome.

This to the artist was particularly unpleasant. Rome was a sort of shrine—a temple into which he did not care to enter without his mind at peace and his heart pure and his hands clean. He thought of all this, and was more and more perplexed. At last, throwing off the load of indecision which was crushing him, he drove to the station, took his ticket for Rome, and Naples, good and bad, was as a dream.

This artist, this enthusiast, was about to enter Rome. How much this shrine had been to him it is hard to say.

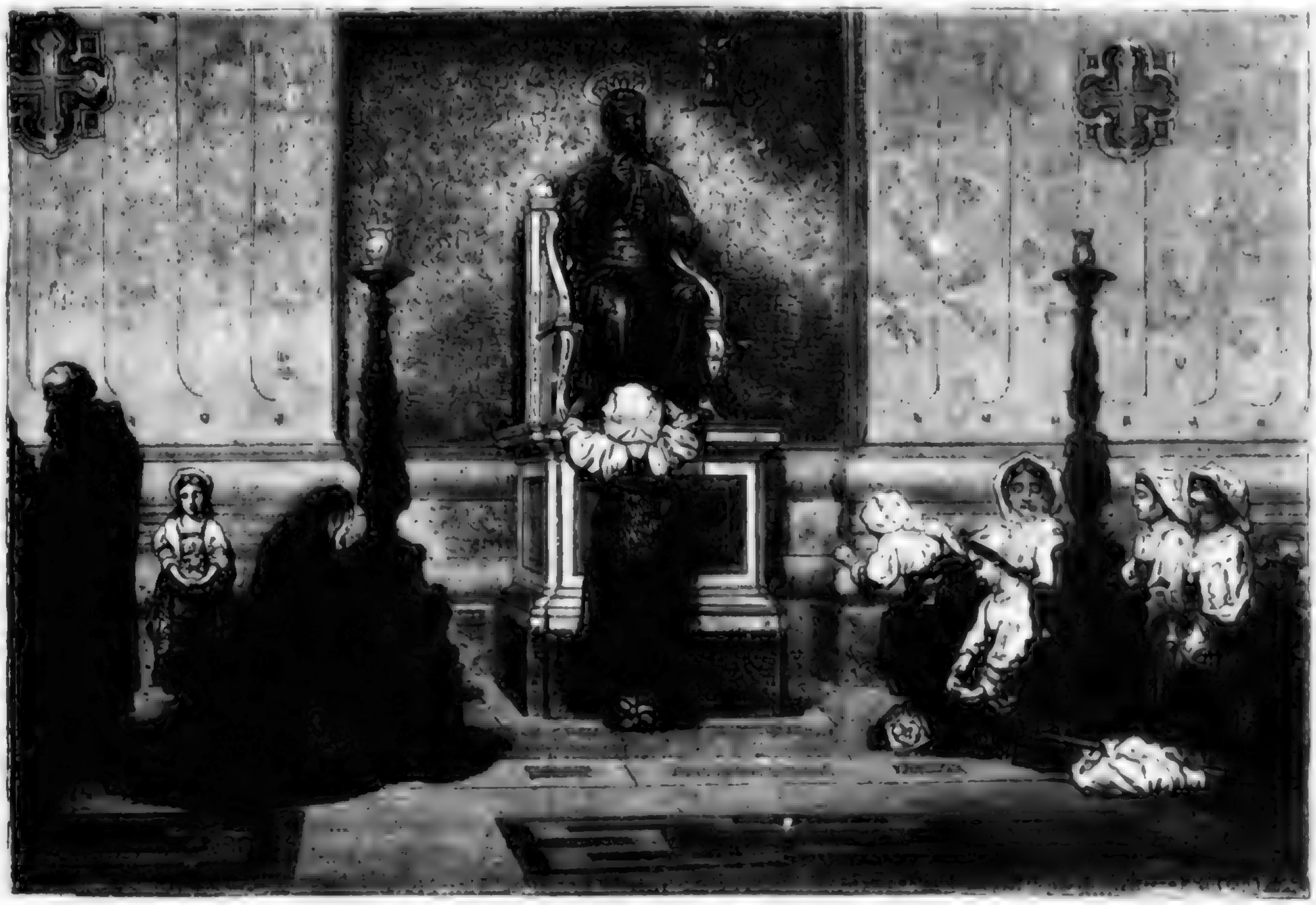
It was much more than all the world besides in art and beauty, in tradition, and in the history of the world. To him there had been, there could be, but one Rome.

He had talked with his sister and his brother, when playing on the shores of the Pacific in the shadow of the linden trees, of this Eternal City, and had said to them, "I shall some day see Rome." And they had said, "When you see Rome think of us, for we shall then be dead."

And it was so. He was about to enter Rome, and they were dead, and he was thinking of them.

He sat alone, wrapped up in a corner, angry that all men around him were laughing, smoking, drinking at every station, getting in and out, coming and going with a flow of spirits that was like a sunny stream. The man was growing selfish. He was sad that his fellow-men were glad.

Yet who could blame him? How his heart had gone out to this one woman! How patiently, how devotedly he had loved her, looked up to her, worshipped her, waited before her as if she had been divine—and then to be forgotten, to be unnoticed and unknown!



PILGRIMS AT THE FOOT OF THE STATUE OF ST. PETER, IN ROME.

"I scattered flowers in her path and she despised me." And sitting wrapped up he fell asleep, and dreamed a hideous dream.

He dreamed that he entered the walls of Rome, and there somehow, and before he hardly knew it, and in fact in a moment he could not recall, he committed some great sin. What that sin or crime was he did not really know. He only felt the intolerable weight of his crime, and knew that he was trying to escape from the city. He never before had felt how terrible a thing it was to do wrong. This crime lay upon his soul like a nightmare, and could not be shaken off.

All the time he was thinking, too, how he had promised to enter Rome barefooted and bareheaded, and think of scenes and faces that were no more. He thought he had entered Rome thoughtless, and loud, and full of merriment, and that this was, perhaps, his punishment. He promised himself that if ever it was permitted him to enter the Eternal City again, he would stop, leave the train at the last station, and, taking his shoes in his hand, and a pilgrim's staff, walk with bared head into the hoary presence of the past, where Time sits by and wags his beard at Rome.

Then he thought he tried to escape from the city, and went disguised to the People's Gate, opening toward Ponte Molle and Florence, and, mixing with the tide of passers-by, thought to pass out unnoticed. A heavy hand reached out, and fell like a thunderbolt upon his shoulder. He turned his face in his terror, looked up, and saw an enormous chin, and heard a voice thunder, "I am a man who carries his heart in his hand. A rough but honest sailor. Come with me."

He followed this fearful man a little while, and then losing himself in the crowds of people, crossed the city, and was passing out of the gate that St. Peter passed when attempting to escape crucifixion. He was almost out; another step and he would be free. His heart leapt with hope; he looked sharp round, lifted his foot, was about to spring forward, threw up his hands with delight, and—

"I am a man who carries his heart in his hand. A rough but honest seaman." The hand came down, and the great chin overshadowed him, and led him back as before.

Again he loosened himself from this hard horny hand, and again got lost in the crowd, and again attempted to pass the gates of Rome.

This time it was Porta Pia opening to the rising sun. There were not so many people passing this way, for it seemed to Murietta that it was night, and people who pass here live far out against the mountains and in and under Tivoli, and rarely keep their road at night, save in their high wine carts, drawn by white oxen or mules, fairly mailed in shining harness of brass and copper.

Murietta was desperate. He thought he climbed up into one of those carts, with its hundred jingling bells hanging about the little rookery, where the driver sits all the time asleep, and stowed himself in between the empty wine-kegs.

The bells jingled and rang, and rang and jingled, and the

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cart drove up under the gate. Murietta was again glad, for this time he certainly would escape. Then the cart stopped, and then all the bells stopped, and that wakened the sleeping driver, and the custom-house man put out his long sharp rod, and the cart again began to move, and the bells to jingle as before. Murietta fairly buried his nails in his clenched hands in his anxiety. He felt the perspiration streaming from his face. He crouched his head down like a coward, and shut his eyes tight lest he should see the man with the mighty chin hanging over him like a nightmare.

The bells jingled and clashed, and clashed and jingled—and a hand fell on Murietta's shoulder, and shook him and shook him, and a voice shouted as only an Italian can shout when excited.

The artist sprang up and attempted to loosen his hands from the folds of his cloak, and strike the man before him—for he still thought himself in the hands of the admiral of Genoa.

"Signor! Signor! How you do sleep! It is Rome, Signor—and you must pass out here, and you must pass in here and be purified there after passing through Naples, for Naples is a place of plagues, and of all the curses of the flesh." And here he pushed Murietta through a door into a place so full of smoke and infernal smells that the man fancied he had not wakened at all, but had been seized upon and carried off by the big man with the big chin directly to hell, where he was to suffer for his fearful crime.

Murietta was growing wild. He would have shrieked; but the smoke and the smells stifled him, and he could only cough and catch his breath. He began to feel about in the dusk and dense smoke, but he found himself borne along with the crowd, and heard people behind and before, and the voices of the officers giving directions to their men.

At last they were shot out of a great wide door, as if out of the mouth of a mighty cannon. The smoke curled about them as they came out, and clung to their clothes and wreathed out and about and in their hair. They were shot out of the big cannon right into a row of yellow omnibuses backed up to the step, and these omnibuses began to shoot down hill, and to rattle over the stones of Rome.

Murietta had been shot into an omnibus. This omnibus shot down one of the seven hills and shot him into a hotel. He had taken no heed; chance had thrown him there. The responsibility was with chance. He came out in the moonlight, stood irresolute a moment, called a cab, and then said, "Coliseum!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A SCENE IN THE COLISEUM.

UNDER the Arch of Titus, with the images of the golden candlesticks brought from plundered and overthrown Jerusalem, and then down a steep and stony road the distance of a rifle-shot, and the man with the string of fire-crackers stopped snapping his silk, looked back over his shoulder at Murietta, waved his hand towards a structure that towered there like a dome of Yosemite, and Murietta got out of the little basket-trap, handed the silent man with the silk and fire-crackers a franc, and, passing through an arch that a ship might sail under, stood in the Coliseum.

This entrance was at the west. The moon was just then trying hard to get up high enough in the east to look into the arena. There were many people passing slowly and silently around.

On the left hand a party was just arranging to go up with the guide and mount the topmost wall to the north. They were lighting torches, and laughing and talking so loud that Murietta knew that the American was abroad and in Rome.

There was a great black cross in the centre of the little half-a-mile circle of leveled ground, and there were people coming and passing before it, and kneeling in circles around it, and rising up in silence, and passing out, bowed and penitent and silent, as they had entered.

All the time the moon to the east was sliding around and climbing up and peeping over the loftiest and strongest wall that now stands up to tell us of the mighty builders of old.

The party to the left began their ascent, and now and then you could see their torches through the broken arches, and you would hear an owl beat his wings against the wall as he flew about blinded and awakened. You could hear the American shout now and then in a sort of war-whoop of triumph as he gained some great height and got a particularly good view of Rome and the Campagna outside the walls of the city.

The moon at last seemed to get her chin up over the edge of the wall, and peeped in like a great round-faced country girl full of curiosity.

A little party of priests in black came by, walked across the ground sacred to the Christian Martyrs, and did not even whisper. Then a Capuchin monk, bare-headed and in sandals, with a rope around his waist binding to his thin and emaciated frame his one long brown garment, the only thing he is permitted to wear, walked slowly from station to station around the edge of the arena, and said a prayer at each as he passed.

What a pitiful face was his! He was literally starving to death. If these Capuchin monks in sandals and brown robes bound up with hempen cords do not get to heaven they will be losers indeed, for earth to them can only be a torment and crucifixion.

You have seen pictures of these pious men where they are made merry with wine, red-faced and riotous with good living, fat from over-feeding, and sitting drunk at the wine-tap in their cellars.

The Capuchin monks have no wine-cellars. Their cellar is a wooden basket or box which they carry on the arm, and lifting the lid from door to door, they take home whatever men have left from their breakfasts or dinners or suppers. They eat what others refuse to eat. They have no storehouse. They are are not permitted to lay in store. They live from day to day, depending on the charity of the world.

When these men rise at four o'clock in the morning and go shivering to prayers in this one brown garment, often two or three years old and threadbare and full of rents, they do not know what they are to have for breakfast, or where that breakfast is to come from.

You may listen all day and you will not hear one of these brown men speak. You may look a lifetime, perhaps, and you will not see one of them smile.

The mournful Capuchin kept on his silent and solitary round of penance, and the people came and went from under the shadow of the great black cross in the centre of the sacred ground, while away up yonder, almost against the stars, a Comanche savage, in the garb of a Christian, shouted his delight at having at last attained the topmost rock of the Coliseum.

Then through the eastern arch, looking out toward the gate of St. John Lateran, there came a party of peasants who had just entered here on their way to market. They had made a long journey on foot from the hills away out yonder twenty miles across the Campagna, and were very

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tired. They huddled up close together and seemed half afraid. Perhaps this was their first visit to Rome, for the peasants of the mountains had ever a terror of this city.

There were old men and young men, old women and young women, and they all bore loads on their backs in great baskets, precisely as do the Mexican peasants and the California Indians. These baskets are pointed at the bottom, and broaden out towards the top. You see these same baskets in Como, in the Tyrol, and in Switzerland.

There was something beautiful in the trust and faith and sense of security with which these half-wild people of the mountains gathered about this cross, and bowed their heads and invoked their God.

The women had their hair in pretty braids, but the long, black, and bushy hair of the men fell down in gloomy folds about their shoulders and it pushed up in great shocks about the brows, as if determined to push the black and brigandish hat, feather and all, from the head of its proud and artistic owner.

The feet of all were bound in sandals made from the skins of the buffalo bull of the Pontine marshes, and the legs were wound up in some kind of cloth and bound in a plaid work of many colored stripes. How beautiful were these women kneeling there, crouching close to husband, parent, or lover, as if in fear that the old story of Romulus and the Sabines might be repeated!

Go out yonder to Tivoli, an old town, old when Rome was young, that overlooks the Campagna and that overlooks Rome, that looks over Rome and on and into the Mediterranean Sea, although twenty miles to the east of Rome, and ask any peasant there — no matter how wild and savage he may be, how ignorant or stupid — about Rome and the people of Rome.

The hands of the peasant go up, and he prays for deliverance. Rome to him is a sort of purgatory. No, no, no, he would not go to Rome for the world! The men of Rome are robbers, the women have neither virtue nor beauty. And then if you have a little time and a very little money to spare to buy ten cents' worth of wine, he will sit with you till the bottle is finished and will tell you, word for word, of this Rape of the Sabines. He will tell it to you with all the earnestness and mystery and emphasis of a Hamlet. He will leave his marble bench at least a dozen times before the bottle or the story is finished to play the piece, to show you just exactly how bad the people are in Rome, and how they do these things.

What is very remarkable about this, and most amusing, is the fact that he tells it as if it happened only within the last year or two.

No wonder these weary peasants kneeling before the cross, as the moon still kept climbing up and reaching out and peering over as if to get a good look at them, huddled up close together, and kept looking from under their dark brows at any strange footstep that came near, with all the look of a wild beast for the first time brought to look into the face of man.

Murietta kept close in the shadow of the mighty wall and out of the full of the moonlight, and yet stole up as close to these people as possible, for to him they had a strange interest. He looked on their picturesque dress and their savage beauty with something more than the interest of a painter To him they were but a counterpart of the people with whom he had spent most of his life. They were to him in some sense brothers—men who knew not civilization or its sins, men who lived close to the earth, women who blossomed down in the lowliest fields, and he felt he loved them with all of a brother's affection.

The moon kept climbing and climbing, and peering in and peeping over, till it looked right straight down on the group of gathered worshippers kneeling under the shadow of the great black cross, and made a picture that any man might remember, carry with him around the world, hang on the walls of his heart, and wear it there! and though fire and flood might sweep away all that he possessed in the world, still that picture should remain and rest and refresh its possessor whenever he chose to open his heart and look in again.

Higher and higher the moon climbed up till her great round face reached high over the wall, and she seemed to reach and lean and look and peer as if for something back in the shadow that she could not see. Higher and higher she climbed, and looked and leaned and reached her face above and over the walls, and down as if she would twist her head from her shoulders. Up! up! up! over the wall and down. And then she saw her! and then she touched her with her fingers, and the lady rose up and came forth into the full light, and moved in silence towards the cross, with her head held down in her hands, her maid following after, and a man back yonder in the corner of the Coliseum with his enormous chin just visible in a bar of moonlight that fell through a rent in the eternal wall. A little slender man stood beside him—a shadow, an echo.

Murietta started. He stepped back into the shadow of the wall, and the beautiful countess went on, slowly on, with her hands to her bended face, towards the cross and the supplicants before it. This woman did seem so beautiful, she seemed so sad, so weirdly beautiful and pitiful—the scene was so strange, so inspiring, so full of soul and sentiment, so complete—that Murietta leaned against a jutting spur of the wall and grew tranquil from the greatness and perfection and fullness of the occasion.

He heard a sob as the woman passed, and in the moonlight streaming full on her face he saw something glistening like diamonds from her fingers. She was weeping as if her heart would break.

The big man came out from the shadow, and the little man came also, and they stood there scowling on the scene before them.

"Come, enough of this nonsense to-night."

The man with the big chin had tried to say this in a subdued voice, but the roar of the lion was only subdued to a growl, and his voice sounded as if it had been that of a lion of old lying there, waiting for the blood of a Christian, growling that he had been kept waiting a moment for his prey—and the peasants trembled.

"Come, enough of this nonsense to-night," said the echo.

But the count spoke in a kinder tone, a sort of softened echo, and he even lifted his hat as he spoke. The admiral frowned, and then the count took down his hand, and tried to frown also and look terrible.

"Come! Come away from among these beasts; you'll get fleas on you."

The peasants, startled, huddled together a moment, prayed devoutly, and then began to rise and resume their loads.

"Come away, will you? You'll get fleas on you," said the little count; and the countess, also startled by the terrible voice, rose up, turned her face from the men without answering or even looking in their direction, and walked rapidly, with her head down and her face half concealed, towards the entrance.

"That's the way to do it," growled the admiral to the count as the two followed after her.

"That's the way to do it, I suppose," said the count, and they followed the countess through the archway, and the three were gone.

Murietta was full of emotion. Here was something to do better than go to battle. Here was a woman certainly suffering, certainly being persecuted to death, a sort of dreamer possibly who had not any practical sense, and so, perhaps,

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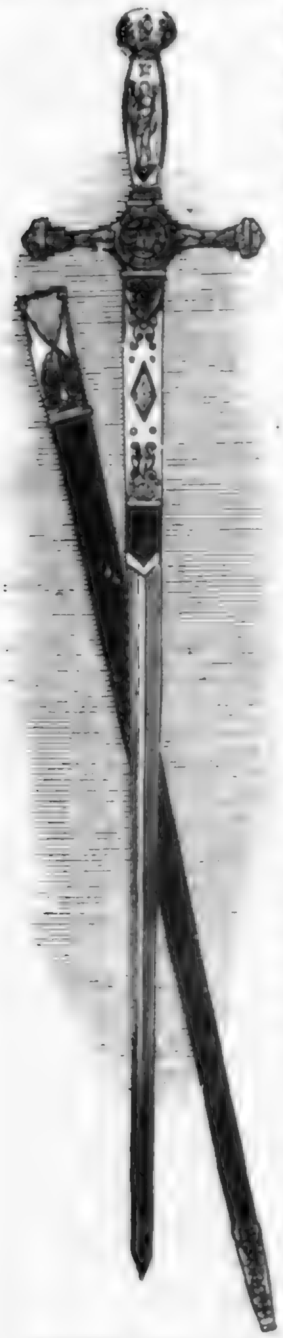
knew not how to proceed to extricate herself from the toils that held her in her prison. This man professed to be anxious to confront death. He slackened his pace a moment and reflected. "If I am to die were it not as well," he said to himself, to "die for this woman in peace, as to die for a strange land in battle?"



THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

All of the best part of Murietta's nature was being aroused again.

Here is a man to be punished—a woman to be avenged! But how? What will be the result? The result! He laughed at himself, and began to despise himself that he could stop to ask the result or weigh the danger when a lady needed his help. He walked on out, mechanically following the long line of peasants on their way to market.

All roads lead to Rome. The carriage drove off in advance; the peasants followed, and then Murietta came on slowly after. He stopped as he came up to the Arch of Titus. There was an old woman on the left, under the shadow of the arch, rattling a little tin cup with a few centimes in it, and calling out, "Blind! blind! blind."

He stopped, after stepping up close to her with some pence in his hand, and stepped back. There was an old man on the other side of the arch who seemed not only to have his eyes, but to be very comfortable as well as something of a merchant, for he had roasted chestnuts and apples for sale.

Murietta turned and gave this man the pennies, and passed on almost cursing the wretched old woman with the tin box. At length he said, "No, no, no! I loved her in a grand, proud way. I did not persecute her. I stood far off, content to know that she lived and was happy. I did not even speak to her. I scattered roses in her path. And what came of it?"

He set his teeth together as he said this, and set his face and his heart against woman as he slowly sought his hotel.

(To be continued.)

THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton has said, "The pen is mightier than the sword," but it is the sword that has produced effects that have retained a more lasting impression upon the world. Even the influence of the pen is due in no small degree to the power of the sword; as, for instance, where would have been now the influence of the classic pens of ancient Rome if the sword of Cæsar and the Roman Legions had not opened the way for it?

There are thus swords which are historical. Who would not like now to look upon that which Alexander wore when he cut the Gordian knot, or Cæsar drew when he crossed the Rubicon? The Punic sword of Hamilcar or Hannibal would be of as much interest now, if we could but grasp it, as the pen of the mightiest writer. In modern times no sword surpasses in historical interest that of Napoleon. From the time it first blazed with genius at Toulon, till its light flickered and went out at Waterloo, it was a brand of living flame.

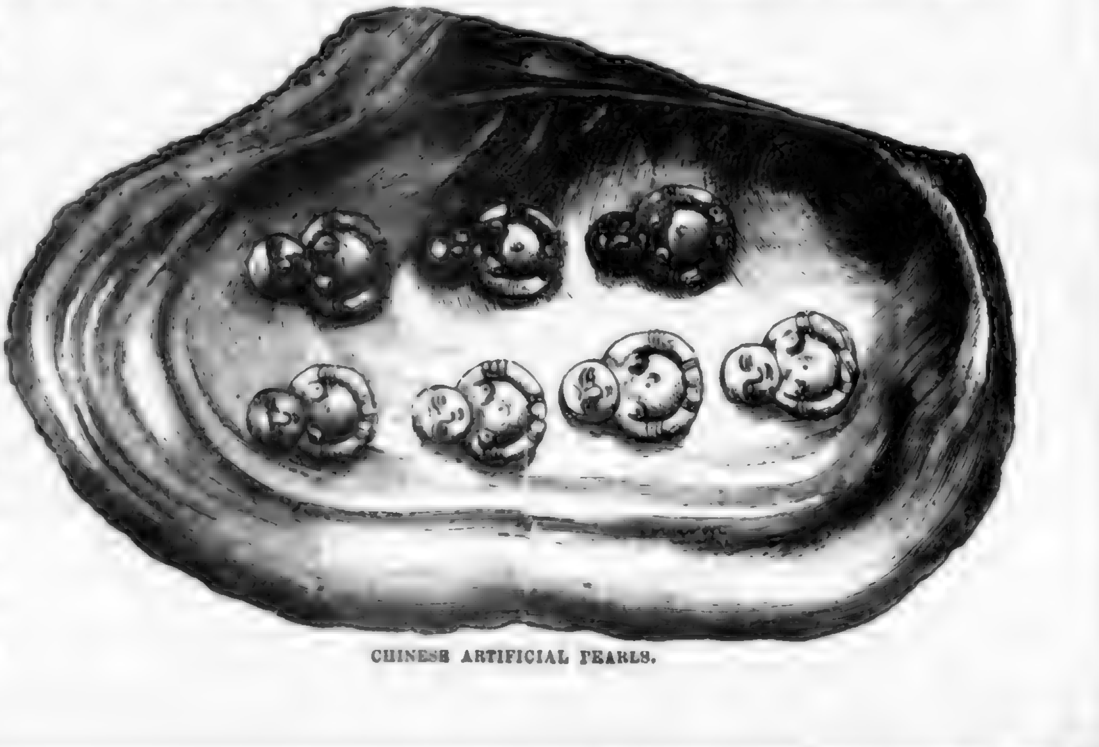
In the collection of arms at Windsor Castle, there is preserved with scrupulous care this interesting relic of the Emperor. "The hilt and guard of the sword are of ormolu, beautifully chased, the style of ornamentation being in the classic taste which arose after the first Revolution: the head of Medusa, the thunderbolts of Jupiter, figures of Neptune, etc., being amongst the enrichments. The blade is engraved for a short way below the hilt, and gilded, and a small shield-formed part is blue. The scabbard is of black leather, the chape, etc., being of ormolu." A sword of similar character to this was taken at Waterloo, and is now in the possession of the descendants of the Duke of Wellington.

CHINESE ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

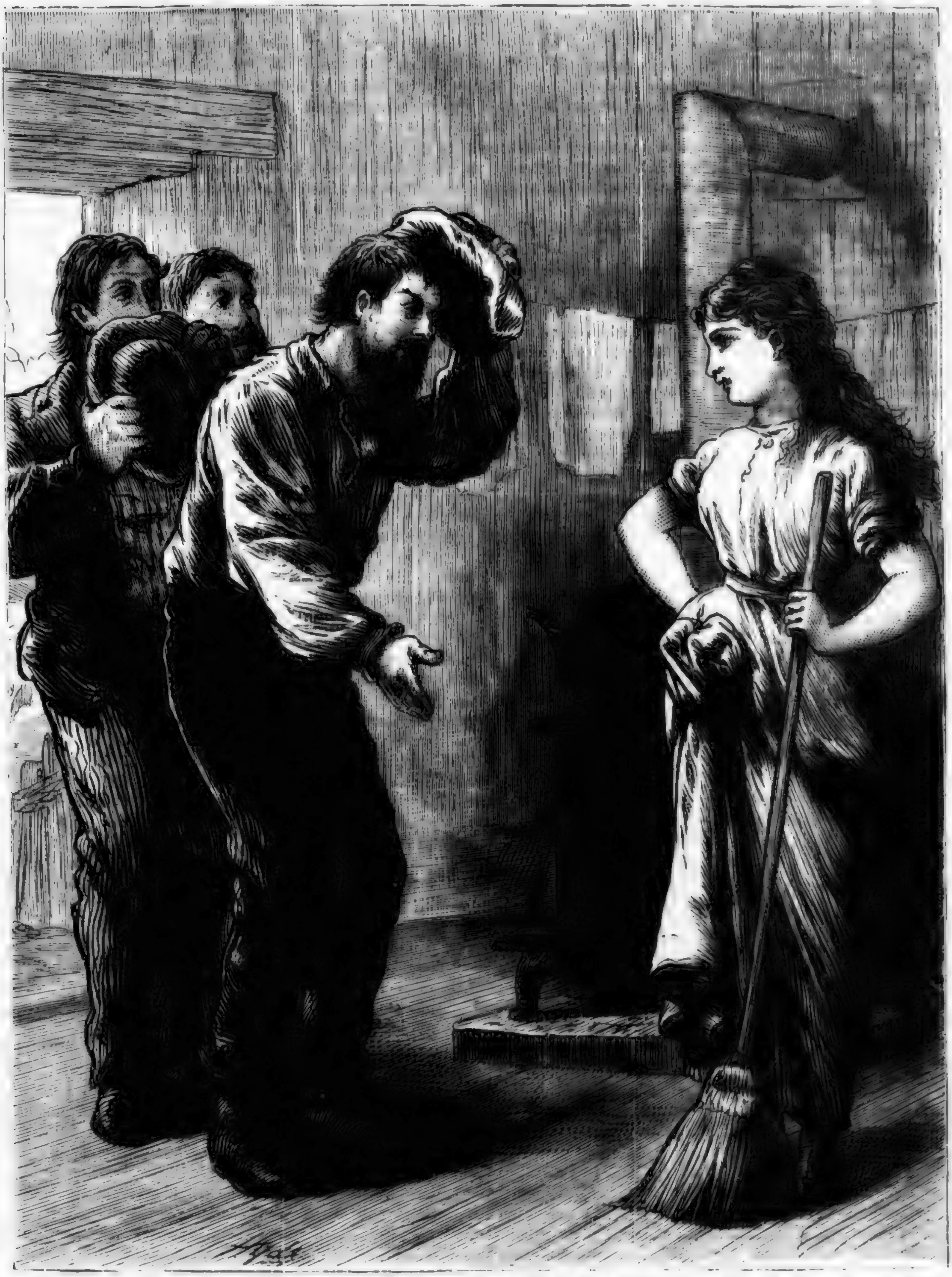
Pearls are concretions found in several kinds of molluses. These shell-fish deposit on the interior surface of the shell the pearly substance in the form of a slimy secretion from the exterior of the mantle. If a grain of sand, or any other foreign substance, lodges between the mantle and the shell, it produces an irritation of the delicate tissues, and the mollusc deposits the pearly matter around it for self-protection. Advantage is taken of this in China for the production of pearls of various shapes and dimensions.

This manner of producing pearls is only practised in the Celestial Empire, in the neighborhood of Ning-po, and, until very lately, but very little was known of the manner in which they were formed, the account which was first published, it seems, by Sir Joseph Banks, being looked upon as an imposition upon that distinguished naturalist, and was then permitted to be forgotten.

It appears that the Chinese engaged in this business gather the mussels in the month of May and June. They are brought in bamboo baskets a distance of twenty or thirty



CHINESE ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.



THE SCHOOL-TEACHER AT BOTTLE FLAT.—" 'MORNIN', MARM,' SAID TOLEDO, RAISING A MOST SHOCKING HAT, WHILE THE REMAINING COMMITTEE-MEN EXPEDITIOUSLY RANGED THEMSELVES BEHIND HIM, SO THAT THE TEACHER MIGHT NOT LOOK INTO THEIR EYES."—SEE PAGE 162.

miles from the Lake Ta-hu, in the province of Kiang-cu of Chi-keang.

Care is taken to select large and healthy specimens, and a few days are allowed them in their new depository, so that they may recover from the effects of transportation before they are brought into service. This accomplished, the mussel is taken out of the reservoir in which it is kept and carefully opened with a small knife or spatula, great care being taken not to wound the fish. The matrices for nuclei upon which the artificial pearl is to be formed are then

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introduced between the pallium or fleshy part of the fish and the inner part of the shell, and the mollusc is then returned to the reservoir.

These matrices are made of various forms and of different materials. Sometimes, as in the specimen given in our engraving, copper images of Buddha, cast in molds, imitations of fish, flowers, and amulets. Sometimes pellets of clay are strung together on threads and introduced, but the best matrices are said to be made by introducing fragments of mussel-shell which, in time, become round and smooth, and resemble very closely the genuine pearls.

These foreign substances being introduced literally into the flesh of the animal, it is found that the irritation from these foreign substances increases the pearly secretion of the fish, and the matrices are rapidly covered with a layer of nacre or "mother of pearl." When these ornaments are sufficiently coated to answer the purposes of trade, they are cut off from the shell and used as decorations, or in any way that may suit the fancy of the proprietor. The operation seldom fails of success, and affords the means of livelihood to a considerable number of people. Large quantities of the shells with the matrices adhering to them are carried to the port of Ning-po, and are bought by foreigners as curiosities. The shell, which we give in an illustration, has upon its interior surface, as will be seen, quite a number of little copper figures of Buddha; they are well covered with the pearly secretion, and at a distance seem to be wrought out of the mother of pearl, yet possess a polished surface that indicates it could not have been given by any artificial means. The art is a new evidence of the ingenuity and cunning of the Celestials. Should the outside barbarians ever get into the empire, there is no doubt that many inventions that "beat the Yankees" will be found common among those most peculiar people.

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER AT BOTTLE FLAT.

IT certainly *was* hard. What was the freedom of a country in which the voice of the original founders was spent in vain? Had not they, the "Forty" miners of Bottle Flat, really started the place? Hadn't they located claims there? Hadn't they contributed three ounces each, ostensibly to set up in business a brother miner who unfortunately lost an arm, but really that a saloon might be opened, and the genuineness and stability of the camp be assured? Hadn't they promptly killed or scared away every Chinaman who had ever trailed his celestial pig-tail into the flat? Hadn't they cut and beaten a trail to Placerville, so that miners could take a run to that city when the Flat became too quiet? Hadn't they framed the squarest betting code in the whole diggings? And when a 'Frisco man basely attempted to break up the camp by starting a gorgeous saloon a few miles up the creek, hadn't they gone up in a body and cleared him out, giving him only ten minutes in which to leave the creek forever? All this they had done, actuated only by a stern sense of duty, and in the patient anticipation of the reward which traditionally crowns virtuous action. But now—oh, ingratitude of republics!—a school-teacher was to be forced upon Bottle Flat in spite of all the protest which they, the oldest inhabitants, had made!

Such had been their plaint for days, but the sad excitement had not been productive of any fights, for the few married men in the camp prudently absented themselves at night from "The Nugget" saloon, where the matter was fiercely discussed every evening. There was, therefore, such an utter absence of diversity of opinion that the most quarrelsome searched for provocation, but the effort proved fruitless.

On the afternoon of the day on which the opening events of this story occurred, the boys, by agreement, stopped work two hours earlier than usual, for the stage usually reached Bottle Flat about two hours before sundown, and the one of that day was to bring the hated teacher. The boys had well-nigh given up the idea of further resistance, yet curiosity has a small place even in manly bosoms, and they could at least *look* hatred at the detested pedagogue. So about four o'clock they gathered at The Nugget so suddenly, that several fathers, who were calmly drinking inside, had barely time to escape through the back windows.

The boys drank several times before composing themselves into their accustomed seats and leaning-places; but it was afterward asserted, and Southpaw—the one-armed bar-keeper—cited as evidence, that none of them took sugar in their liquor. They subjected their sorrow to homeopathic treatment by drinking only the most raw and rasping fluids that the bar afforded.

The preliminary drinking over, they moodily whittled, chewed, and expectorated; a stranger would have imagined them a batch of miserable criminals awaiting transportation.

The silence was finally broken by a decided-looking red-haired man, who had been neatly beveling the door-post with his knife, and who spoke as if his words only by great difficulty escaped being bitten in two.

"We ken burn down the school-house right before his face and eyes, and then mebbe the State Board 'll git our idees about eddycation."

"'Twon't be no use, Mose," said Judge Barber, whose legal title was honorary, and conferred because he had spent some time in a penitentiary in the East. "Them State Board fellers is wrong, but they've got grit, ur they'd never hev got the school-house done after we rode the contractor out uv the Flat on one of his own boards. Besides, some uv 'em might think we wuz rubbin' uv it in, an' next thing you know'd they'd be buildin' us a jail."

"Can't we buy off these young uns' folks?" queried an angular fellow from Southern Illinois. "They're a mizzable pack of shotes, an' I b'leeve they'd all leave the camp fur a few ounces."

"Ye—es," drawled the judge, dubiously; "but thar's the Widder Ginneys—*she'd* pan out a pretty good schoolroom-full with her eight young uns, an' there ain't ounces enough in the diggin's to make *her* leave while Tom Ginney's coffin's roostin' under the rocks."

"Then," said Mose, the first speaker, his words escaping with even more difficulty than before, "throw around keards to see who's to marry the widder an' boss her young uns. The feller that gits the fus Jak's to do the job."

"Meanin' no insult to this highly respectable crowd," said the judge, in a very bland tone, "and inviting it to walk up to the bar, and specify its consolation, I don't b'leeve there's one uv yer the widder'd hev." The judge's eye glanced along the line at the bar, and he continued softly, but in decided accents—"Not a cussed one. But," added the judge, passing his pouch to the barkeeper, "if anything's to be done, it must be done lively, fur the stage is pretty nigh here. Tell ye what's ez good ez ennything. We'll crowd around the stage, fust throwin' keards for who's to put out his hoof to be accidentally trod onto by the infernal teacher ez he gits out. Then satisfaction must be took out uv the teacher. It'll be a mean job, for these teachers hevn't the spunk of a coyote, an' ten to one he won't hev no shootin' irons, so the job 'll hev to be done with fists."

"Good!" said Mose. "The crowd drinks with me to a square job, and no backin'. Chuck the pasteboards, jedge—— The—dickens!" For Mose had got first Jack.

"Square job, and no backin'," said the judge, with a grin. There's the stage now—hurry up, fellers!"

The stage drew up with a crash in front of The Nugget, and the passengers, outside and in, but none looking teacherish, hurried into the saloon. The boys scarcely knew whether to swear from disappointment or gratification, when a start from Mose drew their attention again to the stage. On the top step appeared a small shoe, above which was visible a small section of stocking far whiter and smaller than is usual in the mines. In an instant a similar shoe appeared on the lower step, and the boys saw, successively, the edge of a dress, a waterproof cloak, a couple of small gloved hands, a bright muffler, and a pleasant face covered with brown hair, and a bonnet. Then they heard a cheerful voice say:

"I'm the teacher, gentlemen—can any one show me the schoolhouse?"

The miserable Mose looked ghastly, and tottered. A suspicion of a wink graced the judge's eye, but he exclaimed in a stern, low tone, "Square job, an' no backin'," upon which Mose took to his heels and the Placerville trail.

The judge had been a married man, so he promptly answered:

"I'll take yer thar, mum, ez soon ez I git yer baggage."

"Thank you," said the teacher; "that valise under the seat is all."

The judge extracted a small valise marked "Huldah Brown," offered his arm, and he and the teacher walked off before the astonished crowd as naturally as if the appearance of a modest-looking young lady was an ordinary occurrence at the Flat.

The stage re-filled, and rattled away from the dumb and staring crowd, and the judge returned.

"Well, boys," said he, "yer got to marry *two* women now to stop that school, an' you'll find this un more particler than the widder. I just tell yer what it is about that school—it's agoin' to go on' spite uv any jackasses that wants it broke up; an' any gentleman that's insulted ken git satisfaction by——"

"Who wants it broke up, you old fool?" demanded Toledo, a man who had been named after the city from which he had come, and who had been from the first one of the fiercest opponents of the school. "I move the appointment uv a committee of three to wait on the teacher, see if the school wants anything money can buy, take up subscriptions to git it, an' lay out any feller that don't come down with the dust when he's went fur."

"Hurray!" "Bully!" "Good!" "Sound!" "Them's the talk!" and other sympathetic expressions, were heard from the members of the late anti-school party.

The judge, who, by virtue of age, was the master of ceremonies and general moderator of the camp, promptly appointed a committee, consisting of Toledo and two miners, whose attire appeared the most respectable in the place, and instructed them to wait on the schoolmarm, and tender her the cordial support of the miners.

Early the next morning the committee called at the schoolhouse, attached to which were two small rooms in which teachers were expected to keep house.

The committee found the teacher "putting to rights" the schoolroom. Her dress was tucked up, her sleeves rolled, her neck hidden by a bright handkerchief, and her hair "a-blowin' all to glory," as Toledo afterward expressed it. Between the exertion, the bracing air, and the excitement caused by the newness of everything, Miss Brown's pleasant face was almost handsome.

"Mornin', marm," said Toledo, raising a most shocking hat, while the remaining committee-men expeditiously ranged themselves behind him, so that the teacher might by no chance look into their eyes.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said Miss Brown, with a cheerful smile; "please be seated. I suppose you wish to speak of your children?"

Toledo, who was a very young man, blushed, and the whole committee was as uneasy upon its feet as if its boots had been soled with fly-blisters. Finally, Toledo answered:

"Not much, marm, seein' we hain't got none. Me an' these gentlemen's a committee from the boys."

"From the boys?" echoed Miss Brown. She had heard so many wonderful things about the Golden State, that now she soberly wondered whether bearded men called themselves boys, and went to school.

"From the miners, washin' along the crick, marm—they want to know what they ken do fur yer," continued Toledo.

"I am very grateful," said Miss Brown; "but I suppose the local school committee——"

"Don't count on them, marm," interrupted Toledo; "they're livin' five miles away, and they're only the preacher, an' doctor, an' a feller that's j'ined the church lately. None uv 'em but the doctor ever shows themselves at the saloon, an' *he* only comes when there's a diffikilty, an' he's called in to officiate. But the boys—the boys hez got the dust, marm, an' they've got the will. One uv us 'll be in often to see what can be done fur yer. Good-mornin', marm."

Toledo raised his hat again, the other committee-men bowed profoundly to all the windows and seats, and then the whole retired, leaving Miss Brown in the wondering possession of an entirely new experience.

"Well?" inquired the crowd, as the committee approched the creek.

"Well," replied Toledo, "she's just a hundred an' thirty pound nugget, an' no mistake—hey, fellers?"

"You bet," promptly responded the remainder of the committee.

"Good!" said the judge. "What does she want?"

Toledo's countenance fell.

"By thunder!" he replied, "we got out 'fore she had a chance to tell us!"

The judge stared sharply upon the young man, and hurriedly turned to hide a merry twitching of his lips.

That afternoon the boys were considerably astonished and scared at seeing the schoolmistress walking quickly toward the creek. The chairman of the new committee was fully equal to the occasion. Mounting a rock, he roared:

"You fellers without no shirts on, git. You with shoes off, put 'm on. Take your pants out uv yer boots. Hats off when the lady comes. Hurry up, now—no foolin'."

The shirtless ones took a lively double-quick toward some friendly bushes, the boys rolled down their sleeves and pantaloons, and one or two took the extra precaution to wash the mud off their boots.

Meanwhile Miss Brown approached, and Toledo stepped forward.

"Anything wrong up to the schoolhouse?" said he.

"Oh, no," replied Miss Brown, "but I have always had a great curiosity to see how gold was obtained. It seems as if it must be very easy to handle those little pans. Don't you—don't you suppose some miner would lend me his pan and let me try just *once?*"

"Certainly, marm; ev'ry galoot ov 'em would be glad of the chance. Here, you fellers—who's got the cleanest pan?"

Half a dozen men washed out their pans, and hurried off with them. Toledo selected one, put in dirt and water, and handed it to Miss Brown.

"Thar you are, marm, but I'm afeard you'll wet your dress."

"Oh, that won't harm," cried Miss Brown, with a laugh

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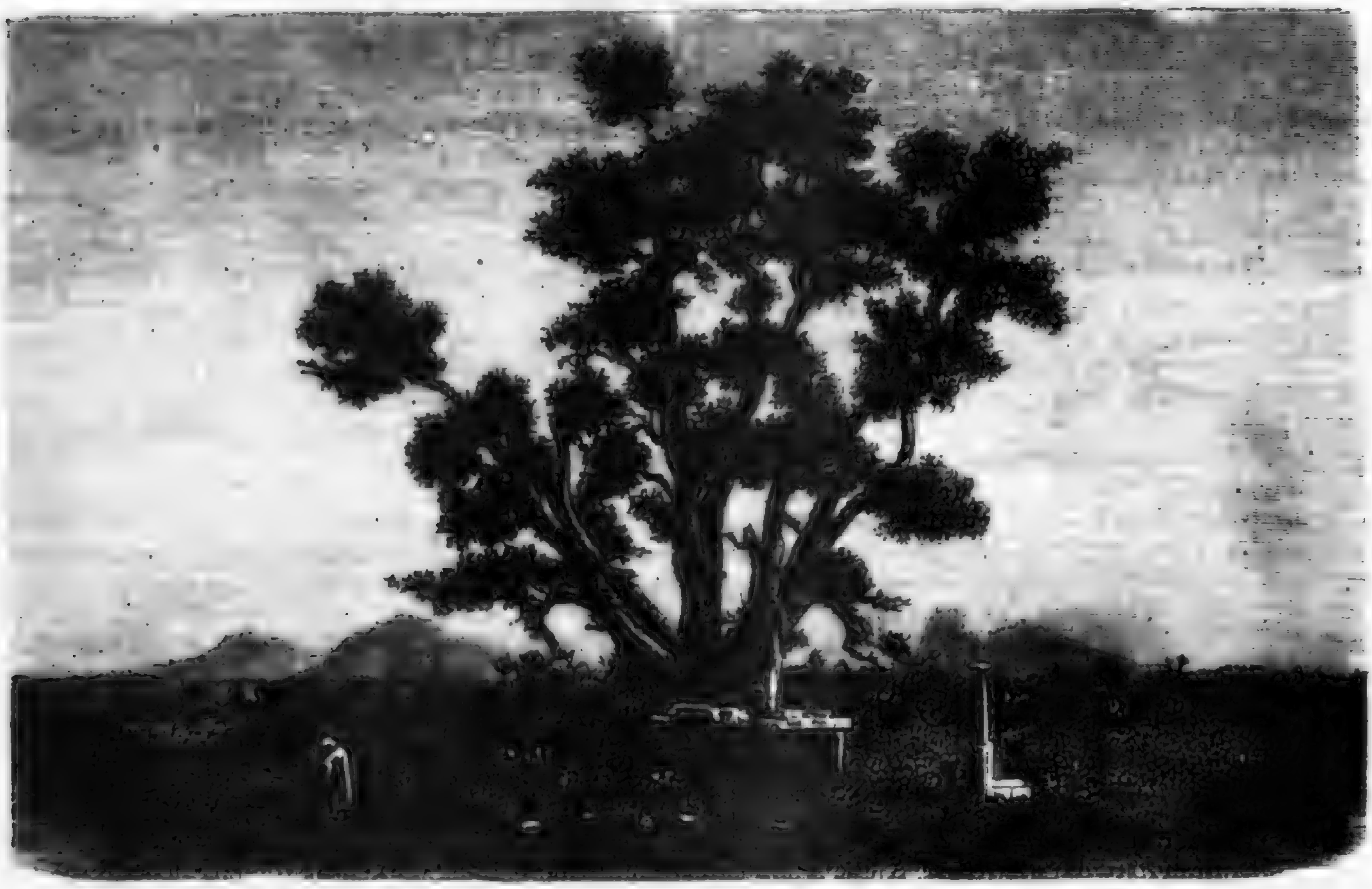


KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE SACRED TREE OF BUDDHA.—SEE PAGE 167.

which caused one enthusiastic miner to "cut the pigeon-wing."

She got the miner's touch to a nicety, and in a moment had a spray of dirty water flying from the edge of the pan, while all the boys stood in a respectful semicircle, and stared delightfully. The pan empty, Toledo refilled it several times; and, finally, picking out some pebbles and hard pieces of earth, pointed to the dirty, shiny deposit in the bottom of the pan, and briefly remarked:

"Thar 'tis, marm."

"Oh!" screamed Miss Brown, with delight; "is that really gold-dust?"

"That's it," said Toledo. I'll jest put it up fur yer, so yer ken kerry it."

"Oh, no," said Miss Brown, "I couldn't think of it—it isn't mine."

"You washed it out, marm, an' that makes a full title in these parts."

All of the traditional honesty of New England came into Miss Brown's face in an instant; and, although she, Yankee-like, estimated the value of the dust, and sighingly thought how much easier it was to win gold in that way than by forcing ideas into stupid little heads, she firmly declined the gold, and bade the crowd a smiling good-day.

"Did yer see them little fingers uv hern a-holdin' out that pan?—did yer see her, fellers?" inquired an excited miner.

"Yes, an' the way she made that dirt git, ez though she was useder to washin' than wallopin'," said another.

"Wallopin'!" echoed a staid miner. "I'd gie my claim, an' throw in my pile to boot, to be a young 'un, an' git walloped by them playthings of Hans's."

"Jest see how she throwed dirt an' water on them boots," said another, extending an enormous ugly boot. "Them boots ain't fur sale now—them ain't."

"Them be durned!" contemptuously exclaimed another. "She tramped right on my toes as she backed out uv the crowd."

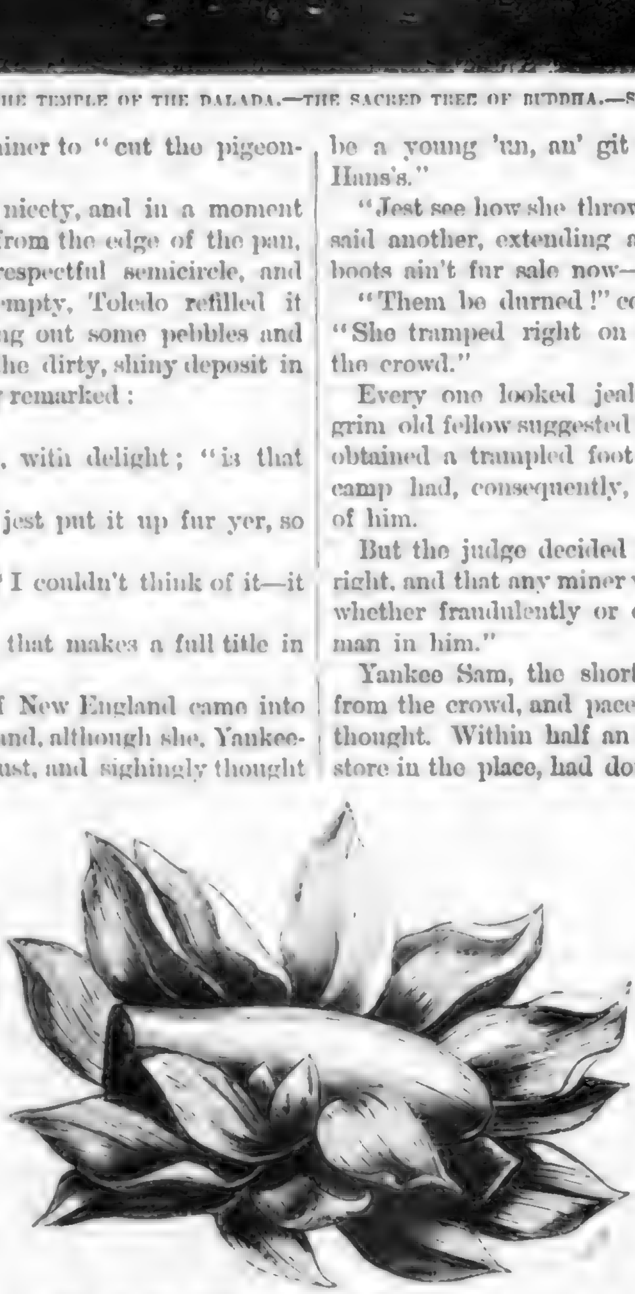
Every one looked jealously at the last speaker, and a grim old fellow suggested that the aforesaid individual had obtained a trampled foot by fraud, and that each man in camp had, consequently, a right to demand satisfaction of him.

But the judge decided that he of the trampled foot was right, and that any miner who wouldn't take such a chance, whether fraudulently or otherwise, hadn't the spirit of a man in him."

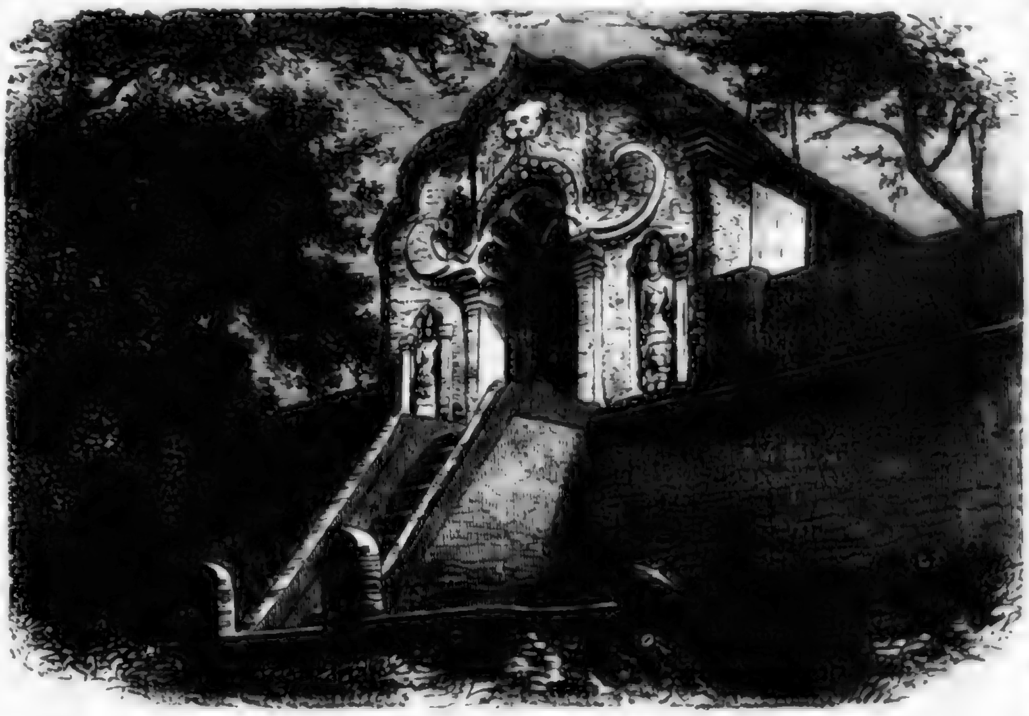
Yankee Sam, the shortest man in the camp, withdrew from the crowd, and paced the banks of the creek, lost in thought. Within half an hour Sam was owner of the only store in the place, had doubled the prices of all articles of clothing contained therein, and increased at least six-fold the price of all the white shirts.

Next day the sun rose on Bottle Flat in his usual conservative and impassive manner. Had he respected the dramatic proprieties, he would have appeared with astonished face and uplifted hands, for seldom had a whole community changed so completely in a single night.

Uncle Hans, the only German in the camp, had spent the preceding afternoon in that patient investigation, for which the Teutonic mind is so justly



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE DALADA, OR SACRED TOOTH OF BUDDHA.



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE MALEGAWA, OR SHRINE OF THE DALADA.

noted. The morning sun saw over Hans's door a sign, in charcoal, which read, "SHAVIN' DUN HIER"; and few men went to the creek that morning without first submitting themselves to Hans's hands.

Then several men who had been absent from the saloon that night before struggled into camp, with jaded mules and new attire. Carondelet Joe came in, clad in a pair of pants, on which slender saffron-hued serpents ascended graceful gray Corinthian columns, while from under the collar of a new white shirt appeared a cravat displaying most of the lines of the solar spectrum.

Flush, the Flat champion at poker, came in late in the afternoon, with a huge watch-chain and an overpowering bosom-pin, and his horrid fingers sported at least one seal-ring each.

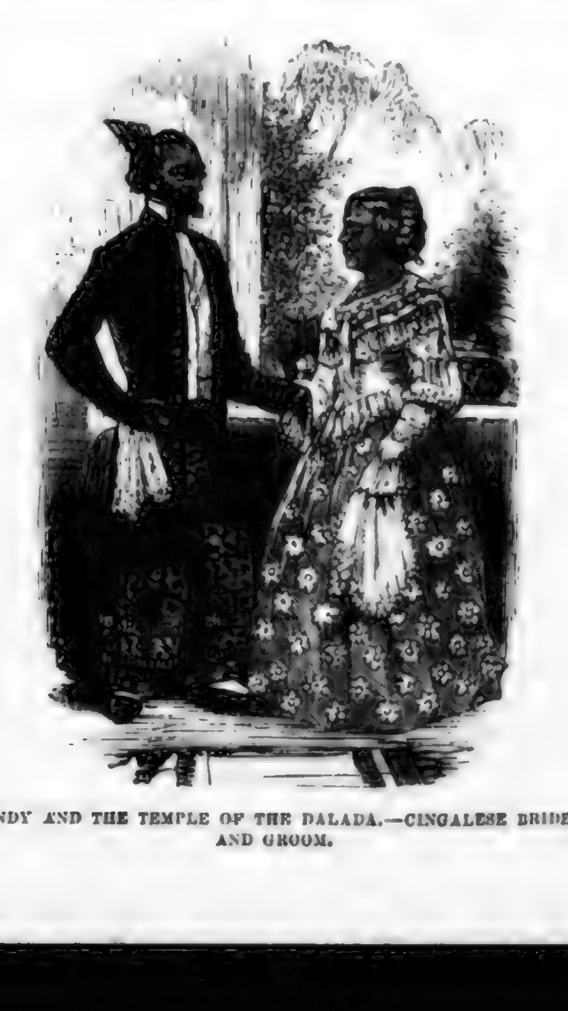
Several stove-pipe hats were visible in camp, and even a pair of gloves were reported in the pocket of a miner.

Yankee Sam had sold out his entire stock, and prevented bloodshed over his only bottle of hair-oil by putting it up at a raffle, in forty chances, at an ounce a chance. His stock of white shirts, seven in number, were visible on manly forms; his pocket-combs and glasses were all gone; and there had been a steady run on needles and thread. Most of the miners were smoking new white clay pipes, while a few thoughtful ones, hoping for a repetition of the events of the previous day, had scoured their pans to a dazzling brightness.

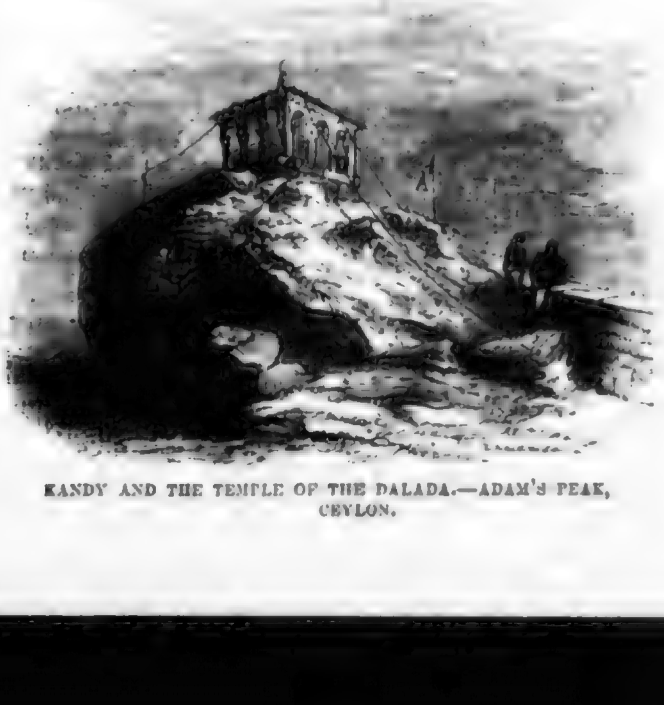
As for the innocent cause of all this commotion, she was fully as excited as the miners themselves. She had never been outside of Middle Bethany until she started for California. Everything on the trip had been strange, and her stopping-place and its people were stranger than all. The male population of Middle Bethany, as is the case with small New England villages, consisted almost entirely of very young boys and very old men. But here at Bottle Flat were hosts of middle-aged men, and such funny ones! She was wild to see more of them, and hear them talk; yet her wildness was no match for her prudence. She sighed to think how slightingly Toledo had spoken of the minister on the local committee, and she piously admitted to herself that Toledo and his friends were undoubtedly on the brink of the bottomless pit, and yet—they certainly were very kind. If she could only exert a good influence upon these men—but how?

Suddenly she bethought herself of the grand social centre of Middle Bethany—the singing-school. Of course she couldn't start a singing-school at Bottle Flat, but if she were to say the children needed to be led in singing, would it be very hypocritical? She might invite such of the miners as were musically inclined to lead the school in singing in the morning, and thus she might, perhaps, remove some of the prejudice which, she had been informed, existed against the school.

She broached the subject to Toledo, and that faithful official had nearly every miner in the camp at the schoolhouse that same evening. The judge brought a fiddle, Uncle Hans came with a cornet, and Yellow Pete came



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—CINGALESE BRIDE AND GROOM.



KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON.

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grinning in with his darling banjo. There was a little disappointment all around when the boys declared their ignorance of "Greenville" and "Bonny Doon," which airs Miss Brown decided were most easy for the children to begin with; but when it was ascertained that the former was the air to "Saw My Leg Off," and the latter was identical with "The Three Black Crows," all friction was removed, and the melodious howling attracted the few remaining boys at the saloon, and brought them up in a body, led by the barkeeper himself.

The exact connection between melody and adoration is yet an unsolved religio-psychological problem. But we all know that everywhere in the habitable globe the two intermingle, and stimulate each other, whether the adoration be offered to heavenly or earthly objects. And so it came to pass that, at the Bottle Flat singing-school, the boys looked straight at the teacher while they raised their tuneful voices; that they came ridiculously early, so as to get front seats; and that they purposely sung out of tune, once in a while, so as to be personally addressed by the teacher.

And she—pure, modest, prudent, and refined—saw it all, and enjoyed it intensely. Of course, it could never go any further, for though there was in Middle Bethany no moneyed aristocracy, the best families scorned alliances with any who were undegenerate, and would not be unequally yoked with those who drank, swore, and gambled, let alone the fearful suspicion of murder, which Miss Brown's imagination affixed to every man at the Flat.

But the boys themselves—considering the unspeakable contempt which had been manifested in the camp for the profession of teaching, and for all who practised it—the boys exhibited a condescension truly Christian. They vied with each other in manifesting it, and though the means were not always the most appropriate, the honesty of the sentiment could not be doubted.

One by one the greater part of the boys, after adoring and hoping, saw for themselves that Miss Brown could never be expected to change her name at their solicitation. Sadder but better men, they retired from the contest, and solaced themselves by betting on the chances of those still "on the track," as an ex-jockey tersely expressed the situation.

There was no talk of "false-hearted beauty," or "fair temptress," such as men often hear in society, for not only had all the tenderness emanated from manly breasts alone, but it had never taken form of words.

Soon the hopeful ones were reduced to half a dozen of these. Yankee Sam was the favorite among the betting men, for Sam, knowing the habits of New England damsels, went to Placerville one Friday, and returned next day with a horse and buggy. On Sunday he triumphantly drove Miss Brown to the nearest church. Ten to one was offered on Sam that Sunday afternoon, as the boys saw the demure and contented look on Miss Brown's face as she returned from church. But Samuel followed in the sad footsteps of many another great man, for so industriously did he drink to his own success that he speedily developed into a bad case of *delirium tremens*.

Then Carondelet Joe, calmly confident in the influence of his wonderful pants, led all odds in betting. But one evening, when Joe had managed to get himself in the front row and directly before the little teacher, that lady turned her head several times, and showed signs of discomfort; when it finally struck the latter that the human breath might, perhaps, waft toward a lady perfumes more agreeable than those of mixed drinks, he abruptly quitted the school and the camp.

Flush, the poker champion, carried with him to the singing-school that astounding impudence which had long been the terror and admiration of the camp. But a quality which had always seemed exactly the thing when applied to poker seemed to the boys barely endurable when displayed toward Miss Brown.

One afternoon Flush indiscreetly indulged in some triumphant and rather slighting remarks about the little teacher. Within fifteen minutes, Flush's final earthly home had been excavated, and an amateur undertaker was making his coffin.

An untimely proposal by a good-looking young Mexican, and his prompt rejection, left the race between Toledo and a Frenchman named Lecomte. It also left Miss Brown considerably frightened, for until now she had imagined nothing more serious than the rude admiration which had so delighted her at first.

But now who knew but some one else would be ridiculous? Poor little Miss Brown suffered acutely at the thought of giving pain, and determined to be more demure than ever.

But, alas! even her agitation seemed to make her more charming to her two remaining lovers.

Had the boys at the saloon comprehended in the least the cause of Miss Brown's uneasiness, they would have promptly have put both Lecomte and Toledo out of the camp, or out of the world. But to their good-natured, conceited minds it meant only that she was confused, and unable to decide, and unlimited betting was done, to be settled upon the retirement of either of the contestants.

And while patriotic feeling influenced the odds rather in Toledo's favor, it was fairly admitted that the Frenchman was a formidable rival.

To all the grace of manner, and the knowledge of woman that seems to run in Gallic blood, he was a man of tolerable education and excellent taste. Besides, Miss Brown was so totally different from French women, that every development of her character afforded him an entirely new sensation, and doubled his devotion.

Toledo stood his ground manfully, though the boys considered it a very bad sign when he stopped drinking, and spent hours in pacing the ground in front of his hut, with his hands behind him, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

Finally, when he was seen one day to throw away his faithful old pipe, heavy betters hastened to "hedge," as well as they might.

Besides, as one of the boys truthfully observed, "He couldn't begin to wag a jaw along with that Frenchman."

But, like many other young men, he could talk quite eloquently with his eyes, and as the language of the eye is always direct and purely grammatical, Miss Brown understood everything they said, and, to her great horror, once or twice barely escaped talking back.

The poor little teacher was about to make the whole matter a subject of special prayer, when a knock at the door startled her.

She answered it, and beheld the homely features of the judge.

"I just come in to talk a little matter that's been botherin' me some time. Ye'll pardon me ef I talk a little plain?" said he.

"Certainly," replied the teacher, wondering if he, too, had joined her persecutors.

"Thank ye," said the judge, looking relieved. "It's all right. I've got darters to hum ez big ez you be, and I want to talk to yer ez ef yer was one uv 'em."

The judge looked uncertain for a moment, and then proceeded:

"That feller Toledo's dead in love with yer—uv course you know it, though 'tain't likely he's told yer. All I want to say 'bout him is, drop him kindly. He's been took so bad sence you come, that he's stopped drinkin' and chewin' an' smokin' an' cussin', an' he hasn't played a game at The Nugget sence the first singin'-school night. Mebbe this all ain't much to you, but you've read 'bout that woman that was spoke well uv fur doin' what she could. He's the fust feller I've ever seen in the diggin's that went back on all the comforts uv life, an'—an' I've been a young man myself, and know how big a claim it's been fur him to work. Ain't got the heart to see him spiled now; but he *will* be ef, when yer hev to drop him, yer don't do it kindly. An'—just one thing more—the quicker he's out uv his misery the better."

The old jail-bird screwed a tear out of his eye with a dirty knuckle, and departed abruptly, leaving the little teacher just about ready to cry herself.

But before she was ready, another knock startled her.

She opened the door, and let in Toledo himself.

"Good-evenin', marm," said he, gravely. "I just come in to make my last official call, seein' I'm goin' away to-morrer. Ez there anything the schoolhouse wants I ken git 'an send from 'Frisco?"

"Going away!" ejaculated the teacher, heedless of the remainder of Toledo's sentence.

"Yes, marm; goin' away fur good. Fact is, I've been tryin' to behave myself lately, an' I find I need more company at it than I git about the diggin's. I'm goin' some place whar I ken learn to be the gentleman I feel like bein'—to be decent an' honest, an' useful, an' ther ain't anybody here that keers to help a feller that way—nobody."

The ancestor of the Browns of Middle Bethany was at Lexington on that memorable morning in '75, and all of his promptness and his courage, ten times multiplied, swelled the heart of his trembling little descendant, as she faltered out:

"There's one!"

"Who?" asked Toledo, before he could raise his eyes.

But though Miss Brown answered not a word, he did not repeat his question, for such a rare crimson came into the little teacher's face, that he hid it away in his breast, and acted as if he would never let it out again.

Another knock at the door.

Toledo dropped into a chair, and Miss Brown, hastily smoothing her hair, opened the door, and again saw the judge.

"I jest dropped back to say——," commenced the judge, when his eye fell upon Toledo.

He darted a quick glance at the teacher, comprehended the situation at once, and, with a loud shout of "Out of his misery, by thunder!" started on a run to carry the news to the saloon.

* * * * * * * * *

Miss Brown completed her term, and then the minister, who was on the Local Board, was called in to formally make her tutor for life to a larger pupil. Lecomte, with true French gallantry, insisted on being groomsman, and the judge gave away the bride. The groom, who gave a name very different from any ever heard at the Flat, placed on his bride's finger a ring, inscribed within, "Made from gold washed by Huldah Brown." The little teacher has increased the number of her pupils by several, and her latest one calls her grandma.

KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.

From the top of the Pass of Kaduganawa, in Ceylon, a gentle descent leads, in about two hours, to the banks of the Mahawelli-ganga, the river which encircles the city of Kandy—soft and glittering, "like a necklace of pearls," as the Singalese express it. Four miles before we reach the city, we cross the celebrated Paradenia Bridge, built throughout of satin-wood. Not far beyond, and entered by a splendid avenue of india-rubber trees, are the Paradenia Botanical Gardens, which have been brought to a high state of perfection by the services of Dr. Gardner, the late eminent botanist. Enclosing a space of 150 acres, these gardens are full of all the tropical plants and trees, and have been the centre where European and many valuable foreign exotics—such as the various spices of the East Indies—have been naturalized in Ceylon. The good they have done in this way, and in bringing before importing countries the useful vegetable products of Ceylon, has been quite incalculable. It is but a few miles more—through forest land—by cottages and bazaars, and we are in the centre of the city of Kandy.

We first hear of it as a city in the year 1267; but it was not till the close of the sixteenth century that it became the capital of the island. Its situation is rendered peculiarly picturesque by the lake of Kandy—of which we give an illustration. Originally a valley, and probably the site of part of the ancient town, it is, therefore, an artificial lake, and was constructed in 1807 by the last king of Ceylon. It is situated between high hills, and running along their base forms the boundary of the town. It is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and about 150 yards in breadth. The road, which encircles the lake for two miles and a quarter, and runs behind the Pavilion, winds round the wooded hills, and is known as Lady Horton's road. The scenery here is varied and beautiful; the course of the rapid Mahawelli-ganga flows below through green hills and forest-clad mountains, some of which rise 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The two principal streets in Kandy are Colombo Street and Trincomalie Street. The principal bazaar is where these streets intersect each other; but, besides, there are shops extending along the extremities of these and other streets diverging from them, well furnished, and differing but little from those at Colombo. The Church Missionaries have a very pretty residence and a schoolhouse, erected on a hill, about the middle of Trincomalie Street, on the east side. There is a burial-ground attached to the school. Bishop Heber visited the school during his stay at Kandy in 1825.

The temples of Kandy, situated under the shade of rich groves and in dilapidated courtyards, have fallen into slow decay. Of these, the most remarkable is that which enshrines the Dalada, or sacred tooth of Buddha. It has shared the fate of most relics. It has been destroyed and reproduced. Originally rescued, miraculously, from the flames which consumed the corpse of Guatama Buddha, in B.C. 543, it was venerated by millions, fought for, ransomed at enormous sums, and finally solemnly pounded in a mortar and consumed by the religious zeal of the Portuguese. But it did not perish. It was resuscitated by the clever trick of a politician; and the old tooth—probably that of an ape—which was destroyed in 1560, came again to the light, and took the form of which we give an engraving. It now closely resembles a crocodile's tooth; and Buddha must have been a giant indeed if he possessed a "canine" resembling this object of the reverence of millions.

According to the native historians of Ceylon, Gautama Buddha, the son of Suddho Lunu, sovereign of Maguda in Northern India, lived there with his parents for sixteen years, under the name of Primo Kumara. Having resolved on a life of penance, he remained for six years in the wilderness of Corawella, and had a desperate struggle with demons—personifications, it would seem, of his evil passions. Over these he eventually prevailed. Having assumed the character of Buddha, he passed over to Ceylon, then inhabited by a race of evil spirits, called Yakkhos: here he propounded his doctrines. He is said to have left the mark of his foot on the mountain called Adam's Peak, an object of great sanctity among his followers. Thus the Buddhists call it the impression of Buddha's foot; the Moors and Mahomedans claim it for Adam, stating it was worn into the rock

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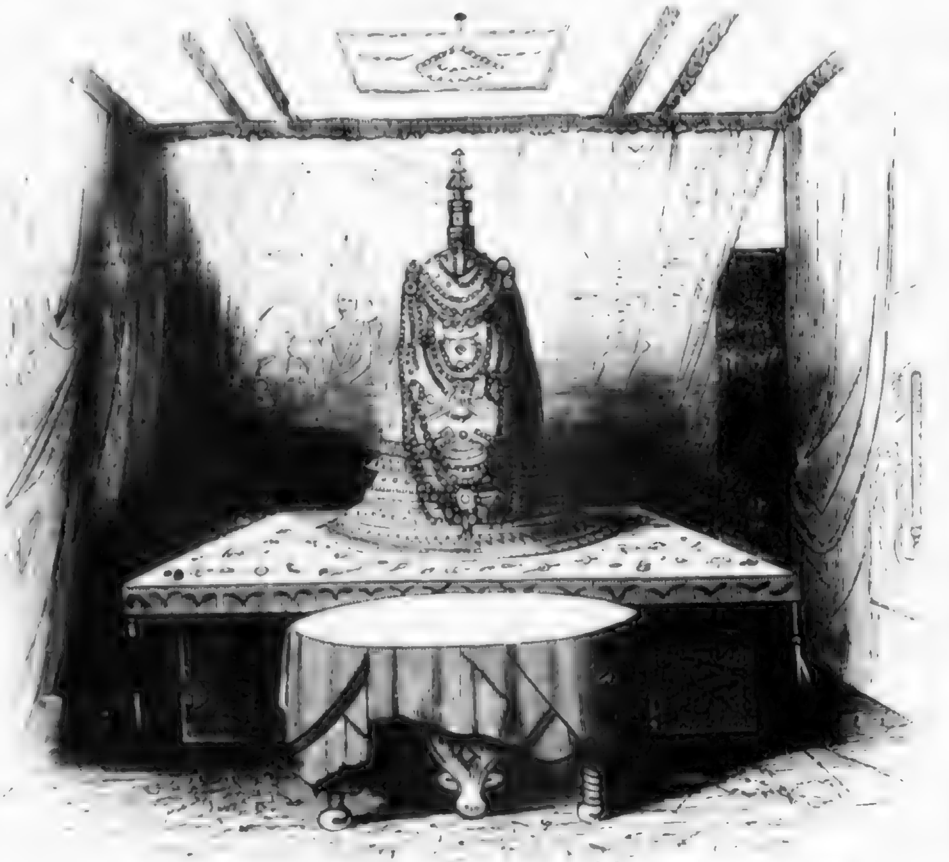
by the long penance of our great progenitor, who remained standing there on one foot for many years. After a long period, his penances prevailed: he was inaugurated as Buddha, and his supremacy acknowledged through the air above and on the earth beneath.

The Sacred Bo-tree (Ficus Religiosa, or Jaya Sri Maha Bodin Wahansey, the great, famous, and triumphant Fig-tree) is the branch of the tree under which Gautama sat the day he became a Buddhu. This tree is held in great veneration by the Buddhists, and is visited by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the island, as well as from the continent of India.

On our visit to the sacred tree, some years ago, two of its branches had shot across the walls, and were supported by the strong branch of a tree, somewhat in form of a crutch, having a little silk cushion, stuffed with cotton underneath, to prevent its holy arm from sustaining injury. A few years previous a branch was blown down during a storm, on which occasion a great meeting of the priests was held from all parts of the island, when they lamented and howled over it for many days; they afterward rolled it in silk, burned it on a pile, and buried the ashes with great solemnity and sorrow. This is the most celebrated tree in the world, and is, according to the native historians of Ceylon, 2,400 years old. Before permitting us to ascend the stone steps, leading up to the sacred spot, the priests obliged us to take off our shoes, lest the holy ground should be polluted by the leathern covering of our feet.



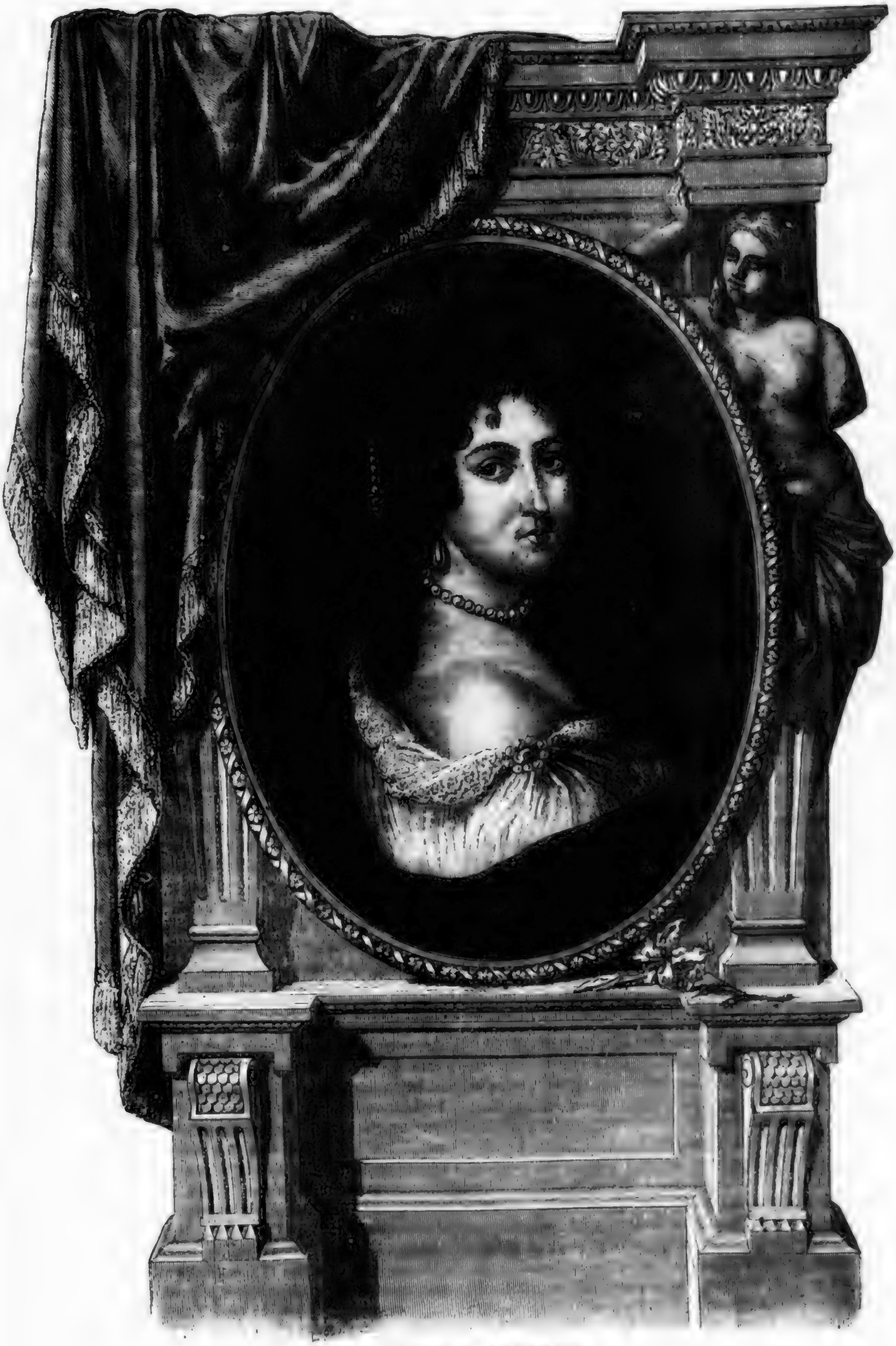
KANDY AND THE TEMPLE OF THE DALADA.—THE SHRINE OF THE SACRED TOOTH.

Gautama Buddha's death took place in the eighty-first year of his age, and before Christ 543. In the forest of sal-trees, near the spot where he expired, the funeral pile was prepared. Before the entire destruction of the mortal remains of his teacher, the priest Khoim rescued the Dalada from the flames, and it was then conveyed, as it had been prophesied, to the country of Kalinga (India), where, for centuries, it was treated with all the veneration that had been shown to Buddha when alive.

It was subsequently removed to Paelalup; and here commenced what the Buddhists termed, "The trials of the tooth." It was ordered to be thrown into a pit filled with burning charcoal, whence they assert it burst forth in rays of light, which illumined the universe. It was afterwards buried in the deep, and trodden down by elephants, but reappeared in the heart of a golden lotus-flower. It was then cast into a filthy pool, which instantly became a clear pond, covered with the beautiful lotus-flowers, on one of which it was found: but the Ahoilakes believed these wonders to be deceptions, and placed the Dalada on an anvil; the hammer was raised to destroy it, when it instantly sank into the iron. The king now permitted the Buddhists to prove the truth of their faith, when Subhadru, who built the temple, and had made many offerings to the Dalada, saw the relic remove with great effulgence from the anvil, and float in water, in a golden cup, which he held in his hand. The king acknowledged that these trials were the means of procuring a triumph to true religion.

The temple of the Malegawa, in Kandy, containing the Dalada, or sacred tooth of Buddha, is small, and built in the Chinese style of architecture. The sanctum is an inner room, on the upper story, into which a ray of sunlight never penetrates, and is lighted with oil-lamps. The folding-doors are paneled in brass, before and behind which is a curtain; and round the doorway are elaborate carvings of elephants and other devices, executed in ivory. The splendor of the place is very striking, the roof and walls being lined with gold brocade, while on a table of solid embossed silver stands the sacred relic, contained within five caskets, called "koranduas"; the outer one is five feet high and nine feet ten inches in circumference, with a profusion of gold chains, having a great variety of costly gems suspended from them. It is richly ornamented with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and many other valuable stones; and by a valuable cat's eye on the top end of the casket, set in jewels. The apartment is strongly impregnated with the scent of the Buddhu flowers, which are tastefully arranged in various devices around the object of their worship. The tooth of Buddha is considered their most holy relic, and is visited by pilgrims from all parts of India. It is considered the palladium of their country, as the Buddhists have a superstitious belief that whatever people or nation may become possessed of it, have a right to govern Ceylon. In 1815, when the British forces, after a protracted and severe struggle, overcame the Kandians, and captured their commanders, the taking of the tooth at once put an effectual stop to the rebellion. The natives exclaimed, "The English are, indeed, masters of the country, for they possess the relic. This, for 2,000 years, is the first time the Dalada was taken from us."

In conclusion, it may be well to say a few words on Buddhism. It was a reaction from Brahmanism, and it changed the religious aspect of nearly the whole of Asia. We may grant that Buddha, whose real name was Sakya-



MADAME DE MAINTENON.
(See page 170.)

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Gautama, Buddha being a name taken afterwards, and meaning "The Enlightened," was an historical personage belonging to the royal caste. Discontented with the artificial system of the Brahmanical philosophers and theologians, abhorring their Pharisaism and their priestcraft, which made them the only mediators between God and man, he threw off the yoke, and after destroying the old became the founder of a new religion. He assembled around him the people of all castes, he argued with and defeated the Brahmans, he denounced their sacrifices and their penances, and said that the sole thing required in the case of sin was confession and promise to sin no more. He published a moral code, which for its purity cannot be equalled in all the history of heathen religions. His life was stainless; he practised the virtues he taught; and he died, after propagating his religion by the sole power of his word and of persuasion, with the serenity of a sage in the arms of his disciples. It is almost impossible to believe that such a man really taught the metaphysics which have been written on his doctrines by his followers. After a careful examination of the Buddhist books, Barthélemy St. Hilaire arrived at these conclusions:

"Buddhism has no God; it has not even the confused and vague idea of a Universal Spirit in which the human soul may be absorbed. It confounds man with all that surrounds him, all the while preaching to him the laws of virtue. Buddhism, therefore, cannot unite the human soul, which it does not mention, with a God, whom it ignores, nor with nature, which it does not admit. Nothing remained but to annihilate the soul; and in order to be quite sure that the soul may not reappear under some new form in the world, which Buddhism curses as the abode of illusion and misery, it destroys the very elements of the soul, and never gets tired of glorying in this achievement. What more is wanted? If this is not the absolute 'Nothing,' what is Nirvana?"

Nirvani, which is the state to which the Buddhists aspire, is not absorption into a Divine Being—it is "the blowing out, the extinction of light," the absolute annihilation of the soul.

Such a religion is only fit for insane persons, and it is probable that a part of if has been fitted like an excrescence on the original teaching of Buddha. "Nirvana," probably in his sense, meant not annihilation, but release from the ills of life; but still it is almost clear that he did not unite, to the high morality he taught, any notion of a personal God, or any doctrine of a future life. Whatever the metaphysics of the Buddhists have taught, the religion itself, when it became the religion of millions, could not hold together on the grounds of the metaphysicians. Man felt the necessity of leaning upon some one, and of a life to come; and the "Nothing," the Nirvana, was changed into a kind of paradise, and Buddha, who denied the existence of a God, was himself deified

MADAME DE MAINTENON, AND THE LAST YEARS OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

By the Author of "Mirabeau," etc.

Marmontel's remark—that throughout his life Louis the Fourteenth was always governed, either by his ministers or his mistresses—is profoundly true. Probably no important act of that long reign emanated from the unbiased judgment of the monarch—the most absolute that ever reigned over France. The influence of Fouquet, of Colbert, and of Louvois was great, but that of La Vallière, of Montespan, of Maintenon, so molded the inward and the outward life of their royal master that the reign of each of these sultanas made a distinct epoch in his. That of the first was idyllic; its home was the sunlit glades, the umbrageous groves, the bosky dells of the woods of Versailles, as yet untrammeled by the gardener's art or denaturalized by the vast palace that now rises amongst them. What else could be the gentle reign of sweet Louise de la Vallière? The second was gorgeous, magnificent, oriental, a glittering of jewels, a clashing of cymbals, a braying of trumpets, and a pæan of victory, such as befitted the puissance of the haughty Duchess de Montespan. The third and last, sombre, fanatic, a penitential psalm, broken by the hollow moans of a famishing, persecuted people, by the death cries of the wounded and the hurried tramp of flying soldiers; then the death dirge—the funeral pall descends, and all is over. Thus the history of his mistresses is the history of Louis the Fourteenth and his reign.

To the name of Madame de Maintenon, however, the epithet "mistress" must be applied in a broader and more honorable sense than to the names of her predecessors; in her case we should rather use the term "wife," as there can be little doubt that such was the relation she held towards the King. Perhaps there is no more extraordinary history upon record than that of this woman, who, after being born in a prison, and passing through so many strange phases of life, rose from the depths of positive destitution to be the queen, in all but name, of one of the proudest monarchs who ever wielded sceptre.

Françoise d'Aubigné was descended from an ancient and honorable family of Anjou. Her grandfather was Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, an inflexible Huguenot, and the friend and companion of the great Henry. Her father, Constant d'Aubigné, was a black sheep, who, after acquiring wealth and consideration at Court for betraying his co-religionists, for which treachery his father disinherited him, was detected in some treasonable correspondence with the English and thrown into the prison of the Conciergerie of Niort. His wife, a noble heroic woman, then *enceinte*, obtained permission to share his captivity, and there, on the 27th of November, 1635, nearly three years before Louis the Fourteenth, was born Françoise. Her godfather was the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucauld, her godmother was the daughter of the Baron du Neuillant, the governor of Niort.

In misery, hunger, and raggedness passed the days of parents and children—for there were two other little ones, boys, besides the new-comer—until Madame de Villette, Constant's sister, hearing of their sad position, brought them help and took away the children to her home, which was situated in the neighborhood. But when the prisoner was transferred to Château Trompette at Bordeaux, the mother, unable to endure the thoughts of complete separation, took back her little daughter, whose home for some three or four years was thus within the gloomy prison walls, the prison-yard her playground, the jailer's daughter her only playmate.

In 1639, after endless solicitations, Madame d'Aubigné obtained her husband's enlargement, after which they embarked for Martinique, to try their fortunes in a new world. During the voyage little Françoise fell dangerously ill, and was at last laid out as dead. The body was just about to be committed to the sea when the mother, as she held it in a last passionate parting embrace, felt a slight movement. "My child is not dead!" she shrieked. "Her heart beats!" The little girl was put back into bed, and in a few days was restored to health.

By what trifles are the destinies of men and of nations decided! Had not the mother's heart craved for yet another embrace, or had the sailor who was to have been the grave-digger of the sea been but a moment quicker, the Edict of Nantes might never have been revoked, and the latter years of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth might have been

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wholly different. What wonderful events hang upon moments!—upon some apparently insignificant life!

In Martinique fortune gave Constant d'Aubigné yet another chance. He acquired some large plantations, prospered, grew rich. After a time Madame d'Aubigné had occasion to visit France; when she returned she found her husband once more a beggar; during her absence he had gambled away all that he possessed. After this he obtained a small appointment in a village of the island, and there his wife devoted her life to the education of her children, but more especially to that of her daughter, who already gave promise of more than ordinary talent. She taught her to read Plutarch and ancient history; and to habituate her mind to reflection she obliged her to exercise it both in composition and in letter-writing, in which last Françoise excelled throughout her life. The noble and devoted mother, who had herself been so schooled in adversity, desired to instil into the child's mind something of her own courage and fortitude.

One day the house took fire. Seeing little Françoise weeping bitterly, Madame said reprovingly, "I thought you had more courage. Why should you weep thus for the loss of a house?" "It is not for the house I am weeping," answered the child quickly, "but for my doll!" The child is the father of the man—the mother of the woman. In those words are the germ of the future intensely selfish nature of Madame de Maintenon.

The next event of importance was the death of Constant, which happened in 1645. Madame d'Aubigné returned to France poorer even than when she left it. She was reduced to live by the labor of her hands; but indefatigable as ever, she set to work to endeavor to reclaim some remnants of her husband's first fortune, to gather in old debts, to get for her children something of the heritage which had been left behind by their grandfather, Agrippa d'Aubigné.

She once more, although unwillingly, confided her daughter to Madame de Villette, who readily undertoook the charge. The cause of Madame d'Aubigné's unwillingness was, that her sister-in-law was a Calvinist. The result justified her Catholic scruples, for Madame Villette at once proceeded to train her little niece in the doctrines of the Reformed faith.

Years of tribulation, of poverty, of successive misfortune, of silent endurance, of living in the shadow of life, had hardened and chilled Madame d'Aubigné's character into coldness and severity, beneath which her virtues and affections were concealed. Madame de Villette, who had lived in the sunshine of life, was on the contrary smiling, tender, loving; and so, child-like, the little Françoise soon began to prefer this cheerful lady to the trouble-saddened mother, and to embrace all her teachings with the utmost docility.

One day Françoise refused to accompany her mother to mass. Madame d'Aubigné, terribly alarmed for her daughter's salvation, with her usual energy at once appealed to Anne of Austria to issue an order for the girl's restoration to her own custody. The order was granted, and the young Huguenot was handed over to her godmother the Countess de Neuillant, a zealous Catholic, to be brought back to the Catholic faith. But Françoise was not yet to be converted, so as a punishment for her contumacy she was set to perform the most menial offices, among others, to measure out the corn for the horses and to look after a flock of turkeys. "It was there, in the farmyard," she used to say, "I first began to reign." As not even these degradations could bend her firm spirit, she was sent away to the Ursuline Convent at Niort. Strange to say, her Huguenot aunt, confident in the strength of her niece's convictions, and anxious to remove her from the painful position she held in Madame de Neuillant's house, consented to pay her board while at the convent. Alas, for Madame de Villette's confidence! The arguments of the good abbess and her ghostly confessor proved so potent that Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was after a time induced to formally recant her "errors," and to become from that time forth a good Catholic, upon which her good aunt indignantly withdrew from her all further assistance. Pious Madame de Neuillant, having thus preserved her goddaughter's soul, considered that she had fulfilled her duty to the utmost, and left the body to do the best it could; in other words, she declined to afford her any pecuniary aid whatever; of course the good pious sisters of St. Ursula could not be further troubled with a person who was penniless; so, her conversion complete, poor Françoise was shown the convent door, outside which stretched a desert, a friendless world. The only person to whom she could turn was her mother, who could scarcely feed herself, much less her daughter. It was a miserable half-famished life, from which in a little time merciful death released one of these women. Yes, poor Madame d'Aubigné was at last permitted to lay down her cross and rest her weary head in the lap of mother earth.

An evil training this for a young girl who had not yet reached her fifteenth year! A training to wither the heart and to fill the soul full of bitterness, the flavor of which abides with us evermore; ay, though Fortune thereafter empty down our throats her cornucopia, filled with all the sweets of the earth. A childhood of privation is a poor preparation for a noble life; little that is truly generous, tender, and merciful ever came from it, but much that is hard, cold, selfish, and hypocritical.

For three months after her mother's death Françoise remained shut up in a room at Niort, existing heaven knows how. At the end of the three months pious Madame de Neuillant, afraid, perhaps, of some scandal falling upon her proselyte, paid her a visit, and shortly afterwards placed her at an Ursuline convent in Paris, from which she occasionally passed to the *salons* of her protectress. Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was beautiful, graceful, accomplished, clever, *spirituelle*; she attracted the attention of the visitors, among whom were some of the most distinguished and most celebrated people of the age. It was here that she was introduced to the Abbé Scarron, poet, satirist, buffoon, famous in the days of the Fronde for his lampoons against Mazarin and the Court; a monstrous deformity, who it was said had the free use of no member of his body except his tongue and his hands. When a young man he had, in a mad carnival freak, personated a savage, and run naked through the crowd pursued by a mob; being in danger of his life he was obliged to conceal himself in a marsh; a palsy, from which he never recovered, was the consequence of this disgraceful freak. His appearance at thirty (three years afterwards) is best described in his own words: "My head is a little broad for my shape; my face is full enough to make my body appear very small; I have hairs enough to render a wig unnecessary; I have many white hairs, in spite of the proverb. My teeth, formerly square pearls, are now wood-colored, and will shortly be slate-colored. My legs and thighs first formed an obtuse angle, afterwards an equilateral angle, and at length an acute one; my thighs and body form another; and my head, always dropping upon my breast, makes me a pretty good representation of the letter Z. I have got my arms shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am an abridgement of human miseries." But in spite of all he was gay, *sans souci*, and was forever jesting upon and laughing over his own sufferings and hideousness.

This deformity fell in love with the beautiful fifteen-year-old Françoise d'Aubigné! He was witty, kind, generous, compassionated her sad position and offered her his hand; and, marvelous to relate, she accepted it! Even allowing

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her to have been frigid by temperament, what must she not have suffered of privation, of misery, of the bitter humiliations of poverty and dependence, to sell her young life to this paralyzed monstrosity for a home?

She was just sixteen at the time of her marriage. "The new wife," says Saint Simon, "pleased all the company who frequented Scarron's house, which was very numerous and of all kinds; it was the fashion to go there—wits, courtiers, citizens, the highest and most distinguished personages of the day; and the charms of his wit, of his knowledge, his imagination, and of that incomparable gaiety, always fresh amidst all his afflictions, that rare fecundity and pleasantry of the best taste that we still admire in his works, attracted everybody to his house."

This was the age of the Fronde, an age in which every moral restraint was broken through, and riot, debauchery, and licentiousness reigned supreme. It was also the first, and most vigorous, of the literary epochs of France; it was the epoch of the Duchess de Rambouillet and her lovely daughter, the foundresses of the Précieuses, to whom the French tongue is indebted for so many of its graces and for all its conversational polish; it was the epoch of Ninon l'Enclos, the modern Aspasia; of the Hôtel Vendôme, with its society of theorists, epicureans, scoffers, and sensualists; of the *réunions* of the poets at the *cabarets* of the *Pomme du Pin* and the *Croix de Lorraine.* Nor were the gatherings at Scarron's house in the Marais the least among the coteries, for here assembled all that was noble, great, witty, and dissolute. Hither came Turenne and Condé, Beaufort, De Retz, Coligni, Villarceaux, Madame de Sévigné, Saint Evremond, La Rochefoucauld, Bussy Rabutin, Molière, La Fontaine, Corneille, Boileau, Chapelle, Bachaumont, the Abbé Chalieu, etc.

Whether Madame Scarron kept herself immaculate in the midst of this noble, brilliant, and very immoral society, we have no means of positively determining. Ninon l'Enclos, in a very broadly-stated anecdote about her and the Chevalier de Meré, who professed himself her adorer, asserts that she was not. Madame Scarron was certainly the bosom friend of that celebrated courtesan, and of all the other Laïses and Aspasias of the period, and we all know the old proverb about handling pitch. But, on the other hand, it may be urged that Ninon l'Enclos and her sisters were tolerated in the best society of the time, even by such women as Madame de Sévigné; that they were among the most brilliant and witty of her husband's coterie, and being such it was impossible for her to neglect them. Yet, even when she became the cold ascetic wife of Louis the Fourteenth, Madame de Maintenon never slighted Ninon l'Enclos, never refused a favor to her or her friends. She evidently *feared* her. Scandal compromised Madame Scarron's name with that of the all-conquering Fouquet, from whom her husband received a pension, and who had her portrait hung beside that of La Vallière at Vaux. The letters, however, which would confirm such an accusation, are generally admitted to be forgeries.

But, be that as it may, she was *prudent*, preserved the outward forms of decency, and was at all times exact in the performance of religious observances. She won great influence over her erratic husband, and exercised it for good; from the time of their marriage his writings became less gross and immoral, and the conversations at his *réunions* somewhat purer.

Nine years was the period of this strange union, and then Scarron died. Incorrigible jester to the last, his almost parting words were, "I never thought it was so easy a matter to laugh at the approach of death." But nevertheless he was greatly troubled about the future of his young wife, to whom he was tenderly attached.

Grim poverty, which had been kept at bay during these nine years of married life, once more pounced upon his victim. Scarron possessed no more than he derived from the productions of his pen and the bounty of his friends, and all such means died with him. More scandals against poor Françoise; Fouquet again, and the Marquis de Villarceaux. She goes back once more to the Ursuline Convent in the Rue St. Jacques, where she is suddenly surprised by the queen renewing in her favor her husband's pension, with an addition of five hundred francs; after which she retires to the hospital of the Place Royale, lives an irreproachable life in the exercise of charity and religion, is received at the Hôtel d'Albret, and at other great houses, where her graceful, pleasing, and refined manners render her a universal favorite.

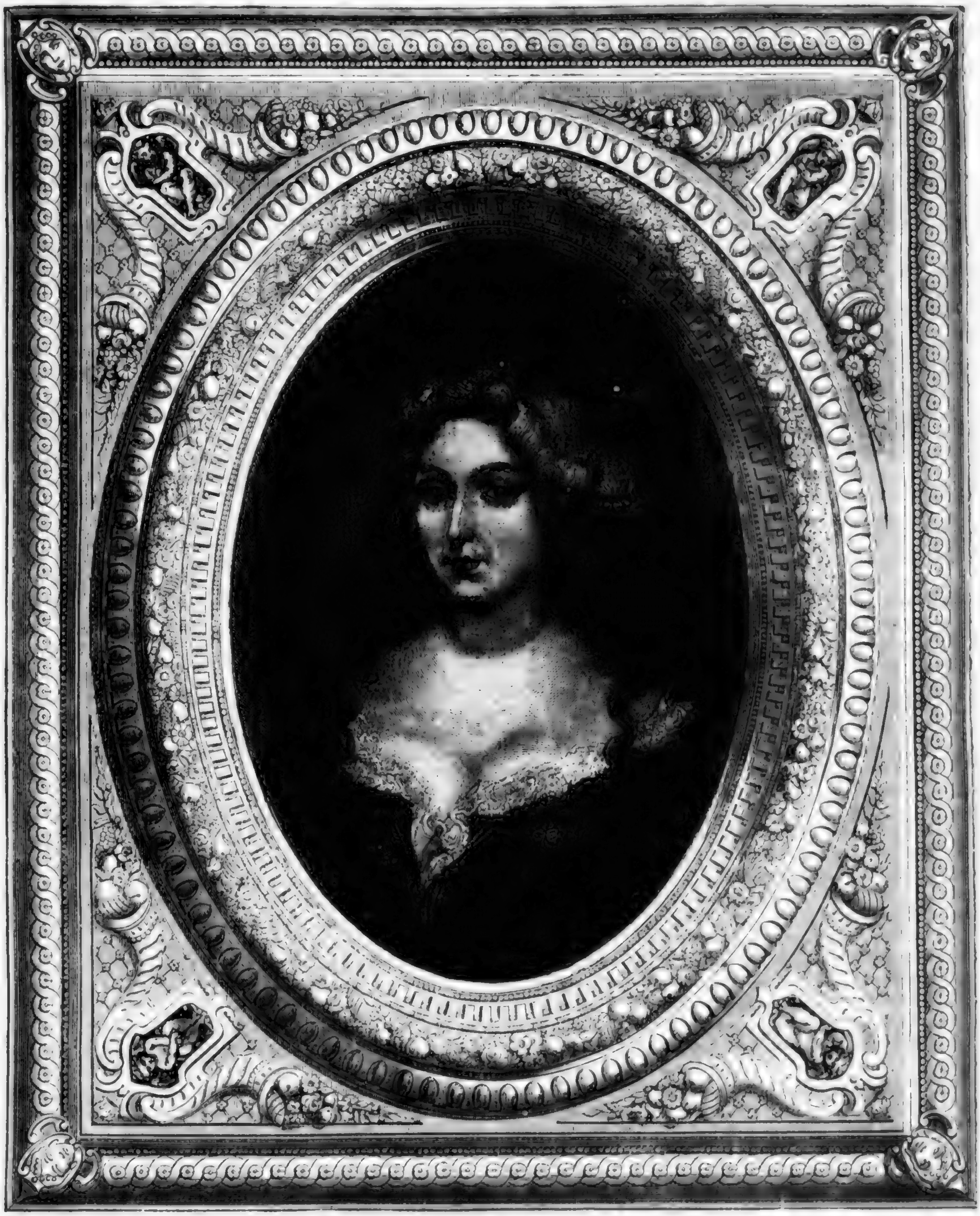
The key-note of her conduct at this period is to be found in her own words, written just after the renewal of her pension: "I was raised a hundred points above interest. *I sought for honor.*" Whatever might or might not have been her youthful indiscretions, she had now rigidly renounced them; to be esteemed and honored was now her ambition. What was the ultimate object she proposed to herself by this conduct is not exactly clear; marriage with a man of high rank and great fortune was offered her, which she refused on account of his libertine character and because she could neither love nor respect him. We have all our peculiar ambitions; the widow Scarron had hers—truly a laudable one—which was to be more respectable than her contemporaries.

This refusal greatly offended her patrons and patronesses, who considered that, being poor, she had no right to take upon herself the judgment of what would constitute her happiness. About the same time the death of Anne of Austria again deprived her of her pension and reduced her once more to a state of destitution. She applied to the King for its renewal, but in vain. She was on the point of accepting a small post in the household of Mademoiselle d'Aumale, who was about to leave France to wed the King of Portugal, when she was advised to seek an interview with Madame de Montespan, whom she had frequently met in society. The interview was granted, and Madame de Montespan, deeply moved by the widow's sad story, undertook to present a petition to the King, and to use her utmost endeavors to get it granted. It was impossible that so small a favor should be refused to the favorite sultana; and so widow Scarron was preserved from a voluntary exile.

The fortunate event was celebrated by joyous suppers at Ninon l'Enclos's, followed soon afterwards by a sudden return to devotion and by constant attendance at the sermons of Bourdaloue. Some three years passed away thus.

We now come to the turning-point in her career. Henceforth the bright side of Françoise's character is turned away from us, and we shall see only its dark and base aspect. In the year 1669, she was solicited to take charge of some children of noble birth, the name of whose parents, however, was not to be revealed. She at once divined the secret. Resolved, however, to be no blind agent, but a confidante, she wrote in reply, "*If the children are the King's I will do it willingly;* I could not undertake the charge of Madame de Montespan's *without scruples. Thus it is the King who must order me to do this.* . . . . Three years ago I should not have had this delicacy, but since then I have learned many things, which now prescribe it to me as a duty."

Three years ago she would have been ready to have charged herself with the children of *any* adulterous pair; but since she had become pious her conscience would permit her only to undertake those *of the King*, and then only by his special order! The constant exercise of the *offices* of religion—very convenient substitutes for *the spirit*—seem to be a perfect grindstone to worldly wisdom; thus it is, I presume, that all clericals, whether called monks, parsons,



MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

bishops, or ministers, are ever so keenly alive to their own interests. The cloven foot of hypocrisy, vilest of all vices, was beginning to peep forth beneath the widow's petticoat.

Her scruples would thus bring her into immediate connection with the King, his command would make her his confidante, and place him, as it were, under an obligation to her. Madame Scarron's scruples were respected and gained for her all that she required. She was established in a house at Vaugirard; carriages, horses, and servants were provided for her use.

The Maintenon estate was for sale; its proximity to Versailles would render it a most convenient residence for the royal children and their guardian, and Madame de Montespan begged the King to purchase it and bestow it upon Madame Scarron. But Louis disliked her; she had been mixed up with the society of the Fronde, of which throughout his life he entertained the greatest horror; she was a Précieuse, and Louis, ill-educated himself, hated learned women.

Too much had already been done for "that creature," he said, angrily; he could not understand Madame de Montespan's fancy for her; to him she was insupportable. Wearied at last, however, by his mistress's importunities, he consented to grant this favor, provided *that he should never again look upon her face*.

But time and accidents work wonders. M. du Maine, one of the children, was lame. Madame de Maintenon—she had now assumed that title—took him into Flanders, in order to obtain the advice of a celebrated physician and the benefit of certain medicinal waters. She wrote long letters to her patroness, in which she very graphically described the incidents of her journey. These letters were shown to the King; he was pleased with them; his prejudices against the widow began to give way, and upon her return she was admitted more freely to the royal presence, sometimes passing whole evenings in the society of Louis and his mistress. Madame de Montespan was full of vain and capricious humors, which at times sorely tried the patience of her royal lover, who by-and-by found a consolation in talking over such vexations with the sympathising *gouvernante*, whose conversation he found to be quite charming. Madame de Montespan began to grow uneasy, jealous, under which influences her humors were more violent and unbearable than ever. The King began to grow weary of quarrels and reproaches, and attached himself more and more to Madame de Maintenon's society. The widow felt her power, and gradually withdrew from the mother all control over the management of the children, refusing to take any orders concerning them except from the King himself. By-and-by she grew even bolder, and preached to her royal patron upon the criminality of illicit love, the beauty of virtue, the nobleness of continence, exhorting him to penitence; and to all this he lent a willing ear; for when we grow weary of our vices it is so delightful to ascribe their renunciation to awakened piety. Louis was always susceptible to religious formulas; so was his successor, who, while living a life of heathen debauchery, shuddered at philosophers and Encyclopédistes. The Bourbon religion never went beyond lip homage and a childish terror of the cloven-footed, horned devil of monkish legends, and upon this susceptibility the cunning widow founded over his mind an empire stronger even than that of lust.

And now the struggle between the two women began in earnest, and was continued through several years; a very unequal struggle, since the strength of one was so overwhelmingly greater than that of the other. Writing of Madame de Maintenon as early even as 1676, Madame de Sévigné says, "Everything is subject to her empire."

There were bitter quarrels between the two women, frequently in the King's presence, in which he had to play the dignified part of arbiter or peacemaker. In one of her letters, Madame de Maintenon thus describes a scene of this kind:

"She (De Montespan) came to my house yesterday and overwhelmed me with reproaches and abuse. The King surprised us in the middle of this conversation, which ended better than it had begun. He ordered us to embrace and to love each other, but you know that the last article cannot be commanded. He added, laughing, that he found it more easy to restore peace to all Europe than between two women, and that we took fire upon trifles."

Assisted by Louvois, Madame de Montespan sought out and resuscitated all the ancient scandals which had been promulgated against the widow Scarron. Writing to her brother about this time, Madame de Maintenon says:

"All are mad against me, and do everything in their power to injure me: if they do not succeed we shall laugh at them; if they do, we will endure with fortitude."

Determined, strong-minded, prepared for either fortune, she calmly faced her enemies—and conquered. In testimony of his disbelief in the vile stories circulated, Louis created her, in 1680, second lady-in-waiting to the Dauphine. One of the first uses she made of this position was to win the assistance of that princess to bring about a permanent separation between the King and his mistress.

Her star was now in full ascendant; the esteemed and honored friend of the Queen and the Dauphine, and the companion for four or five hours each evening of the King, who took great pleasure in her conversation, so admirable for its well-chosen language, its sagacity, terseness, great knowledge of the world, and brilliant wit, the whole so intoned with reverential piety. Added to these charms of the mind were the well-preserved remains of her youthful beauty, an infinite grace and ease of demeanor, and a certain pleasing deference of manner which she had acquired in her days of poverty, and which she still displayed in the royal presence.

This was the period of Louis's *amour* with Mademoiselle de Fontanges, which the death of that lady terminated within a year. It does not appear that Madame de Maintenon's moral sense was in any way shocked by this intrigue; nay, it would seem that she rather rejoiced at it, as a further loosening of the bonds which held him to De Montespan. Had the young girl lived, her reign would have been brief, for, although exceedingly beautiful, she was inanely insipid, and being so could never have obtained any permanent influence over the King. Such rivals troubled not De Maintenon, in whose designs passion found no place; she aspired only to govern his mind.

In 1683 the Queen, who had conceived a great regard for De Maintenon, died in that lady's arms. This created a new tie to still further attach her to the King. Smote with remorse by the memory of the suffering that he had inflicted upon the gentle spirit of her who had passed away, to which among the women whom he loved or had loved could he turn for consolation with so free a conscience as to her whom Maria-Theresa had called friend? There are no grounds for believing that this communion ever exceeded the bounds of propriety. That Louis frequently importuned her is past a doubt, but she who could at fifteen become the wife of the paralytic cripple Scarron was not likely to yield to passion at forty-five. Yet while she drew back from such advances, she did not finally reject them, as is proved by the following line, which occurs in one of her letters: "I send him away always afflicted, but never in despair." Thus she strengthened her empire over his fickle affections, and tempted him into a more honorable mode of gratifying them.

From the hour in which the Queen died, Madame de Maintenon proposed to herself but one object in life—to become the wife of Louis the Fourteenth. And in that object there is little doubt but that she succeeded. Here is Saint-Simon's testimony:

"He," the King, "passed the first days after the Queen's death at St. Cloud, at Monsieur's, whence he went to Fontainebleau, where he spent the Autumn. On his return, it is said—for it is necessary to distinguish what is certain from what is not—that the King spoke more freely to Madame de Maintenon, and that she, venturing to try her power, skilfully entrenched herself behind her prudery and devotion; that the King was not discouraged; that she preached to him, and put him in fear of the devil, and that she played his love and her conscience with so much art one against the other that she brought to pass that which our eyes have seen, but which posterity will refuse to believe. But what is very certain and very true is, that in the middle of the Winter which followed the Queen's death, a thing which posterity will scarcely credit, although perfectly true and authenticated, Father La Chaise, the King's confessor, performed mass at midnight in one of the King's cabinets at Versailles. Bontems, governor of Versailles, first *valet de chambre* in waiting, and the most in the King's confidence of the four, served this mass where the monarch and Maintenon were married, in the presence of Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, as diocesan, of Louvois, both of whom had obtained a promise from the King that he would never acknowledge this marriage, and of Montchevreuil, as the third witness."

A further confirmation of this fact is found in a letter, still preserved in the library of the Louvre (Archives de Noailles), written to her by Paul, Bishop of Chartres:

"Love the King with all your heart, be submissive to him as Sara was to Abraham, God has ordained that you should be elevated, loved, respected, and put in the place of queens, and yet you shall not have any more freedom than a citizen's wife. Tender yourself to God and to the King for the love of God, who has chosen you for his consolation and to obey him. The King still regards virtue too much as an austere and disagreeable thing; but when he beholds it personified in her whom he most loves and esteems, combined with perfect innocence, cheerfulness of spirit, and an ardent devotion to good works, God will give him the grace to aspire to the same happiness. A holy woman hallows an unholy man; what then will she be to a Christian!" Such words could have been written by such a man only to *a wife*.

Madame de Maintenon erased from her carriage the arms of her first husband, substituting her own in their place. Apartments were given her at the top of the grand staircase, opposite those of the King; here he passed several hours of each day, and wherever he went she was lodged near him. Ministers, generals, the royal family, all were at her feet; affairs of state, of justice, of religion, all were in her hands. "What she was—how she governed without interruption, without obstacle, without the slightest cloud, more than thirty entire years, and even thirty-two—is the incomparable spectacle which has been presented to the eyes of all Europe."

For a time, unable to realize her downfall, Madame de Montespan still lingered about the Court, wearing away her heart at the sight of her rival's triumph, until that rival, weary of her reproachful presence, backed by the authority of the King, signified to her that she had better retire from the Court altogether; and, to give a sharper edge to the harsh message, Madame de Maintenon caused it to be conveyed to her by her own son, the Duc de Maine. She died at Bourbon in the year 1707, at the age of sixty-six, being, it is said, even then in almost full possession of her matchless beauty.

This secret marriage may be said to commence the third and last epoch of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The first was troubled and obscured by the Fronde and the rebellion of the princes of the blood; the second was the greatest in French history, great in the splendor of its court, the grandeur of its king, the nobleness of its literature, the commanding talents of its generals and ministers, the success of its arms. France might well in after years look back with melancholy pride upon that brilliant period and epithetise the central figure as "la Grande Monarque"; for much as it is now the fashion to sneer at that agnomen, Louis was in those days a great king. But the third epoch was one of gloom and disaster; Condé and Turenne were gone, and victory no longer attended their country's arms; Colbert was dead: that great genius who, after the devastating civil wars, had rescued France from bankruptcy, revived her trade, given such an impetus to her manufactures as they had never known before, and raised her finances from the lowest to the highest condition of prosperity; and Louvois, that impetuous war-counselling minister to whom France owed many troubles, but who, in spite of many failings, was still a great man, followed soon afterwards. And none were left to fill the places they had left vacant.

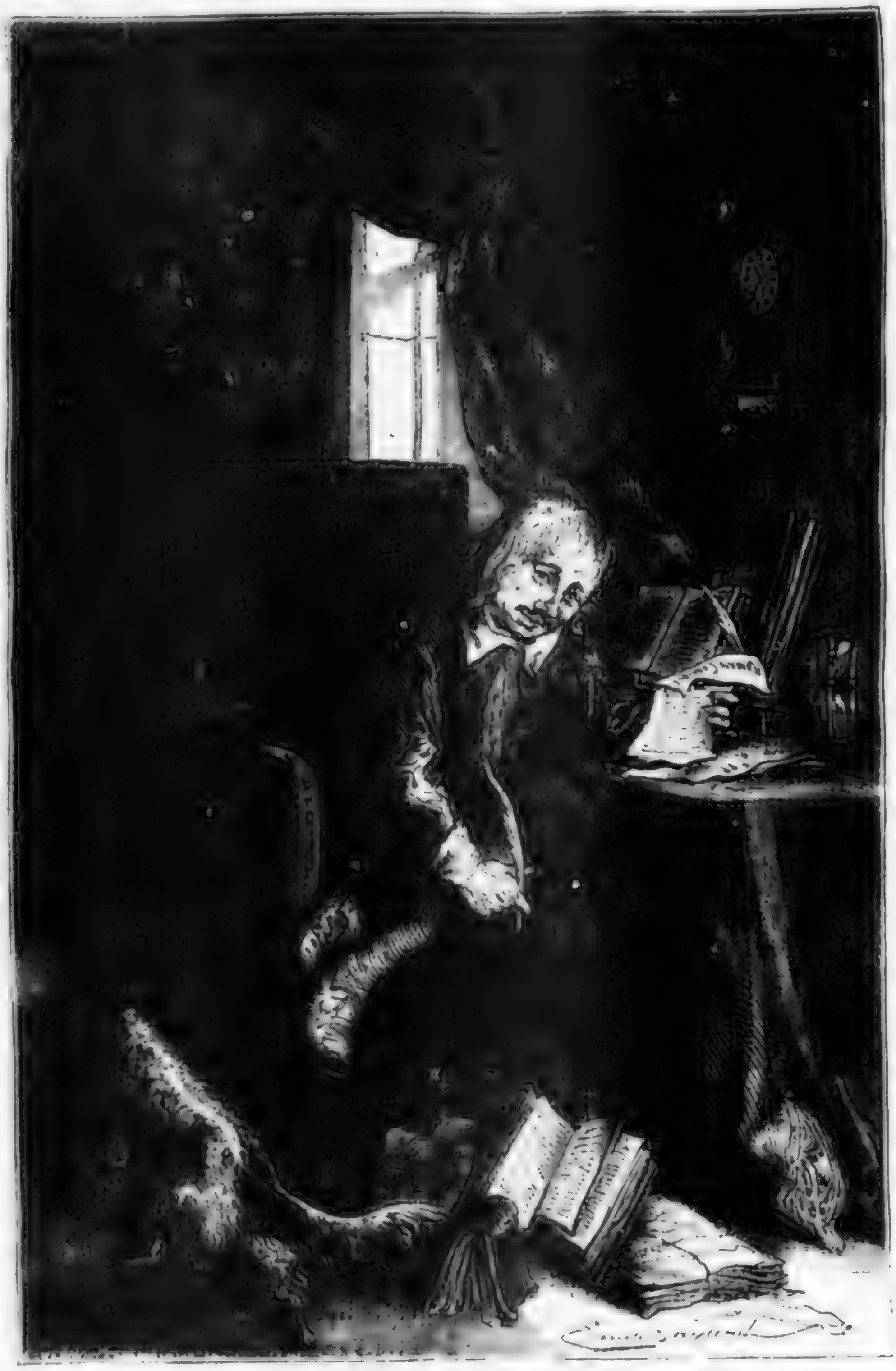
And so with a seared conscience, with a haunting feeling of an ill-spent life, the present darkened the dread shadow of the hereafter, the greatness of his youth fading day by day as the faithful old servants dropped one by one, Louis became the mere tool of the priests and of a priest-ridden ambitious woman. What but evil could come out of the influence of such counsellors? Against the Huguenots, left in peace for many years by the Edict of Nantes, and now forming the most industrious, intelligent, and some of the wealthiest portion of the population, were their machinations first directed. They danced the cloven feet and the horns before the eyes of the superstitious King, and persuaded him that the only way to avoid them and to get to heaven was to root out heresy; they flattered his worldly pride by pointing out to him the glory which would attach itself to his name by accomplishing a feat that had surpassed all the power of his predecessors; they painted the Huguenots in the blackest colors, reminded him of their revolts, their foreign alliances, how they had imposed laws upon their kings, and how by destroying their power he would be more than ever absolute in authority, since at present they, by their different usages and religion, formed, as it were, a state within a state. And he listened to the counsel of these wretched bigots, and the spirit of persecution was sent abroad. Little by little the Protestants were deprived of their civil rights. Bodies of troops, accompanied by a locust swarm of monks, overspread the land, compelled the Protestants to renounce their faith, and put to death their preachers. But this was only the beginning: such crumbs of persecution did not satisfy the ravening maws of these worthy apostles of the merciful Saviour; and on the 23d of October, 1685, the King struck a blow against her greatness and prosperity, from which, even at the present day, France has never wholly recovered. It was on that day that, yielding at last to the solicitations of his devout wife and his confessor La Chaise, he revoked the Edict of Nantes, blotted out all the previous glory of his reign, and raised for himself a hideous, blood-stained monument in the Pantheon of bigots. The effects of this act of criminal madness are thus eloquently depicted by Saint Simon:

"The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, without the least pretext and without any need, and the various proscriptions, rather than proclamations, which followed, were the fruits of that abominable conspiracy which depopulated a fourth of the kingdom, ruined its commerce, weakened it in all its parts, delivered it over to the pillage of dragoons, who authorized the torments and punishments by which thousands of innocent people of both sexes perished; which ruined a great body of the population, destroyed a world of families, armed kinsmen against kinsmen to rob each other of their possessions, and to leave the weakest to die of hunger; which sent away our manufactures to foreign nations, causing them to flourish at the expense of our own, raising among them new cities, which presented the picture of a vast body of people, proscribed, naked, fugitive, outcasts, without crime, seeking an asylum far from their native land; which sent the noble, the wealthy, the old people, esteemed for their piety, their learning, their virtue, people bred in every comfort, weak, delicate, to the galleys, in order that there might be only one religion! in fine, which filled the provinces of the kingdom with perjury and sacrilege and with the groans of those unfortunate victims of error, while many others sacrificed their consciences to their possessions and repose, and purchased both by pretended abjurations, which compelled them to worship that in which they had no belief, and to receive in reality the divine body of the Holy of Holies while they were still firmly convinced that they were eating only bread, which it was still their duty to abhor. Such was the general abomination, born of flattery and cruelty."

XUM

He goes on to say how the bishops lent themselves to this impious work, and used every means to swell the number of their pretended converts in order to gain for themselves the reward and consideration of the court; and how intendants, lieutenants, governors, soldiers, pursued the same course for the same object.

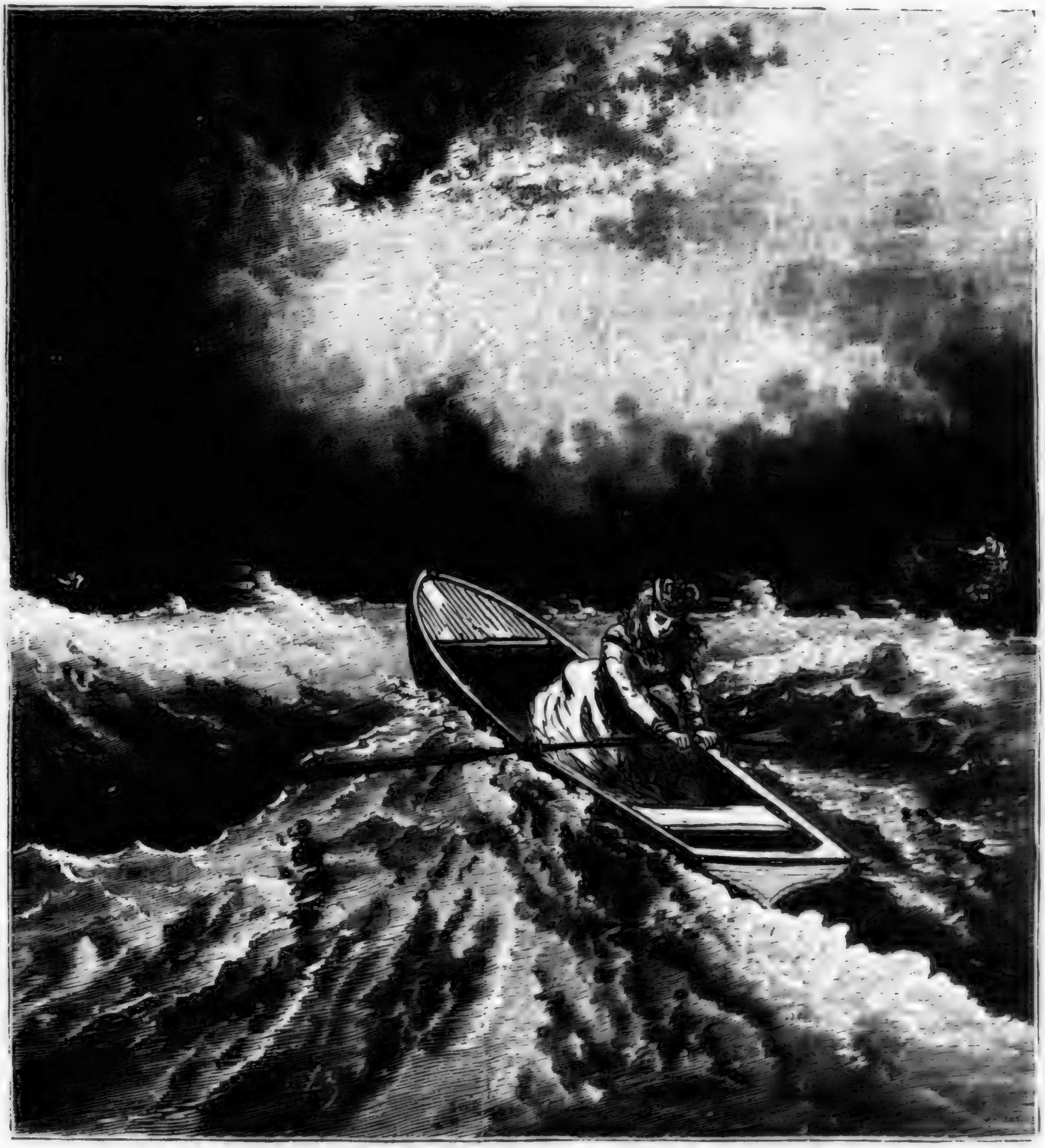
"The King," to again quote his words, "received from all parts the news of these persecutions and conversions. Those who had abjured and received the communion were counted to him by thousands—two thousand in one place, six thousand in another. The King applauded his power and his piety. He believed that the days of the preachings of the Apostles had returned, and attributed to himself all the honor. The bishops wrote panegyrics upon him, the Jesuits made the pulpits resound with his praises. All France was filled with horror and confusion, with triumph and joy and eulogy. The King entertained no doubt of the sincerity of those conversions, the bishops took care that he should not, and beatified him beforehand. He swallowed this poison in deep draughts. He believed that he had never been so great in men's eyes, had never done so much in God's eyes to atone for the enormity of his numerous sins and the scandals of his life."



SCARRON, THE FIRST HUSBAND OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

All the mistresses with whom he had lived in sin had never wrought a tithe part of the mischief brought about by this devout wife. Only one thing was wanted to content Madame de Maintenon's most ambitious aspirations—the public acknowledgment of her marriage; but to this Louis, guided to a great extent by the councils of Bossuet and Fénelon, would not consent. Finding that point not to be gained, she, with her usual prudence, freely abandoned it, and by this self-sacrificing resignation established a further claim upon his love and confidence.

In private her conduct was haughty and severe; even the King's daughters approached her with fear and trembling, and quitted her presence seldom without tears. She received but few people, visited fewer. It was more difficult to obtain an audience with her than with Majesty itself. When she was at Versailles, people, even of the greatest consequence, who desired speech with her, could obtain it only by watching for her egress or ingress, and even then it was of the briefest. Her usual daily routine was as follows: Upon rising, after having performed her devotions, she would go away to St. Cyr, a magnificent conventual establishment, which she had founded in Paris for the education of young girls. There she would dine alone in her apartment, or with some favorite of the house; dispense her charities, which were very large, amounting to between fifty and sixty thousand livres a year; read and reply to the enormous mass of letters she daily received, principally upon church affairs, and, these dispatched, return in time to receive the King at the hour in which he was accustomed to visit her apartments. At nine o'clock she partook of a light supper, after which her women put her to bed, and that in the presence of the King and any one of the ministers with whom he might be engaged that evening, and who still continued their work as before. At ten the King went to supper, the curtains of the bed were drawn, and Madame de Maintenon was left to her repose. When present at the court dinners her manners were singularly unassuming, ceding the first places not only to Monseigneur, to Monsieur, and to the English court, but even to ladies not of royal blood.



SYLVIE'S COWARDICE.—"WHEN KATE STAGGERED TO HER FEET, SHE SAW SYLVIE SEATED IN A SLENDER BOAT, AND SHE WIELDED THE OARS WITH AN EXPERT'S HAND."—SEE PAGE 178.

The King always showed her the greatest respect, more especially during their promenades and rides in the gardens of Marly. Saint Simon says:

"He would have been a hundred times more free with the queen, and with less gallantry. It was a respect the most marked, although in the midst of the court. Their carriages moved along side by side, for she seldom sat in the King's chariot, in which he sat alone, while she used a sedan chair. If the Dauphine, or the Duchess du Berry, or the King's daughters were in the suite, they followed or gathered about the conveyances on foot; or if they rode in the carriages with the ladies-in-waiting they still remained in the rear. The King frequently walked beside her chair, always uncovered and stooping when addressing her or listening to her. At the end of the promenade he conducted her as far as the house, took leave of her, and continued his walk or ride."

As she grew older she took up her abode at Marly, and no longer appeared in public; "and when by chance one caught sight of her, one could see nothing but hoods and black wrappings." In her chamber, on either side of the fireplace, there were two arm-chairs; one for herself, the other for the King; before each was a table, and in front of the King's table were two stools, one of which was for the attending minister to sit upon, the other for his bag. On business days the royal pair were alone together but a very short time before the minister arrived, and a still shorter time after he had left. During these councils Madame de Maintenon read, or worked upon tapestry, heard all that passed, but rarely spoke. Sometimes the King would ask her advice, which she gave with great circumspection. She never appeared to have any bias, or to interest herself for any particular person. But the minister had received his instructions beforehand, for he dared make no proposition previous to having consulted her. Then followed much finessing between the two, she still appearing perfectly unconcerned and impartial, and yet almost invariably contriving to gain her proposed point; and it was thus that three-fourths of the business of the State was decided—Louis imagined, by his sole authority, but in reality it was by hers.

Little by little a sad change came over the Court of France; the dark shadows of remorse and fanaticism which haunted the King overspread its atmosphere and extinguished its brilliancy. Even from De Maintenon herself, the creator of this *régime*, a querulous plaint burst forth at times. In one of her later letters she says (writing of her royal spouse), "I am obliged to endure his griefs, his silence, his vapors; he often sheds tears, which he cannot repress, when he feels greatly troubled. He has no conversation." The courtiers were dull and half dead with *ennui*. Literature lost its joyousness; Molière was dead; Corneille, his genius passed away, wrote lugubriously; La Fontaine pretended devotion, translated the Scriptures, wrote commentaries upon them, and penned an extravagant eulogy upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Racine, however, was in the height of his fame; he was De Maintenon's poet. It was for the use of her establishment at St. Cyr that he wrote "Athalie" and "Esther." But, with her customary heartless selfishness, she abandoned "her poet" to his disgrace.

Darker and darker grew the clouds that lowered over the closing days of that long eventful reign. Domestic troubles, the terrible and mysterious deaths of the Dauphin and Dauphine, the plots and cabals of the bastards and legitimates, an empty treasury, a beggared name, villages depopulated by war and by the Huguenot exodus, weak officers, incapable generals; the crushing defeats of Hochstadt, Ramilies, Turin, Oudenarde, Malplaquet; France, stripped of her conquests, suing for peace; the King, broken in health, devoured by remorse, insidiously governed by a withered, rheumatic old woman, cowering over the fire in the gloomy cell-like chamber at Marly, querulously complaining, weeping, groaning. What a change from the France of Colbert, of Condé, and Turenne! What a change from the lover of La Vallière and de Montespan!

But the end of all was at hand; in August, 1715, Louis was seized with a fatal illness, in which he suffered great agony, but endured with noble fortitude. During the sad time Madame de Maintenon showed little or no sensibility; her eyes were dry, her face cold and resigned. A Catholic by profession, and doubtless by conviction, she was by nature a Calvinist—cold, sour, fatalistic. Four days before the King's death she left him and retired to St. Cyr. He took this much to heart, and never ceased asking for her until she was compelled to return. Two days after his death she was again at St. Cyr, calmly arranging her chamber and superintending the affairs of the establishment as if nothing had happened."

She had shown a similar callousness at the death of the Dauphine, to whom she had always pretended to be greatly attached. She was absent at St. Cyr during the agony of that unfortunate princess, although she was well aware that a fatal termination to her illness was imminent. When the Duchess and afterwards the Duke of Burgundy were attacked with the fever, the King attended upon both until the last hour, but Madame de Maintenon was not with them.

Beyond a few of his immediate attendants Louis was little regretted, even by his own children. The nation "trembled with joy." Overwhelmed with taxation, crushed beneath the horrors of unceasing war, the despairing people offered up thanks to God for their deliverance; a hideous nightmare, a nightmare of priestcraft, of war, of famine, seemed to have been lifted from off them. Louis had outlived his age.

From the day that she finally returned to St. Cyr her foot never again passed beyond its gloomy cloisters. Orleans continued her pension to the last; but in the hour that Louis passed away her star was extinguished, and the great world thought of her no more. She received but few visitors, only those with whom she had been intimate at Marly. The Duc de Maine, however, spent three or four hours with her in each week, and her affection for him never cooled. She died in 1719, at the age of eighty-four.

And for such a life and for such an end, unloving and unloved, she had lied, and schemed, and betrayed, repressed every natural instinct, and played the hypocrite, for forty years! The game was scarcely worth the candle.

SYLVIE'S COWARDICE.

IT is terrible!" murmured Sylvie Laughton, with a frightened little sob in her voice, as a lightning-flash made momentary day of the darkness outside, followed almost instantaneously by a wild, awful crash of thunder. "Mamma, I'm going to bury my head in your lap, if you've no objection; for, to be honest about the matter, I'm almost frightened to death."

Mrs. Laughton smiled as her daughter knelt down and really did bury in her lap the soft-eyed, gentle-looking face, framed with its gold waviness of hair.

"Thunder and lightning always were your detestation, Sylvie. I remember your being in hysterics, when a little girl, over certain severe storms."

A second flash lit the sitting-room windows, and a more frightful thunder-peal than before seemed to grasp at the foundations of that old country mansion.

But the sound had not died away before two other sounds, widely dissimilar, succeeded it. One was a long shivering moan from poor Sylvie; another was the careless, mocking, musical laugh of Kate Ellersley.

She was a superb-looking brunette, this Kate Ellersley, with richly damask complexion, great starry-black eyes, a matchlessly molded figure, and a way of holding herself that bespoke about as much of pride as grace. She was on a visit at Mrs. Laughton's estate at Laurelwood, being a friend whom Sylvie had made at boarding-school, two years previous.

At her side stood a tall, well-shaped man of perhaps five-and-twenty, watching with her, from a large French window, the progress of the fearful storm that was just then raging. Elbert North had been for several years an intimate friend of Sylvie Laughton's. There were those who declared that the blue eyes and golden hair of a certain bewitching young lady had made thus frequent his visits to Laurelwood during the past Summer. Latterly, however, his attentions to Sylvie had been less marked, the gossips of the neighborhood affirmed. These same irrepressibles (a word which we coin, but one which seems too temptingly applicable to be avoided) had gone on in their assertions to the verge of the following fact, viz.: that Elbert North had fallen desperately in love with Kate Ellersley, and had forgotten his old attachment for Sylvie Laughton.

"Poor Sylvie!" said Kate, the words being a kind of continuation of her careless laugh. "She is so miserably timid."

Elbert North glanced at the golden head buried in Mrs. Laughton's lap; then his eyes sought the erect, queenly figure of Kate Ellersley. There was a decided contrast Elbert could not help acknowledging. Kate was certainly a magnificent creature. Such fearlessness as that which seemed now to have set its stamp upon every feature of her face was not to be met with in every woman. Then, too her beauty—could all the meek tenderness and sweetness of the Madonna type equal Kate's regal, indolent, sumptuous air? How that garnet necklace, fitting close about her pale-olive, columnar throat, became her style, Cleopatra-like and Egyptian as it was! What glorious hair she had! it was like "darkness visible," Elbert reflected, being too enthusiastic about his charmer, just then, to notice how absurd the hyperbole would have sounded if spoken aloud.

Another terrible flash; another terrible thunder-peal, and —another wretched moan from poor Sylvie. Kate's laugh was rippling again close at Elbert's ear.

"How odd it must be," she murmured, "to have such a nervous temperament!"

Something very like a sneer curled Elbert's lip.

"It's very charitable of you, Miss Ellersley," he said, with an accent of contempt in his low tones, "to give out-and-out cowardice the euphonious name of nervousness."

"Stop!" whispered Kate, with a decided show of disapproval. "I won't allow you to speak in that unkind manner of dear Sylvie." But her heart was somehow fluttered with triumph as she spoke the words. There was no denying that this Elbert North, Sylvie's old admirer, possessed attractions for which not even his splendid residence across the bay and his high social standing were accountable.

The storm began presently to show signs of abatement, and before another half-hour had passed a white moon came out of the breaking blackness of cloud, and lit dreamily the dripping, drenched foliage and lawn.

"Ten o'clock," said Elbert North, glancing at his watch. "They will begin to feel anxious concerning my whereabouts, over at Cedarcliffe. Mother has a habit of worrying herself whenever I am absent in the boat. After this dreadful storm, I suppose she will be quite certain that I am food for fishes."

Mrs. Laughton touched a hand-bell at her side.

"It will be quite impossible, Elbert," she said, "for you to cross the bay in the boat with which you rowed here; that will be literally full of water, you know." When the servant appeared in answer to Mrs. Laughton's summons, that lady ordered word to be given one of the men that Mr. North would require one of the boats which were always kept under cover.

After Elbert had gone that evening, and also after Mrs. Laughton had retired to bed, Sylvie and Kate remained for quite a little while together in the sitting-room.

There were yet traces of the tears of terror which Sylvie had wept on her fair, meek-eyed face.

"I wonder if Elbert noticed how frightened I was, Kate, while that fearful storm lasted?" she said, musingly, not looking at Kate just then.

"I suppose he noticed," Kate answered, with a light amiable laugh. "Those very mournful moans of yours, Sylvie, were audible, to say the least of them."

A little silence. Sylvie's eyes were fixed intently on the carpet. Presently she said, in soft, sad tones:

"I think, Kate, that Elbert North used to like me just the least in the world—as a friend, I mean. But somehow I'm sure he has got to care very little for me lately. He likes you, though, ever so much."

"Nonsense, Sylvie!" But the damask on Kate's cheek had deepened visibly.

THERE's no chance of his being here to-day, in all this wind and rain."

Sylvia Laughton spoke, standing at the sitting-room window.

More than two weeks had elapsed since the night of that savage storm which had so terrified Sylvie. The "irrepressibles" were asserting very confidently, by this time, that Elbert North's devotions were completely transferred from Mrs. Laughton's daughter to Kate Ellersley. Judging from a delicate tinge of sadness, so to term it, which seems now to have overspread Sylvie's quiet face, one might almost feel inclined to believe the gossips' statement.

"I think you are right," Kate Ellersley said. "He wouldn't dare cross the bay in such weather. Why, from where I am sitting, I can see the waves; they're perfectly enormous. He promised to come at two o'clock to-day, didn't he?"

"I believe so," was Sylvie's answer. "You know a great deal better than I do, Kate."

"What time is it now?" asked Kate, evasively.

"Just half-past one," replied Sylvie, turning to look at the little ebony clock on the mantel.

By two o'clock the gusty rain had, in a great measure, subsided, though the wind was still blowing furiously with all the strength of an equinoctial storm.

"Sylvie," said Kate, starting up from her easy-chair and throwing down the novel with which she had been engaged, "what do you say to a walk down on the shore, just to see whether Elbert North has been foolhardy enough to row over? Then, too, the air will do us lots of good; we haven't been out in so many hours. We might take our waterproofs, so that in case the rain chose suddenly to pelt down upon us, our position wouldn't be altogether defenceless."

Sylvie readily acquiesced. The girls were soon standing on the shore, looking across the bay with wildly blown skirts and draperies.

"I don't see anything of him," said Kate. "Do you?"

"No."

But the word had scarcely left Sylvie's lips when she started back with a quick, sharp exclamation.

"Kate, look there, where the waves seem highest! Don't you see something that looks like—like——"

"A lifted human hand?" finished Kate, in loud, half-shrieking tones, "and the bottom of a boat; and now, Sylvie—oh, heavens! now there is the top of a man's head! Oh, mercy, mercy! I'm sure it's Elbert—I'm sure it's he. What *is* to be done?" And the queenly, stately, peerless Kate Ellersley sank down upon the sands, powerless as a child.

"Keep up your courage, Kate," called a voice in her ear, so firmly and clearly that it was hardly recognizable as Sylvie's, "I see how matters are. He's taken a sail-boat instead of a row-boat, reckless creature that he is! I can save him, I'm sure! *Don't* faint, Kate—that is, not until I get back, my dear."

Whether Kate actually fainted or not, she is not precisely sure; but everything was very hazy for some time afterward. When, finally, she staggered to her feet, it was to see Sylvie seated in a slender row-boat, and being rocked perilously by the monstrous waves as she wielded the oars with an expert's strong hand.

For a moment Kate was perfectly paralyzed with amazement. *Could* this be fragile, timid, gentle Sylvie Laughton, whom a flash of lightning had appalled, whom a peal of thunder had made moan with terror? On went the slender little boat. God surely must have given the frail girl-hands that governed those oars just then a strength which they had never known till now.

Elbert North says that just as he had entered the boat which Sylvie so bravely brought to his assistance, Miss Laughton amazed him by fainting away. The position was awkward, but he managed to row himself ashore, after preparing a little impromptu couch for Sylvie out of his own overcoat, in the bottom of the boat. And by the time land was reached his rescuer had returned to consciousness.

"Isn't she the most splendid little creature that ever lived?" cried Kate Ellesley, appealing to Elbert, with her arms about Sylvie's neck.

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Kate did not then know how warmly Elbert's heart echoed those words; but she knew later, when it became apparent that Elbert's waning regard for Miss Laughton had suddenly regained its original depth and force, and after he had said to Sylvie certain words very much like the following:

"Can you forgive me, Sylvie Laughton, for having blamed my own heart that it should love a weak, characterless, over timid woman, and for having called you by so grossly unmerited a title? And will you believe me when I say that, to my mind, your outward womanly softness—vailing, as I know it does, a sweet strength—is more than all the languid, statuesque grandeur of Kate Ellesley?—she who laughs at a flash of lightning, but shrinks to powerlessness in the presence of real danger."

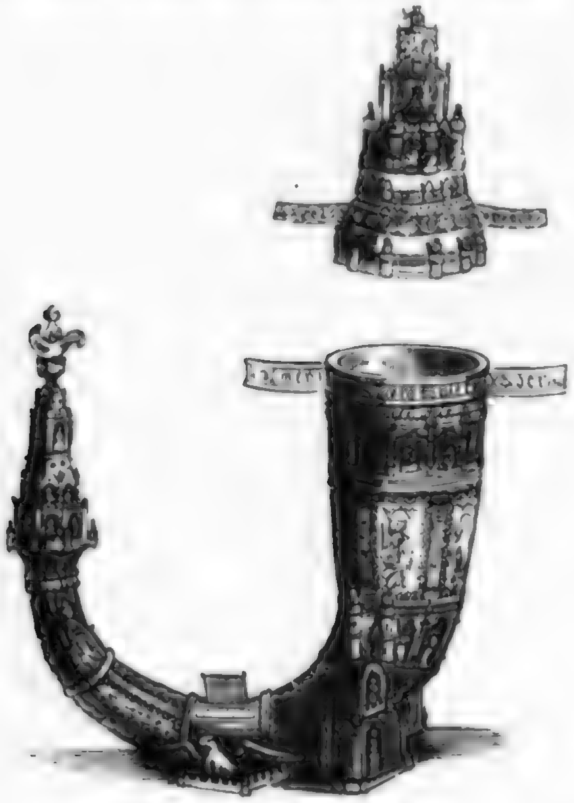
We have only to add that Sylvie's forgiveness was entire, and that Elbert North sealed what he termed his good luck with a very loving kiss indeed.

THE HORN OF OLDENBORG.

The Castle of Rosenborg, at Copenhagen—a palace of the Danish kings—is now in reality the great national museum, where many relics of early Scandinavian art are preserved. These, with the jewels, miniatures and portraits, are all arranged in chronological order.

Among the curiosities here preserved is the celebrated Horn of Oldenborg, which our readers will perceive to be a most elaborate piece of workmanship. It was executed about 1455 by Daniel Aretaens, a native of Corvey, in Westphalia, by command of Christian I. of Denmark, who intended it as a votive offering at the shrine of the Three Wise Men, or, as they are generally called, "The Three Kings of Cologne."

Christian had been made mediator between the Archbishop of Cologne and his chapter, but, failing to restore peace between prelate and canons, made an offering. And so the horn remained as an heirloom. It is an exquisite specimen of the goldsmith's art of silver-gilt, enriched with ornamentation in green and violet enamel, representing scenes of feudal domestic life at the time.



THE HORN OF OLDENBORG.

WHITE VIOLETS.

By Amanda T. Jones.

My sweetest friend I sought to please;
I led her down a cool descent,
Where trailed the boughs of ancient trees,
Most quaintly bent.

WHITE VIOLETS.

A glen we found all velvet-lined,
Whence, peering fifty fathoms down,
We saw the flashing rapids wind
Through boulders brown.

A light cascade flung crystal globes
O'er dense green moss and slender sedge,
Then flitting on in gauzy robes,
Waltzed o'er the ledge.

Full softly shone, through leaves half-furled,
And filmy, frail, spray-silvered nets,
Those loveliest blossoms in the world—
White Violets.

Oh, pure! oh, fragrant woodland things!
My friend beheld them with delight;
She lightly brushed their snowflake wings,
With hand as white.

"Fair flowers, and is it sweet," she said,
"To dwell in such a glade of dews?"
Then lower drooped her faultless head,
And seemed to muse.

"But human hearts," she murmured then,
"With cause for constant sighs are weighed,
Wherefore we yearn, though green the glen,
For deeper shade.

"And watching foamy water-jets
In mossy woods, we straightway crave,
By their attending violets,
A quiet grave."

"Kind Claire," I sighed, "the thought is thine,
Still should I pray for lengthened life,
If but that restless hand were mine,
Its queen—my wife.

"Yet softer sleep could never be
When this my pilgrimage must end,
Than under flowers beloved of thee,
My sweetest friend.

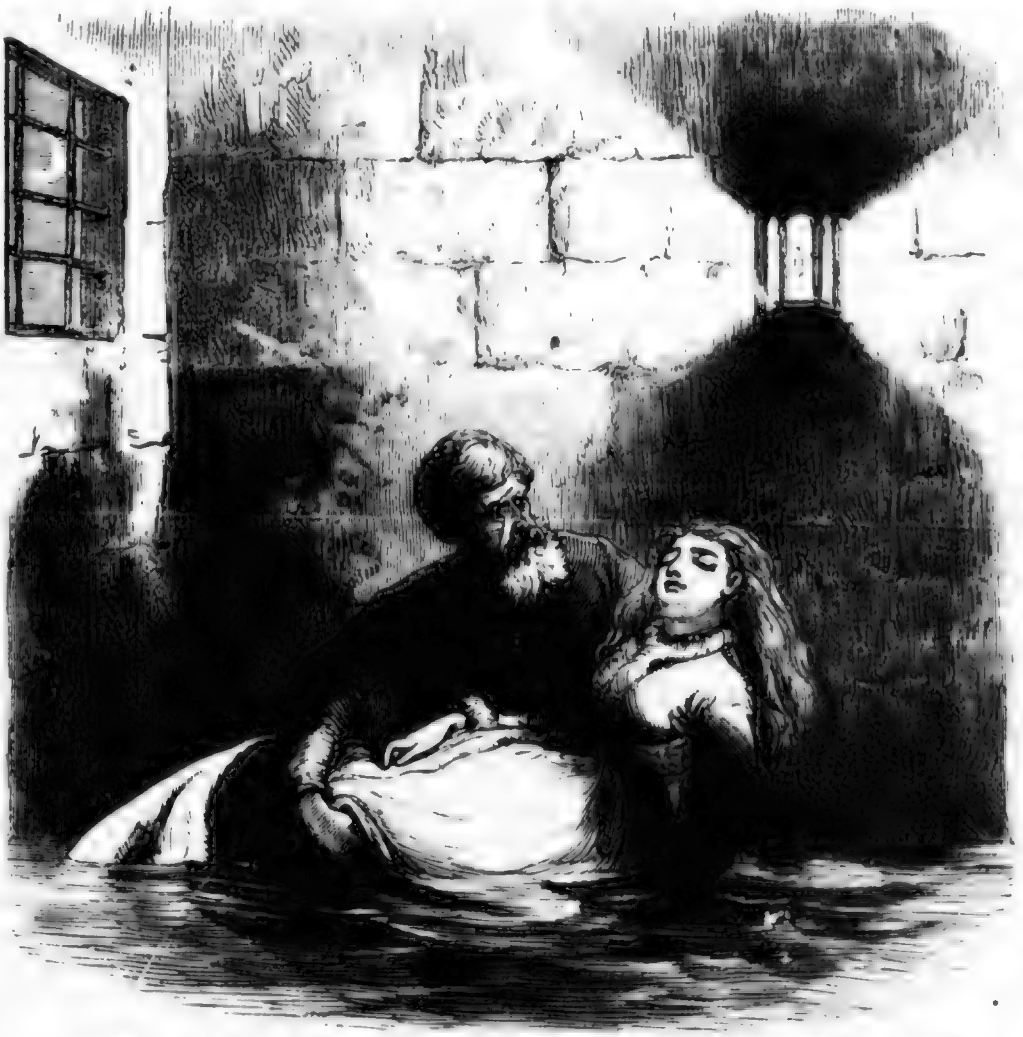
She raised a rapt, transfigured face,
"While blest with love and thee," she said,
"No more shall Claire crave resting-place
Among the dead!"

Low sang the wind through ancient bowers,
Light swayed the gauzy water-jets;
Loving and loved—oh, rarest flowers,
White violets.

THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOFF.

THE Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III.—whose marriage with the Princess of Anhalt Zerbest, afterward Catherine the Great, was brought about by her—had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Razumoffski. The youngest of these was a daughter, who was brought up in Russia under the name of the Princess Tarrakanoff.

When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Polish prince, Charles Radzivil, carried off the young princess, and took her to Italy, thinking to set her up at some future day as a pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine confiscated his estates; and, in order to live, he was compelled to sell the diamonds and other valuables he had taken with him to Italy.



THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOFF.—"THE JAILER TRIED TO SUCCOR HIS PRISONER; BUT WHEN HE SUCCEEDED IN RAISING HER UP SHE WAS DEAD!"

These resources exhausted, Radzivil set out for Poland to seek others, leaving the young princess, then in her sixteenth year, at Rome, under the care of a sort of governess or duenna.

On reaching his native country, he was offered the restoration of his property, if he would bring back his ward to Russia. He refused, but he was so base as to promise that he would take no further trouble about her, and leave her to her fate.

Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith put Alexis Orloff on the scent. He was a keen blood-hound, she well knew, and capable of any villainy that might serve his ambition. Gold unlimited was placed at his disposal, and promise of high reward if he discovered the retreat of the princess and lured her within Catherine's reach.

Orloff set out for Italy; and on arriving there he took into his employ a Neapolitan named Ribas, a sort of spy, styling himself a naval officer, who pledged himself to find the princess, but stipulated for rank in the Russian navy as his reward.

Monsieur Blanc asserts that he demanded to be made admiral at once; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding the extensive powers given him, to bestow so high a grade, or compelled by the suspicions of Ribas to produce the commission itself, wrote to Catherine, who at once sent the required document.

Whether this be exact or not, more than one historian mentions that Ribas subsequently commanded in the Black Sea as a Russian vice-admiral.

When certain of his reward, Ribas, who then had spent two months in researches, revealed the retreat of the unfortunate princess.

With some abridgment we will follow Monsieur Blanc, whose narrative agrees, in all the main points, with the most authentic versions of this touching and romantic history.

The princess was at Rome. Abandoned by Radzivil, she was reduced to the greatest penury—existing only by the aid of a woman who had been her servant, and who now served other masters.

Alexis Orloff visited her in her miserable abode, and spoke at first in the tone of a devoted slave addressing his sovereign. He told her she was the legitimate Empress of Russia; that the entire population of that great empire anxiously longed for her accession; that if Catherine still occupied the throne it was only because nobody knew where she (the princess) was hidden; and that her appearance among her faithful subjects would be a signal for the instant downfall of the usurper.

Notwithstanding her youth, the princess mistrusted these dazzling assurances; she was even alarmed by them, and held herself upon her guard.

Then Orloff, one of the most handsome men of his time, joined the seductions of love to those of ambition—he feigned a violent passion for the young girl, and swore that his life depended on his obtaining her heart and hand.

The poor isolated girl fell unresistingly into the infamous snare spread for her inexperience; she believed and loved him.

The infamous Orloff persuaded her that their marriage must be private, lest Catherine should hear of it and take

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precautions. In the night he brought to her house a party of mercenaries—some wearing the costumes of priests of the Greek Church, others magnificently attired to act as witnesses.

The mockery of a marriage was enacted. The princess willingly accompanied Alexis Orloff, whom she believed her husband, to Leghorn, where entertainments of all sorts were constantly given her.

The Russian squadron, at anchor off the port, was commanded by the English Admiral Greig. This officer, either the dupe or the accomplice of Orloff, invited the princess to visit the vessels that were soon to be commanded in her name.

She accepted, and embarked, after a banquet, amid the acclamations of an immense crowd. The cannon thundered, the sky was bright, every circumstance conspired to give her visit the appearance of a brilliant festival.

From her flag-bedecked galley she was hoisted, in a splendid armchair, on board the admiral's vessel, where she was received with the honors due to a crowned head. Until then, Orloff had never left her side for an instant.

Suddenly the scene changed!

Orloff disappeared. In place of the gay and smiling officers who, an instant previously, had obsequiously bowed before her, the unfortunate victim saw herself surrounded by men of sinister aspect, one of whom announced to her that she was prisoner by order of the Empress Catherine, and that soon she would be brought to trial for the treason she had attempted.

The prisoner thought herself in a dream. With loud cries she summoned her husband to her aid.

Her guardians laughed in her face, and told her she had had a lover but no husband, and that her marriage was a farce.

Her despair at these terrible revelations amounted to frenzy. She burst into sobs and reproaches, and at last swooned away.

They took advantage of her insensibility to put fetters on her feet and hands, and lower her into the hold. A few hours later the squadron sailed for Russia.

Notwithstanding her helplessness and entreaties, the poor girl was kept in irons until her arrival at St. Petersburg, when she was taken before the Empress, who wished to see and question her. Catherine was old; the princess was but sixteen, and of surpassing beauty; the disparity destroyed her last chance of mercy. But as there was in reality no charge against her, and as her trial might have made too much noise, Catherine, after a long and secret interview with her unfortunate prisoner, gave orders that she should be kept in the most rigorous captivity.

She was confined in one of the dungeons of a prison near the Neva. Five years elapsed. The victim of the heartless Catherine and of the villain Orloff awaited death as the only relief she could expect; but youth and a good constitution struggled energetically against torture and privations.

One night, reclining on the straw that served her as a bed, she prayed God to terminate her sufferings by taking her to Himself, when her attention was attracted by a low rumbling noise like the roll of distant thunder. She listened. The noise redoubled—it became an incessant roar, which each moment augmented in power. The poor captive desired death, and yet she felt terror; she called aloud and implored not to be left alone.

A jailer came at her cries.

She asked the cause of the noise she heard.

"'Tis nothing," replied the stupid slave; "the Neva overflowing."

"But cannot the water reach us here?"

"It is here already."

At that moment the flood, making its way under the door, poured into the dungeon, and in an instant captive and jailer were over the ankles in water.

"For heaven's sake, let us leave this!" cried the young princess.

"Not without orders, and I have received none."

"But we shall be drowned!"

"That is pretty certain. But, without special orders, I am not to let you leave this dungeon, under pain of death. In case of unforeseen danger, I am to remain with you, and to kill you, should rescue be attempted."

"Good God! the water rises! I cannot sustain myself!"

The Neva, overflowing its banks, floated enormous blocks of ice, upsetting everything in its passage, and inundating the adjacent country. The water now plashed furiously against the prison-doors. The sentinels had been carried away by the torrent, and the other soldiers on guard had taken refuge on the upper floors.

Lifted off her feet by the icy flood, which still rose higher, the unfortunate captive disappeared. The jailer, who had water to his breast, hung his lamp against the wall, and tried to succor his prisoner. But when he succeeded in raising her up she was dead!

The possibility anticipated by his employers was realized. There had been stress of circumstances, and, the princess being dead, he was at liberty to leave the dungeon. Bearing the corpse in his arms, he succeeded in reaching the upper part of the prison.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made. His was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it; if he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it for a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debt by English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers; so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold. As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain J. Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for his trouble in making them.

Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers (who were little better than

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pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was, an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date of 1652 on one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, Captain John Hull was entitled, by agreement, to put one shilling in his own pocket. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his pocket. But Captain Hull declared that he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor, that in a few years his pockets, his money-bag, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of his grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself on.

When the mint-master was grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name we do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding.

With this round, rosy Miss Betsy did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way, "you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plain coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow.

On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropt close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging a large pair of scales. They were such as wholesale merchants use; a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "go into one side of the scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of a why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, for four children to play hide-and-seek in.

The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted the ponderous lid! Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in Massachusetts' treasury. But it was the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, emptied the contents on the floor, placed the chest in one scale, and filled it up with the coin, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful were thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell," cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in his grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank heaven for her, for it is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver."

THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.

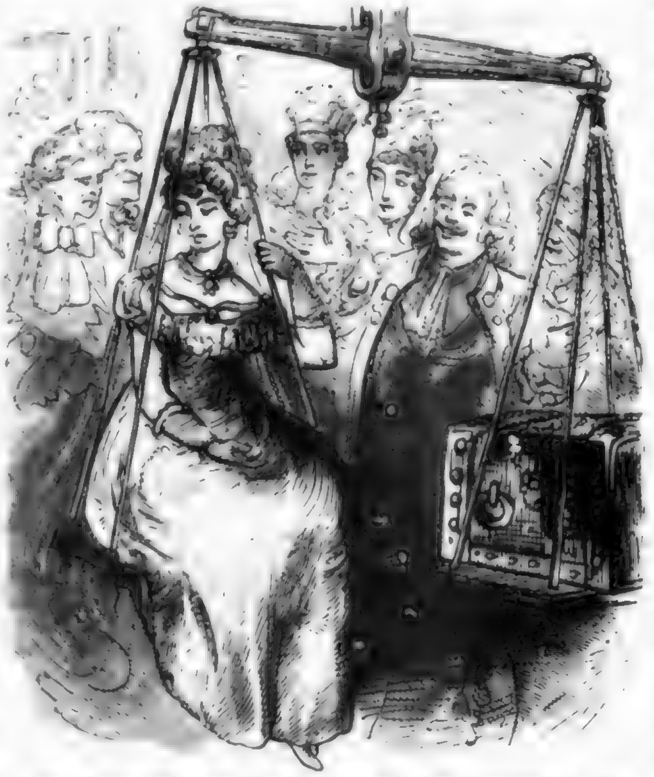
ON a clear, Autumn day, long ago, a man dressed in the garb of a hunter was making his way through the cane brakes of Southern Ohio. It was one of those balmy days in Indian Summer, the most delightful season of the year. That peculiar mellow haze, resembling faint smoke, was filtering slowly down through the tree-tops, and resting upon the distant hills, while the atmosphere had all the delicious languor of the twilight of a northern Summer. The sky was as blue as Italy's, and unflecked by a single cloud, while the surface of the Ohio was as smooth and unruffled as a lake of silver. Everything wore the air of repose, and as the hunter sauntered carelessly forward, his long, formidable rifle resting upon his shoulder, he, too, seemed to breathe in the tranquil influence of the scene. It was in those days when a hunter's gun was not brought into play against anything more insignificant than the deer, bear, or, perhaps, the red Indian; and thus it was that the squirrel chirruped upon the limb in his very face without fear, and even the deer, as he came down to the creek and quaffed his full, raised his antlered head and surveyed the apparition of the stealthy hunter a moment, and then, turning his leathern sides towards him, walked leisurely away without disturbance from his weapon.

"That was a chance such as is not often given a hunter," he muttered, as he leaned upon his rifle. "I could have sent a bullet tearing through your heart-strings as you turned your side towards me. But you need fear nothing. Four of your companions have already fallen to-day, and I have no desire to shoot any more."

He removed his coon-skin cap from his head, and with his bronzed hand brushed off the perspiration from his forehead, and then, raising his eyes, he gazed about him.

"It seems a sin to pull trigger in such a quiet place as this. I've no wish to see the blood of any creeter, human or otherwise, and that's why I didn't draw bead on that beautiful fellow that showed his horns a minute ago. It's all wrong at such a time as this."

Near by a small spring of icy-cold water bubbled from



THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.—"PLUMP AND PONDEROUS AS SHE WAS, THEY WEIGHED THE YOUNG LADY FROM THE FLOOR."—SEE PAGE 182.

beneath the black roots of an oak. Approaching this, the hunter leaned his rifle against the tree, and depositing his cap on the ground, lay down on his face and commenced drinking the delicious fluid. As his face touched and ruffled the surface, he saw his own sunburnt features reflected in it, queerly and grotesquely, from the disturbance of this natural mirror. The hunter saw this, we say, and, had his mouth been in proper shape, he would have smiled at the fantastic reflection of his own visage; and, in addition to this, he would also have noticed the figures of several other faces appear on the margin of the mirror—three copper-colored visages, gleaming with great exultation. But though the hunter saw not this, his quick ear detected the breaking of a twig, and, starting up, he found himself surrounded by full a dozen Indians, several of whom were boys, and one an extremely old man. Besides their being armed, they also possessed his own rifle, so that when summoned to surrender he did so with the best grace possible.

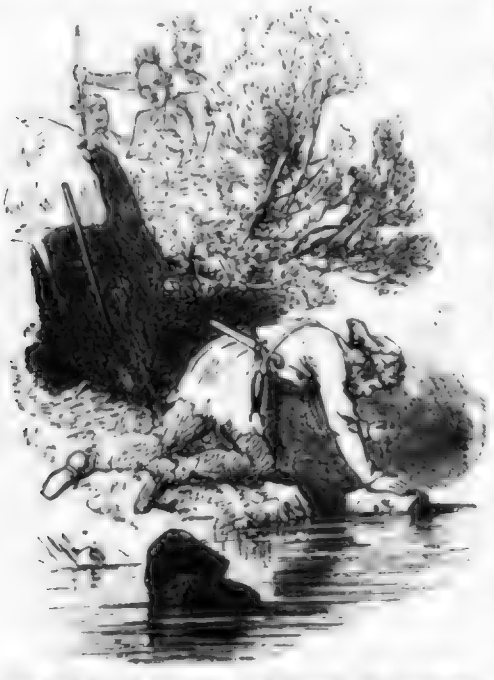
The captors displayed the greatest joy over the prize which they had secured, and indeed their prisoner was a prize of which any band of Indians might well be proud, for he was no less a personage than Captain Cassady, whose name is inseparably connected with the history of our frontier. Their first proceeding was firmly to secure his hands behind him, and to start southward with him. Crossing the Ohio, they plunged into the wilderness, and traveled two days without halting, except for a few minutes at the time. At the end of this period they selected a place to camp for several hours. Captain Cassady was lashed to a tree, by thongs passing around his waist, in addition to those by which his hands were already bound, and left in charge of the old Indian and the boys, while all the warriors departed on a hunting expedition.

Captain Cassady possessed all the patience, hope and cunning of the veteran ranger, and he stood with his back to the tree through the entire afternoon, without a murmur, or even a word, escaping him; but all the time his keen eyes were never removed from the Indian and the boys. He knew the warriors would return shortly after dark, and that, if he intended to do anything towards effecting his escape, it would have to be done while they were absent. Accordingly, when the eyes of his captors were removed from him, he tugged away at the thongs which bound him, and after several hours' stealthy efforts, he found, to his unspeakable joy, that they were loosened, and his hands were free.

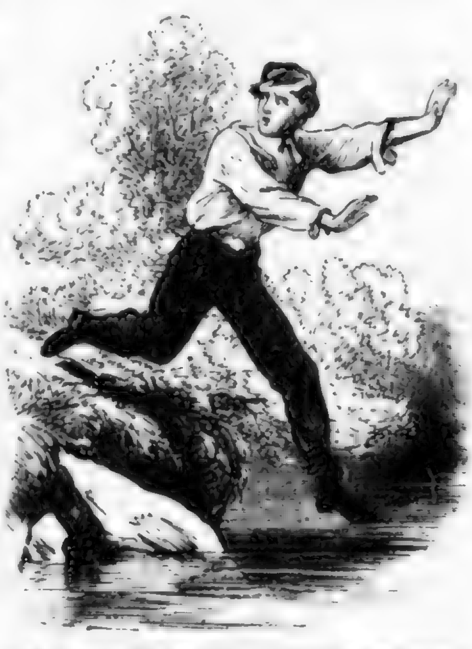
Carefully avoiding any movement which could attract the attention of those around him, he toiled away at the thongs which bound his waist. As the twilight came on, he grew bolder in his efforts, and soon freed himself entirely of his bands. Providentially, at this moment, the old Indian sent off the boys to collect some sticks for kindling a fire. They were absent some time, during which the old man grew drowsy and commenced nodding forward. No circumstances could have conspired to make a more favorable opportunity for Cassady. Stepping carefully from the tree—so carefully, indeed, that the ear of the old Indian (then the most wakeful, as his senses were nearly asleep) failed to detect his cat-like tread. It was not until the hunter had stooped and picked up a gun and pouch that the drowsy sentinel looked up. This look merely afforded him a glance of his retreating figure as he plunged into the forest with the speed of a deer, and disappeared.

A long, shrill, tremulous whoop from the throat of the old Indian awoke the echoes of the forest arches, and lent wings to the hunter's flight. Scarce ten minutes had elapsed when every one of the Indians who had started out to hunt rushed into camp, so close were they at the time of his departure. Cassady knew they would soon be upon his trail, and, with the intention of throwing them off, he took an opposite direction from that leading towards his home.

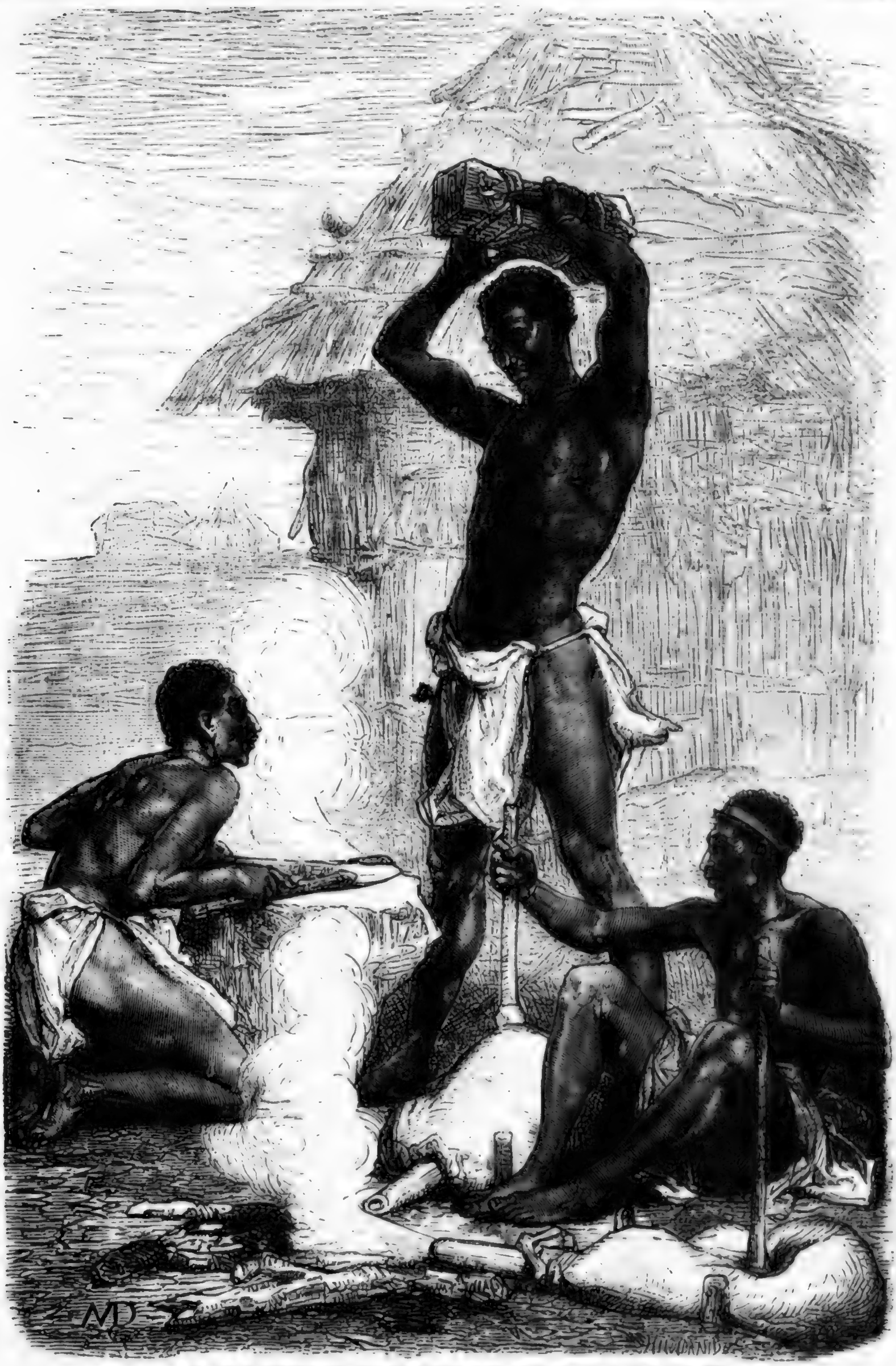
So soon as it was dark enough to conceal his tracks, he changed his course so as to proceed toward the Ohio river. Away he sped, like a frightened deer, now seating himself for a moment upon some log, and, with a panting heart, listening for the sounds of his pursuers; then starting up as the falling leaf was mistaken for their stealthy tread; now looking



THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.—SURPRISED BY INDIANS.



THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.—"CASSADY PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER."



A FORGE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.—MANGANJA BLACKSMITH AT WORK.—SEE PAGE 186.

back through the gloomy aisles of the wood, and fancying a score of inanimate objects so many of his enemies, and again speeding away, until, convinced that he was beyond all danger, he dropped down to a slow walk, and leisurely continued his flight.

At this instant the stillness of the night was broken in the distance by that long, dreadful cry of the Indian bloodhound which was upon his trail! The most intense darkness could avail nothing against the wonderful power of scent possessed by this brute, and a new terror accelerated the

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flight of Cassady. Close behind this terrible animal could be heard the Indians themselves, speeding along with such swiftness that the hunter felt he was lost.

But at this moment he reached the bank of a stream, which flowed in the right direction, and, plunging in the water, he waded down it some distance, when he crossed to the opposite side. He had hardly done so when the bay of the animal betrayed that he, too, had reached the river; but he was at fault, for no training could have enabled him to follow the trail through the water. The Indians, however, suspecting he had crossed, followed, and sent the dog up and down the shore in search of the lost scent; but the hunter had come out at such a long distance below where he had entered, that it required considerable time to discover it. When the trail was found it was almost immediately lost, for Cassady had taken to the water again; but the relentless pursuers, with a remarkable tenacity, continued the chase all through that night and the succeeding day until evening, when the hunter reached the Ohio.

At this very moment the Indians were so close that, although so exhausted that he could hardly stand, Cassady plunged into the river and commenced swimming across. When in the centre his strength began to give way, and he felt he should never be able to reach the other shore. But he struggled desperately, and his strokes grew weaker and weaker, until, in despair, he dropped his feet, intending to sink to the bottom and drown. But as he did so he touched bottom, and, with renewed hope, he waded to land, where, seeking some safe place, he threw himself upon the ground, so jaded and worn out that, had the bloodhound bayed a few rods behind him, he would have attempted to go no further. When he awoke, it was broad daylight, and his limbs were so stiffened that he could barely walk; but the pursuit was now ended, and he timed his progress to his strength, and, at the end of three days, reached his home.

The Captain Cassady of whom the above incident is told was, as we hinted at the commencement of our sketch, a prominent man on our frontier. He settled within a short distance of where Flemingsburg now stands, the place being called Cassady's Station in honor of him. At one time he represented his county in the Legislature, with great ability and credit, and there are many living at this day who remember well the valiant defender of the border.

A FORGE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Manganja Blacksmiths at Work.

LIVINGSTON and the other travelers whom his persistent daring in the cause of religion and science drew to the same field have made us familiar with much of the life, customs, and degree of advancement from the lowest depths of barbarism among the various tribes that people the interior of Africa. These various nations afford curious subjects of study. Students of the early progress of the race make the stone age followed by the bronze and then by the iron. In America the natives never reached a bronze or iron age, but in some parts were workers in gold and silver. Africa has her iron age, and the useful metal is rudely wrought by men who in all else are almost as low as we can well fancy, if we except their use of domestic animals.

Our illustrations, from one of Livingston's last rough but bold sketches, shows with what little aid in the way of apparatus these rude negroes conquered difficulties that the American Indian, living in a land of coal and iron, never surmounted. A yellow hematite abounds all over the part of Africa occupied by the Manganja, and there are villages, one may say, wholly made up of smiths. Livingston found one such on the Mando, a little stream flowing into the Bua. The people of the village were very industrious, and the work at the forges went on steadily from early dawn to nightfall. The exhibition of sustained toil would be strange even among negroes in America, but was still more strange in Africa. Although working in iron, they had risen so far as to make iron hammers or anvils. The hammer plied so vigorously and steadily was simply a large stone, bound with the strong inner bark of a tree, in such a manner as to form loops on the side, which were grasped by the sinewy hands of the smith. The anvil was a larger stone sunk partly into the ground. The tongs was formed of two pieces of bark; the bellows of two goat-skins, with sticks at the open ends, which are opened and shut at every blast. It was curious, indeed, to see men who mined iron ore, and extracted the metal, go on in their rude primitive way with stones and bark, and never making use of iron to facilitate the work. Yet even with their rude process, as the metal is good, they succeed in turning out several hoes every day.

At another village he found that the blacksmiths were also, in all cases, ironfounders, and that a good European blacksmith would be at a loss, and utterly useless, unless he could begin by smelting the ore.

The iron trade is not of recent introduction; indeed, Livingston thought it must have been carried on for an immense time in that country, as in his marches he seldom went a quarter of a mile without meeting pieces of slag and broken pots, calcined pipes, and fragments of furnaces. burned into bricks by the action of fire. Iron hammers seem not unknown, although he nowhere mentions their use; he found that while *kane* meant a stone hammer, there was a distinct word, *nyundo*, for an iron one.

THE SEA-GULL IN CAPTIVITY.

INTERESTING as sea-gulls are in their wild state, they are more so in captivity, where they not only display their natural characteristics, but generally develop others which are interesting to all lovers of the domestic tribe.

The writer of this article placed one of these birds in a house where "a local habitation and a name" have always been given to every description of pet, and, after much discussion, he was called Peter; in a short time he not only knew but answered to his name. The cook soon won the confidence and affection of the pretty sea-gull; and with one exception, to be mentioned presently, no other living creature is admitted to its friendship. In fact, Peter is a very exclusive and independent bird.

His early days were uneventful. As no restraint whatever was put on his liberty, he soon began to make use of his wings, and while flying high in the air, above the garden, the peculiar and plaintive cry, so well known to those who have visited a coast where gulls abound, was distinctly heard. This went on for some time, Peter flying off, occasionally for a whole day, but always returning in the evening. One morning, however, after his usual breakfast of fish, he flew away and did not return in the evening as before. There were no signs of him the next day, and we gave him up for lost, supposing that he had deserted us for the more congenial society of his own species. But we did Peter an injustice. About three weeks after his departure, one of our friends passing by a cottage garden not very far from our house, recognized Peter's cry, or, at any rate, the cry of a gull. On making inquiries, we found out that, about the time of Peter's loss, a gull had been captured by some boys bathing in the harbor, and given to the owner of the cottage, who cut its wings and kept it in confinement. On seeing the bird we at once recognized Peter, who was readily given up.

Some time ago we left the place and brought Peter with us inland, where, in spite of the change and colder climate, he is wonderfully well and lively. He has grown into a very fine bird, and is exceedingly interesting, his habits being often a great source of amusement to all who know him. Located as he is now, in a country place, among dogs, ducks, and poultry, with plenty of liberty, but well looked after, Peter has become quite domesticated, after his own fashion. During the last Winter he was allowed by his friend the cook to come into the kitchen and sit before the fire, where a small piece of carpet was placed for him. Peter took possession of this, entirely excluding two small kittens from any share in it. To these little animals he was quite a tyrant. If they attempted to sit on any part of his carpet, he drove them away; they were permitted to sit as near as they pleased to the edge of the carpet, but not on it. He invariably took away from them sticks or anything else that they began to play with; and on one occasion kept one of the kittens a prisoner in a drain-pipe into which it had run. No sooner was it in than Peter, always on the alert, took up his station outside, and there kept guard, pecking the kitten every time it tried to come out, until he was seen and the kitten rescued. In fact, they had a very bad time of it while in Peter's society.

Another occupant of the kitchen, however, found more favors with him. This was a retriever pup, now a very large dog, and the friend and companion of a sea-gull! To see these two together is most amusing. Whenever the dog lies down anywhere near Peter, he does not long remain unmolested; the bird leisurely walks up to him, and at once begins to pull his hair and peck his tail every time it moves. To all this the good-tempered dog makes no objection—in fact, Peter can do what he likes with him. He will sometimes sit on his back, at others lie down close to his side, or even between his fore-paws, and when the dog is taking his food, run off with portions of it from the plate, a liberty that none of the poultry dare take.

This is a very strange friendship, but not altogether an unusual one. Almost all animated beings are so fond of society of some kind or other, that, when they cannot get that of their own species, they will select creatures of a very different character, and often form very strong attachments for them. Morris mentions a tame gull that was kept in a garden, where it made a great friend of a terrier dog. Gawel speaks of another that made great friends with a pair of silver pheasants. But the most curious anecdote of a gull is given by Mr. Donaldson in "The Naturalist." This bird acquired a taste for sparrows, and scarcely a day passed on which he did not regale himself with four or five. His system of catching them was this: He was on the best of terms with a number of pigeons, and, as the sparrows fed along with them, he mixed in the grays, and, by stooping, assumed as much as possible their appearance, and then set at the sparrow as a pointer dog would do at his game; the next instant he had his prey by the back and swallowed it without giving it time to shut its eyes. The sporting season with him began about the middle of July, as the young birds were leaving their nests. This was, however, rather a mercenary friendship.

Peter will not fraternize with the pigeons: he seems to object to them and the hens as much as he did to the kittens, as he never allows them to come near him without pecking at them savagely. At the same time, he swims about in the same water with the ducks, but takes no notice of them whatever. As a rule, he spends most of the day by himself, either swimming about in the water or else standing close to its edge; but when he is at all hungry he walks up to the yard and stands under one of the kitchen-windows, looking out for his friend the cook. The moment he catches sight of her he begins to make his peculiar, plaintive cry, throwing up his head every time it is uttered. If nothing, however, is given to him, he will very often make a great noise in a curious manner. Bending his neck so as to get his head close to the ground, and almost between his legs, he will throw it up and make a sort of chuckling sound, unlike anything I have ever heard before. Whether it is a sign of anger or impatience, or whether it is merely done to attract attention, I am unable to say.

Like most gulls, Peter will eat almost anything, although, in his younger days, nothing would satisfy him but fresh fish. Now he is not so particular; he will eat meat, young chickens, and even small rats and mice: the latter he seems to have a great relish for. At one time he lived on nothing but snails and slugs. This was after his removal from the coast, for, being so far inland, we could no longer supply him with the fish he had been accustomed to, and for a few days we were afraid he would starve, as nothing seemed to suit his taste; but he very soon got used to a different fare, and now there is no trouble whatever in finding food for him.

At first, when fish was his only food, he seldom swallowed it without previously soaking it in his water, and now almost everything he eats goes through the same process. Until lately, I gave Peter the credit of being a very clean bird, especially as the snails, which he took great pains to wash, were mostly covered with dirt and particles of earth. But now I am inclined to think that the washing is in some cases necessary to enable the bird to swallow. A short time ago, a dead chicken was given to Peter, which he carried off to his water and wetted well, before he attempted to swallow it. A few days after, he picked up a couple of young rats that had been killed in a trap, and took them one by one to the water, and then, after his usual process, easily disposed of them. I have already said that he is very fond of mice, and sometimes he has two or three for his breakfast; but often, in his eagerness, he will take the mouse first offered to him, and swallow it dry—a difficult process, apparently, as it is not repeated; the second and third, if he gets them, are always taken to the water, to be well soaked before deglutition. He invariably takes the rat or mouse head first, so that he has some little trouble in getting the tail down, if it is at all long.

Both locality and food seem to agree with Peter extremely well, for a finer bird could not be seen anywhere; moreover, he seems to be very well contented with his solitary life, and, when nothing interferes with him, is very quiet, although occasionally rather mischievous. He is not allowed to come into the kitchen now, but whenever he gets a chance he marches in after his friend the cook, always attacking anyone who attempts to turn him out or prevent his coming in. He runs about after the cook just as a dog would; the moment he hears her voice, he utters his peculiar cry, and runs up to her; but if anyone else speaks to him he pays not the slightest attention.

Every night he is put into a small yard where the ducks are kept, but not content, like them, to rest on the ground, he has a special bed for himself—a little pillar of loose bricks, placed on top of a hen-coop. He has always shown a desire to sit on anything raised from the ground, such as a mound of earth or heap of stones; whether it is prompted by instinct or peculiar fancy I cannot tell.

Altogether, the bird is one of the most interesting pets we have ever had, and as I have heard of a gull living thirteen years in confinement, it is not unreasonable to hope that, with care and attention, we may be able to keep Peter for many years to come, not only as an amusement but as a study.

Those who never keep animals or birds of any kind, little know what a great amount of real pleasure they lose; besides the opportunities of acquiring information that may

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be useful, and making observations which are almost sure to be rewarded by the discovery of some new and interesting facts. It is a great mistake to suppose that even the familiar animals around us are already so well known as to afford no possibility of learning anything fresh about them. The intelligent principle in the lower creation, which we call instinct, is very often brought into play, and largely developed by situation and force of circumstances, as every observant lover of nature knows. Numerous instances of this are to be found in all works on natural history, but in the book of nature itself the careful student will find many beauties and unknown facts that will amply repay his labors. The works of creation, animate or inanimate, are so full of such varied interest to those who study them, whether for the advancement of science or merely for their own recreation, that it is impossible to select any field of observation, however limited, in which there is not something to be discovered.

THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR AND THE SWIMMING-BELL.

The wonders of nature are so numerous, that it is a very small number that even the most learned can see, much less study. The two curious specimens we have engraved are very common in the Gulf of Mexico and the warmer regions of the ocean. The *Physalia Pelagica*, the large object represented in the illustration, is vulgarly known as the Portuguese man-of-war. It is an oblong bladder of tough membrane, varying considerably in shape, and hence no two original figures agree in this respect. They also vary considerably in size; generally there is a conspicuous difference between the two extremities of the bladder, one end being rounded, while the other is more pointed, or is terminated by a small knob-like swelling or beak-shaped excrescence, where there is a minute orifice. This bladder is filled with air, and therefore floats almost wholly on the surface. Along the upper side, nearly from end to end, runs a ridge of thin membrane, which is capable of being erected at the will of the animal to a considerable height, fully equal to the entire width of the bladder, when it represents an arched fore-and-aft sail, the bladder being the hull. From the bottom of the bladder, near the thickest extremity, where the membrane is thicker, depends a crowded mass of organs, most of which take the form of very slender, highly contractile, and movable threads, which hang down into the deep to a depth of several feet, and sometimes to many yards. The colors of this curious creature are very splendid and vivid, of various hues—blue, gold, crimson, green, and purple.

The sail-like or upper erectile membrane is transparent, tinted towards the edge with a lovely rose-pink hue, the colors arranged in a peculiar fringe-like manner.

When examined anatomically the bladder is found to be composed of two walls of membrane, which are lined with cilia, and have between the nutritive fluid which supplies the place of blood.

The most peculiar thing about this remarkable little creature is its powers of inflicting pain, through the instrumentality of its tentatives, which sting with a force scarcely credible. Some have felt pain up to their shoulder for a day or so, from the mere effects of the tentacula remaining clasped around the fingers for a short time. Cases have occurred where even the breathing has been affected. For some hours afterwards the skin displayed white elevations on the parts stung, similar to that produced by the stinging-nettle. Such is the virus of these tentacles that they benumb fishes when they fasten upon them.

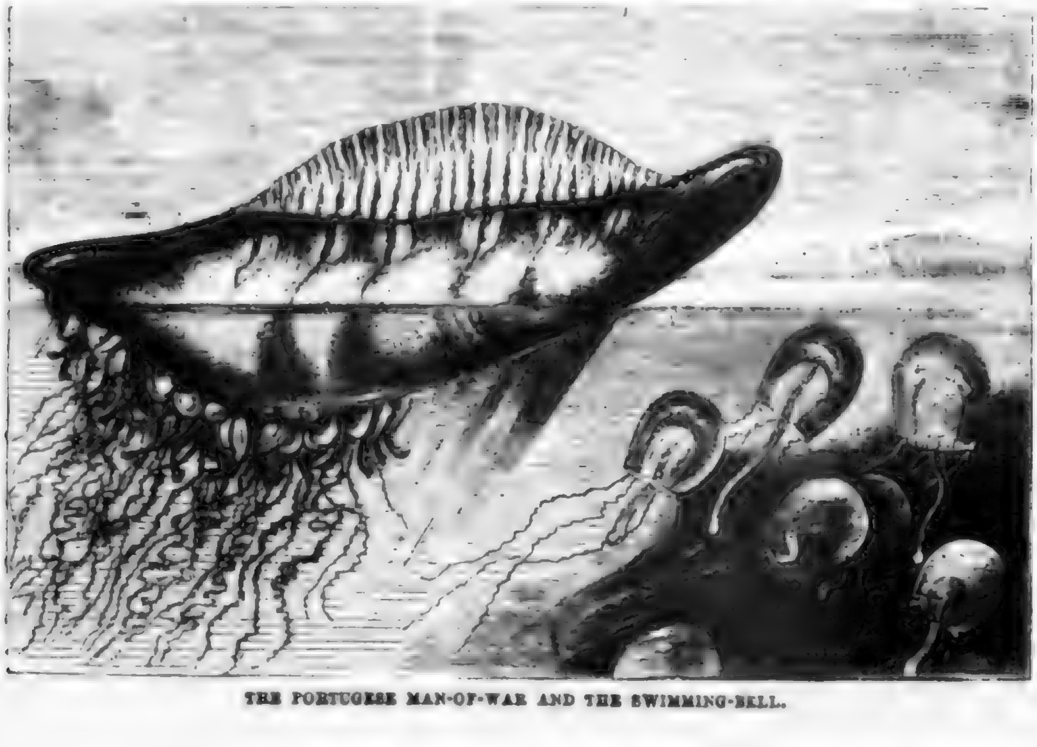
The Nectocalyx or swimming-bell, is sometimes called the Tongued Sarsia. A group is represented on the right hand of the Physalia. This strange thing is a dome of crystaline, colorless flesh, thick at the summit and thinning off at the edges; their average size is half an inch in height. From the interior of this dome hangs the single polyphite, exactly as the clapper hangs from the top of a bell. It is capable of seizing and sucking in an object much larger than themselves. Their powers of locomotion are very wonderful. By rapid pump-like contractions of their bell-like shape, they dart along with wonderful rapidity. The summit of the bell always goes foremost.

TINTORETTO AT HOME.

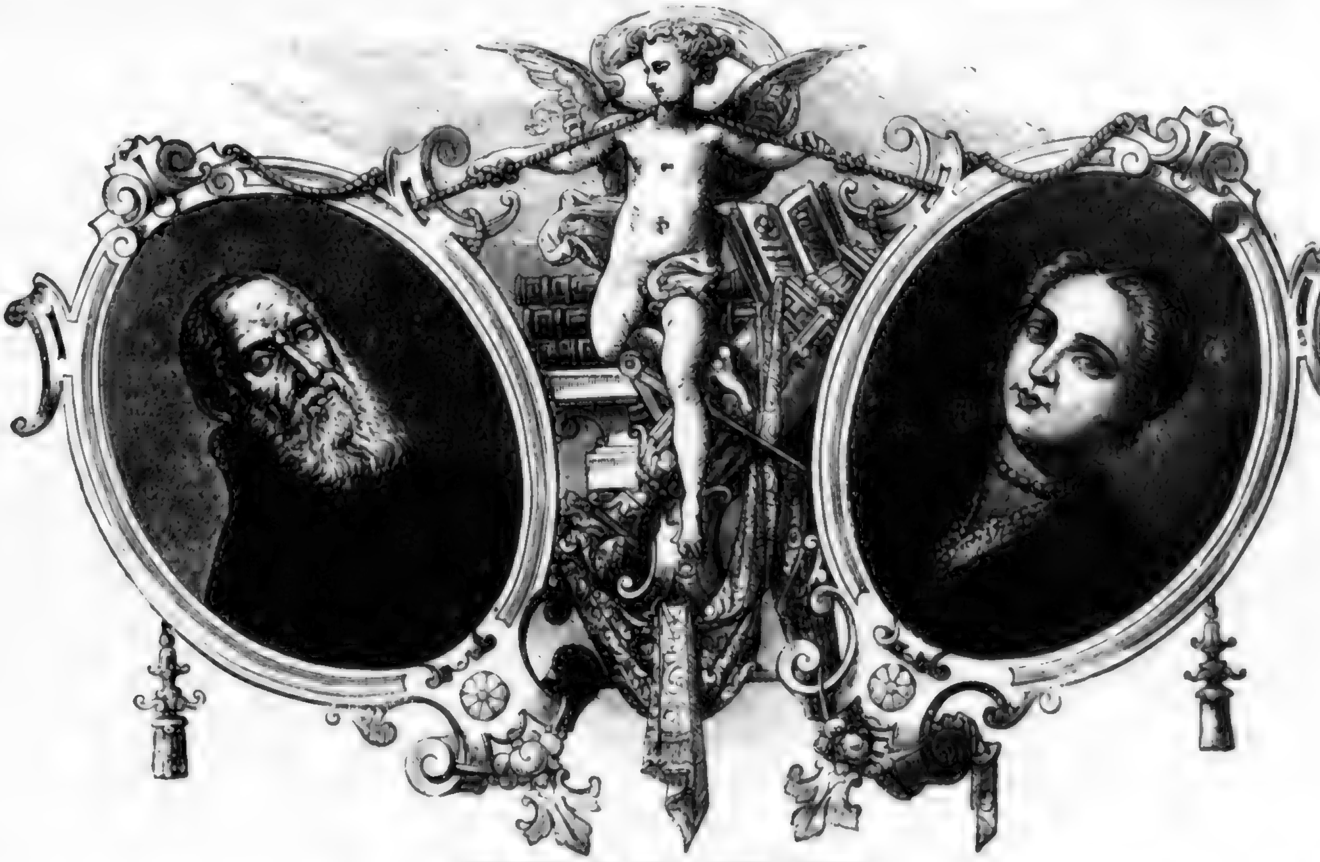
It is impossible for a sojourner in Venice to have spent hours in front of those colossal canvases of Tintoretto—hours which have gradually brought him into something like personal acquaintance with that wonderful man—without longing for some details of the sort of life passed by him in that small but not inelegant dwelling, which may still be discovered by the curious in a distant and out-of-the-way quarter of the strangely beautiful sea-city.

But little can be found to gratify this desire. But some fragments may be gathered by a careful searcher for them. And as this gathering has never yet been done, as far as the present writer is aware, and any English inquirer is little likely to have the time and means needed for doing it for himself, it may perhaps be not unacceptable that it should be done for him here.

The house in which the painter passed the latter years of his life, and in which he died, was purchased on his behalf by his father-in-law, Pietro Episcopi, on the 8th of June, 1574, the contract of which purchase is still extant. There is also extant a return made by Tintoretto of his property for the purpose of taxation, in which the rent of the house is stated at twenty ducats a month, subject to deduction on account of a mortgage to the amount of five hundred ducats,



THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR AND THE SWIMMING-BELL.



TINTORETTO AND HIS DAUGHTER MARIETTA.

bearing interest at six per cent., due to the person from whom the property was bought. The above estimate of the value of the house at twenty ducats a month is a startling one. The ducat was about equal to $2.50, and it is generally held that the nominal value of money at the beginning of the sixteenth century must be multiplied at least by ten, in order to find its worth in the nominal value of our own day. And thus calculating it, we should have the rent of Tintoretto's small house stated at $6,000 a year in our present money—which is, of course, utterly out of the question. It is true that the return states the rent at twenty ducats, without any such word as "monthly" or "annually." And if, as to our notions would seem a matter of course, the *annual* value were intended, the rent of the house would have been equivalent to $500 of our money, which is quite as much as one would have supposed. But there is this difficulty. How could a mortgage, the annual interest of which was thirty ducats, be secured on a property the annual rent of which was twenty ducats? And that in a country where mortgages are never permitted to approach so nearly to the limit of the value of the property mortgaged as they often do with us. It is clear that this could not be. In my difficulty on the subject I carried the passage of the return to my friend Signor Velludo, the able and always obliging librarian of St. Mark's library. And he at once declared that the twenty ducats named in the return must be understood to be the monthly value, and that such a manner of speaking was quite in accordance with Venetian habitudes. Still it is totally impossible to suppose that the small house in question in a distant quarter of Venice was worth the equivalent of $6,000 a year! And we can only come to the conclusion, either that the return was a fictitious one, or that whatever may have been the case in other communities where money was scarcer, the rule of multiplying nominal amounts of the sixteenth century by ten, in order to find the equivalent value in the money of our own day, must be wholly fallacious as regards the wealthy commercial city of Venice. Nevertheless, the former explanation seems to be the more probable one. And other facts relative to the methods in use at that period for rating property for the purpose of taxation seem to show that such is likely to have been the case. I believe upon the whole that the value of the house stated at twenty ducats was meant to be the yearly value; but that that sum was *very* far below the real value, probably to the extent of being only a third part of it. And it is to be observed that this under-valuation could not have been, at all events, altogether fraudulent, inasmuch as the return contains on the face of it the statement, that a mortgage of which the annual interest was thirty ducats was secured on the property. We must conclude, therefore, that it was systematical, and recognized that the return for rating was in all cases very much below the real value.

Tintoretto returns himself as the possessor also of a small farm situated in the immediate neighborhood of Mestre, of which the produce (payable from the farmer to the landlord) was seventeen quarters of wheat and fourteen tuns of wine; and as *honoraries* due from the farmer according to custom, one goose, fifty eggs, two pairs of hens, two pairs of chickens, and one ham. On this farm there was also a mortgage of four hundred ducats at six per cent.

Tintoretto left his property to his wife for her life, and then to his children generally, with, as it should seem, certain powers of appointment by the widow. The painter had two sons, Domenico and Marco, and five daughters, Marietta, two named Ottavia, Perinna, and Laura. Domenico, well-known as a more than respectable artist, who worked with and assisted his father in several of his later works, especially in the great "Paradiso," in the *Sala del Maggiore Consiglio*, eventually became the owner and occupier of the house in Venice. Marco seems to have been a ne'er-do-weel. And his mother exercised in respect to him the right of "conditioning"—as the phrase in her will has it—his share of his father's property. He is left in fact in a sort of tutelage to the discretion of his brother Domenico. Nothing further is heard of him.

Marietta, whom we shall have occasion to return to again, died before her father, in 1590, at the age of thirty. She was married to one Mario Augusta, a jeweller (reckoned in those days as much entitled to rank as an *artist* as a painter), but she does not seem to have left any offspring.

Perinna and one of the Ottavias became nuns in the con-

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vent of St. Ann, in Venice. They are by the widow's will recommended to the care of their brother Domenico. These two poor women piously worked in silk embroidery a copy of their father's great picture of the Crucifixion, at St. Rocco, for an altar-covering for the chapel of their convent. And there remained a constant tradition among the sisterhood that one of them became blind (as may well be believed) from laboring in that truly tremendous task. Zabeo saw this embroidery in 1813. Of Laura nothing is known save that she survived—but probably not for many years—her father and her mother.

The other Ottavia was married to a German painter of the name of Casser; and she became ultimately the possessor of the family property. Domenico had intended to bequeath the house in which his father had lived and labored, together with the large, and at that day important, collection of casts from the antique and from the works of Michael Angelo, as an academy for the painters of Venice. But he was led to change his mind; and by will, dated 20th of October, 1630, left the entire property to his sister Ottavia, the wife of Sebastian Casser. Domenico died in 1637. Ottavia outlived all her brothers and sisters, and by a will, dated 8th October, 1645, bequeathed everything to her husband. And by their lineal descendants the house was possessed and inhabited up to the year 1835, and a year or two longer. In that year it was occupied by two brothers, Angelo and Andrea Casser. But very shortly afterwards it passed to persons of another name and family. It would seem, however, either that Sebastian Casser, the German painter, had relatives of the same name settled in Venice in the fifteenth century, or that there are still many descendants of Tintoretto living. For Casser is at the present day by no means an uncommon name in Venice.

The long room at the top of the house, which tradition declares to have been the studio of the painter, is still pointed out, though the great changes which the interior of the house has evidently undergone render one rather sceptical as to any very accurate certainty on this subject. We hear much from the contemporaries of the great painter, or more immediately from those who came after them in the succeeding generation, of the solitariness of Tintoretto's habits in his studio, of the jealousy with which he excluded visitors, and of the secrecy he maintained with respect to the processes used by him. All this was entirely in accordance with the common notions and practices of that day, not only as regarded the art of painting, but as regarded every other art and even handicraft. It was an age when artisans and artists *had* to discover processes and methods for themselves; and when they had succeeded in doing so, it is intelligible that they should have been anxious to reap the whole advantage of their discoveries. And of course the next thing that occurred in natural sequence was that an immense amount of humbug mixed itself up with the matter. Tintoretto *did* employ novel processes, unfortunately, and they were processes (adopted with a view to increased speed in execution) which he may well have been unwilling that others should spy the secret of. It were to be wished much that the secret had remained one, and had died with him! We should not then have been vexed by all the black canvases of the school of the *tenebrosi!* The genius, the creative imagination, the power that *did* die with him, no spying into the secrets of his workshop could have made the spyers any the better for.

And, after all, Tintoretto may have had abundance of other reasons than jealousy of his secrets to make a stern rule against intrusion beyond the sacred threshold of his studio. He was wont to spend many hours there, even when not at work, in solitary meditation. And many anecdotes were current, which show that he could ill brook the importunity of blockheads, when his mind and fancy were busy with the work of creation. When he was painting the great picture of the "Paradiso," a work which could not be executed in any ordinary studio, it was impossible to prevent, at all events, the senators of the Republic from coming to look at the progress of the work. Upon one occasion a knot of these grandees, after watching him at work for awhile, ventured to ask why he made such large sweeps of the brush, when it was well known that Titian, Bellini, etc., had been content to work with comparatively minute touches. "It must be," said the over-taxed artist, looking up from his work into the face of his persecutors, "because those lucky fellows had not so many visitors to drive them nearly out of their senses!"

Nevertheless, the elegant little home at the foot of the Ponte di Mori was by no means a cheerless or dull abode. The life within it offered a very striking and favorable contrast to that which might have been observed in the home that poor unhappy Andrea del Sarto made for himself. Tintoretto's home-life was essentially—we learn from Ridolfi, and may glean from other sources—a sober, dignified, and staid one. It was an age when cakes and ale were abundant, especially at Venice—an age of license and much riotous living. But from all such roystering Tintoretto held himself entirely aloof. But none the less, as has been said, were there happy hours of genial intercourse and cheerful pleasure in Tintoretto's home. Music formed a leading feature of those pleasant hours. The old man was himself a performer, and had invented sundry improvements in various instruments.

But doubtless the great centre of attraction and the animating soul of those happy evenings was the painter's gifted daughter Marietta. Marietta was born in 1560, and was therefore fourteen years old when the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori was purchased. And sixteen years after that purchase she died, as we know, a wife. But it would seem that notwithstanding her marriage she remained an inmate of her father's house. There are many indications of her having been, at all events, an habitual frequenter of it; and we know that she died in it.

Laura also was doubtless an inmate of her father's house, and a member of the pleasant society to be found there. Ottavia, the German artist's wife, was naturally often there with her husband. The two other daughters—the two poor nuns—were of course in their convent.

But Marietta was, as has been said, the soul and leading spirit of the artistic gathering in her father's house. How great a promise she had already given in her father's art—nay, how much she had already achieved—when snatched away by an early death, is well known to all students of the history of art. But Marietta was also highly gifted as a musician. She was a player on the lute, and on the *gravicembali.* Giulio Zacchino, a Neapolitan, had been her master in music. But a musician of much higher name than he was an habitual frequenter of the musical evenings at Tintoretto's house. This was Giuseppe Zarlino, of Chioggia, who from 1565 to 1590 was chapel-master at St. Mark's. Zarlino, in the language of those who insist upon carrying the idea of a "renaissance" into every department of human culture, is reckoned among the great *restorers* of music. It is not very easy to see what there was to *restore.* And perhaps it would be more to the purpose to say that he was one of the fathers and creators of modern music.

But, be this as it may, there was the old chapel-master to be found enjoying probably some of the happiest hours of his life. Another noted judge and lover of good music, who frequented these pleasant gatherings, was the painter Jacopo da Ponti, more generally known by the nickname Bassano; for he and Tintoretto were excellent good friends, despite the skits that the mighty idealist would sometimes indulge in at the expense of his friend's realism. "You had better go to Bassano!" he said once to a silly fellow, who came to him to have his portrait painted, saying, "I am a fool, you know—*una bestia*—and you must paint me as one!" "Oh! una bestia, are you? Well in that case you had better go to Bassano; he will paint you to the very life!" And the blockhead went away with this recommendation to Bassano. But Bassano came none the less for his feast of music to the house of his old rival and friend.

Alexandro Vittoria, the sculptor, whose works may still be seen almost in every parish of Venice, was a frequent visitor. The sculptor was a great lover of gardening, and would come fresh from his garden in the Calle di Picta, where he had been at work for an evening hour or two. And there were two other guests of the house, who must not be left unmentioned, if only for the strange contrast they presented to each other—a contrast so violent that the sense of it would not unfrequently deter one of the two from presenting himself in Tintoretto's well-ordered home.

Every sort of propriety requires that in mentioning this contrasted pair the precedence should be given to the magnificent Paolo Cagliari, better known, at least in England, as Paolo Veronese. The man in this case answers very accurately to the ideas that might be formed of him from his pictures. He was in every point of view magnificent; yet he was withal a thrifty man, and far more eager about the money value of his works than was our Tintoretto. He, too, was a man of a great and gorgeous imagination; but he was not lavishly prodigal of this creative wealth as was Tintoretto; nor was his wealth of imagination of the same kind. Gorgeous palaces, with vast distances of colonnaded perspectives, the bravery of courts, cloth of silver and cloth of gold, satins, brocades, pearls and jewels, and splendor of all kinds seem to have formed the world in which his imagination best loved to expatiate. Would his imagination have ever been excited to creative inactivity at all, if he had been placed in circumstances where none of these things had been accessible to him? It may, perhaps, be doubted. Would any combination of exterior circumstances have availed to quench the fire of creative faculty in the other? There can hardly be any doubt as to the fitting reply. There had at one time been a feeling of no slight rivalry between Tintoretto and the younger aspirant, who was taking the suffrages of the Venetians by storm, whose tastes and idiosyncrasies were so curiously analogous to his own. Paul Veronese was twenty-six years younger than Tintoretto; and he had shot up into a reputation and position of the first order with much greater rapidity than Tintoretto had done. There had been wherewithal to excite jealousy; but it is pleasant to think that nothing had ever passed between them which prevented the younger man from frequenting the house of the elder as a guest. Paolo, we are told, especially affected splendor of attire. It is specially mentioned that he always wore velvet breeches. His manners, too, were courtly and magnificent. Perhaps it may be allowable to conjecture that the liveliest and pleasantest evenings in the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori were not those when the gorgeous Paolo honored the assembly with his presence.

At all events, there was one who sometimes ventured to count so far on the tolerance of fellow-artists towards a brother of the brush, of undeniable talent and merit, as to show himself half-shamefacedly in the circle at Tintoretto's house, but who could never dare to do so if he knew that the magnificent Paolo, with his velvet breeches, was to be present. This was poor Andrea Schiavoni, a veritable Bohemian of the Bohemians. How could the magnificence of velvet breeches assort with raggedness, which sometimes approached the point of having none at all? What sort of society could there be between the frequenter of the lordliest palaces of Venice, the caressed associate of proud patricians and noble dames, and the poor Bohemian reeking from the society of a miserable pot-house? I do not find any special delinquencies charged against this unfortunate Andrea Schiavoni as the cause of the miserable life he led. And assuredly his talent was of a quality that ought to have secured to him a comfortable maintenance and an honorable position in society. But have we not all, alas! known men who seem inevitably predestined to be and to remain to the bitter end poor devils? Andrea Schiavoni was one of these; incurably from his cradle to his grave a poor devil! He was never seen otherwise than ragged, patched, dirty, and disreputable-looking. Sometimes he was on the verge of starvation. His pictures were ill-paid—not in proportion to their merit, but in proportion to his recognized position as a poor devil. Nevertheless the poor devil liked, when he could achieve some comparative degree of decency, and when he knew that Veronese the Magnificent with his too imposing velvet breeches was not to be there, to find, as an oasis in his troubled life, a few hours of tranquil enjoyment beneath the hospitable roof of Tintoretto. The dreaded presence of the superb Paolo would, doubtless, be indicated by his gondola moored under the wall of the canal, and waiting for his master in front of Tintoretto's house. Of course Veronese came in his gondola. Perhaps also the old chapel-master came in his. The others would more probably walk. Certainly Alexandro, the sculptor, came afoot from his garden in the Calle di Picta! The small hours, doubtless, had begun to be chimed from the neighboring convent of the Madonna dell' Orto before the party separated. Hours were always late in Venice (as they are to the present day), the old Venetian life having been curiously and characteristically contrasted in this respect with the life of thrifty, save-all Florence.

What a pity it is that the old chroniclers and biographers and letter-writers did not tell us a few more of the things we should so much like to be told, in the place of the masses of fact that do not interest us at all! At all events, our posterity can make no such complaint of us. For, not knowing exactly what may most interest them, we leave everything on record for their curiosity. The pleasant little picture of these *noctes cœnæque deum* in the house at the foot of the Ponte di Mori is a glimpse, a fleeting peep into the phantasmagoric lantern of the past, constructed out of mere words dropped here and there by chance, slight indications which fell from the writer's pen when he was intent on recording far other matters, and rendered possible only by assiduous and careful gleaning and piecing together, eked out by somewhat of guess-work. But we know at least what sort of moonlight it was—at least we who have "swum in a gondola" on the moonlit lagune know—what a moonlight it was that lighted the little party home, and poured its flood of silver on the white Istrian marble of the canal front of the old artist's house. The three-arched Gothic windows of the large saloon had, no doubt, all its three casements opened to the sweet night air, and was garnished each by a gracious head, as the daughters of the host bade their guests "Good night." Old Giuseppe Zarlino, the chapel-master, I think, offered a place in his gondola to Ser Jacopo da Ponte as a recognized lover and *intendante di musica*. Schiavoni slunk off alone, turning as quickly as might be into some narrow *calle* that hid him from the too-peering moonlight.

"What think you, Messer Giuseppe, of our old friend's scheme for adding to the sonority of the mandoline?" says Bassano, as he takes his place by the side of the old *maestro* in the gondola.

"Hum!" returns the old man, doubtfully, "there is not much in it, *mi pare*, one way or the other! It may be an improvement on the old form. But I have reached a time

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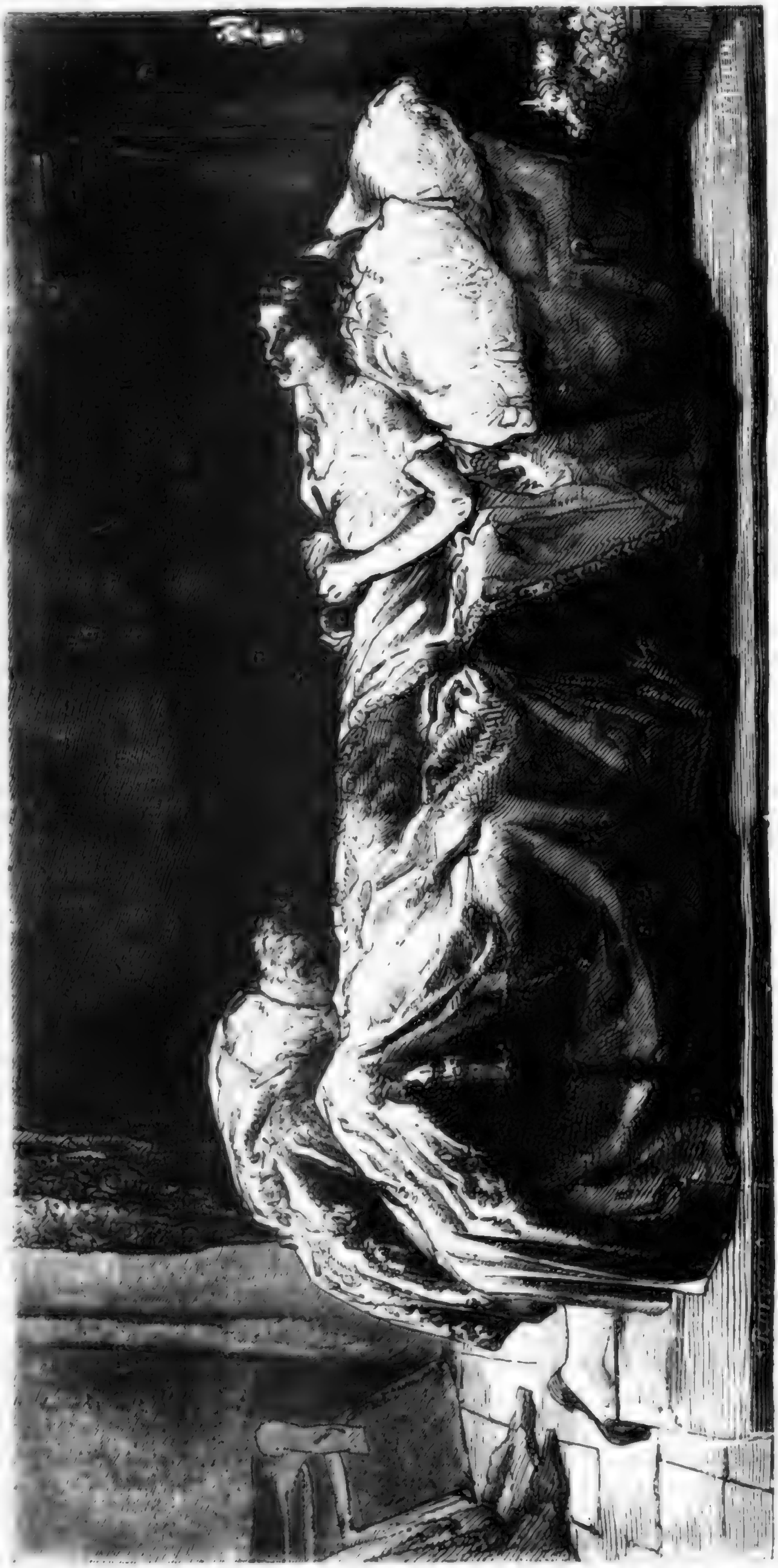
of life, *Jacopo mio*, when one thinks more of old practice than of new-fangled inventions."

"But did not La Marietta give us that last *toccata* in a manner that was perfectly heavenly; such a grace of touch, such an expression! I could not help thinking of one of those angels of old Bellini, in the chapel at the Frari, as I looked at her and listened to her!"

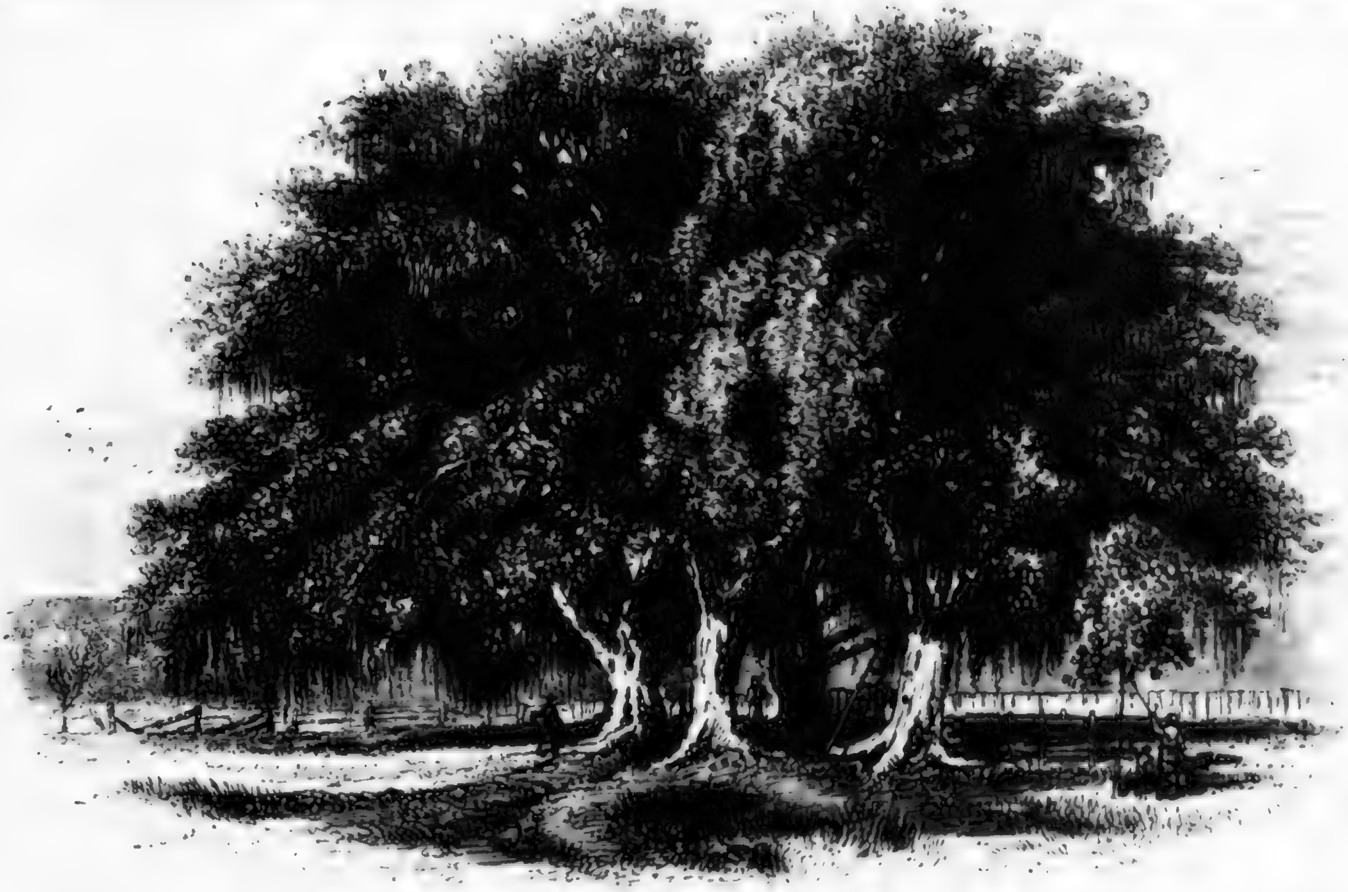
"Ay, indeed, you may say so! Marietta is a phœnix, *rara avis in terris*—in truth, a nonsuch!" replies the old chapelmaster with enthusiasm. "I expect great things from Marietta; and you, *Jacopo mio*, must expect great things too; you in your art and I in mine. I don't know another case of such mastery as Marietta Robusti has in both arts at once."

There was many a competent authority in Venice then who expected great things from Marietta. But, alas! all such expectations were fated to be disappointed; and the last of those pleasant evenings in the little house at the foot of the Ponte de Mori was at hand. Marietta Robusti was doomed, as the reader already knows, to an early death. She fell into ill-health, and died at the age of thirty, in 1590, just four years before the death of her bereaved old father. But before she died there occurred in that house one of the most moving and saddest scenes that its walls can ever have been witnesses to in all the four or five centuries of its existence. On her death-bed, when it became certain that her life would not be spared, the despairing father determined to possess such a portrait of his daughter as his all but octogenarian hand could still well execute. And the old man painted the portrait of his gifted child, with whom so many hopes were extinguished, as she lay there dying. Surely never was so sad a picture painted as she lay there on her death-bed!

Marietta was buried in the noble church of the neighboring monastery of Madonna dell' Orto, where, after the lapse of four more years, her father rejoined her. They were buried in a vault, under the choir, belonging to the Episcopi family, to which Tintoretto's wife was related. The church, which had fallen so much into decay that it was threatened with complete ruin, has recently been restored, not injudiciously or unsuccessfully, at the cost of the Italian Government. The works are not yet quite completed, but when they are, they will include a fitting monument to the extraordinary man whose dust rests between the two wonderful pictures with which the first youthful ardor of his genius covered the huge side-walls of the choir, that was to receive his remains when his matchless career should have been run.



TINTORETTO AND THE DEAD BODY OF HIS DAUGHTER.



HISTORICAL TREES.—LIVE OAKS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF NEW ORLEANS.

HISTORICAL TREES.

Live Oaks on the Battle-field of New-Orleans.

Trees not unfrequently figure among the monuments and curiosities of a country. England long honored the Royal Oak that sheltered a fugitive king, Herne's Oak, Pope's Willow. We have been less tree-worshippers here, but even staid New England canonized her Charter Oak, and Quebec still reveres the Elm Tree, under which, almost at the birth of the colony, Madame de la Peltrie and Mary Guyon opened their Indian school. New York had her Stuyvesant Pear Tree, last relic of the Dutch times.

Of more recent times there are several memorable trees, and not the least interesting are the Live Oaks on the battle-field of New Orleans, beneath which the rash and brave Pakenham expired after his mad attempt to storm Jackson's sturdy line.

As the trees were the headquarters in the field of the enemy, they did not escape, and one of them, that shown with the ladder resting against it, bears still not only the scars but the very balls received in the action, two cannon-balls from Jackson's artillery being imbedded in its wood, and still partly visible, as though the tree is endeavoring to bury from sight these proofs of its involuntary siding with the enemy.

FLINT AND STEEL.

By the Author of "Estelle's Error," etc.

Chapter X.

"Come, Maud, I have not had a word with you yet," said Lady Alice. "Let's stroll along this path, away from the rest. There's a seat a little farther on, where we can have a good chat. You look so pale and grave—is there anything the matter?"

"I have a headache," answered Maud, truly enough; and she sighed as she passed her hand wearily across her forehead.

Lady Alice looked at her anxiously.

"Maud, I am afraid you are not at all well, or else are not happy," she said. "Won't you have some advice, or tell me what it is?"

"There is nothing seriously the matter with me," replied Maud, quickly. "I think a thorough change would do me good. I shall go abroad for the Winter, if Aunt Barry is fit to go with me. Here is the seat—let us sit down."

They sat down in silence, each deep in her own thoughts. Lady Alice was a little hurt at her friend's resolve. She felt quite convinced by her last words that there was some great trouble under her altered looks; but she did not choose to try to draw it from her; only she sighed as she thought of the many years of true friendship they had known. Perhaps Maud would tell her if she let her alone; and even now Maud was trying to bring herself to speak out freely.

"Alice," she said, in a hesitating tone, "do you think it would save Aileen's life if he—Captain Trevor—were to come back to her and marry her?"

Lady Alice shook her head.

"No, certainly not. Doctor Ingram told mamma the last time he came that no power on earth could keep Aileen alive now beyond a few weeks or perhaps months. She is dying fast."

"And yet you say he loved her," said Maud, sadly. "Oh, Alice, there must be some secret at the bottom of it; he might not have given her up of his own free will, he——" She stopped short, her face turning deadly white, and her eyes fixed eagerly on the path, along which a gentleman was slowly advancing. Too well she knew that tall erect figure, that firm deliberate step. He did not see her—his eyes were on the ground, his hands clasped behind his back—and he started as if some one had struck him when Lady Alice exclaimed—

"Captain Trevor, what a fit of meditation! I thought we should see you to-day, as I heard you were staying with your uncle."

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Her tone was cordial, her smile bright, and Maud was dumbfounded. Arthur Trevor looked up quickly, and, though his face flushed slightly, his tone was free and full of pleasure as he answered—

"Did you? Well, it is a pleasant surprise to me—I had no thought of seeing you. I suppose you are with a party?" and he glanced for the first time towards Maud.

All the color, all the brightness faded from his face as he met her glance; for a moment he hesitated, and then coldly raised his hat in silence. Lady Alice, seeing this look, but not understanding it, said, hastily—

"This is my particular friend, Miss Etheridge, Captain Trevor. You know I am very much given to young lady friends."

"Yes, I know," he assented, looking down, and carefully turning a beetle on to its back with his foot.

There was a brief pause, and then, with a look at Maud, which she interpreted as cool defiance, he said—

"I am sorry to hear Miss Gray is so ill. Is she with you now?"

Lady Alice colored, but answered, quite unhesitatingly—

"No; she and Helen are at Lorris Castle. Poor Aileen is not equal to anything of this sort. Her days are numbered, Captain Trevor, and her sorrows will soon be over now."

"Thank Heaven!" he said, in a low tone, whilst a look of deep pain came into his face.

"If you dare mention my name, Lady Alice, will you remember me most kindly to her? It would be better not, though; it were better all were forgotten. Good-by now. I hope we shall meet again before long."

He pressed the hand that Lady Alice extended to him, raised his hat coldly again to Maud, and walked slowly away, whilst Maud sat feeling as if she were in a dream. What could it all mean? Lady Alice looked after him and sighed.

"He is nicer than ever," she said, thoughtfully—"so gentle and feeling."

"Alice, how could you?" exclaimed Maud, in an angry tone. "Is that the way to speak to such a wretch as he is? And then his speaking of Aileen Gray! How dared he mention her name to you after his wicked behavior to her? I should have spoken out freely if he had stayed a moment longer."

Lady Alice burst out laughing.

"You dear old piece of vehemence?" she cried. "I am very glad you did not. That is not the Captain Trevor who was engaged to poor Aileen; it was his eldest brother Harry, also Captain Trevor. This is Arthur, and he behaved so very well in the whole affair—came down and saw Aileen, and tried to excuse his brother, and to put matters on a pleasant footing."

Maud buried her face in her hands, and moaned aloud in her utter misery.

"What have I done? What have I done?" she exclaimed, working herself backwards and forwards. "Oh, why didn't I know this before? Arthur, Arthur, I have lost you by my own mad folly!"

She sprang to her feet and paced up and down the walk, the blood tingling in every vein, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling. Lady Alice looked at her half frightened. Had she gone suddenly mad? Suddenly Maud turned on her angrily.

"It is your doing—it is you who have wrecked my life!" she exclaimed. "Why did you not tell me it was his brother? How was I to know that there were two Captain Trevors? Why did you never speak of him as Harry Trevor? I should have known if you had. Oh, I ought to have known all along that he could not act like that! May was right; she had more faith than I had, and now I have lost him forever. Oh, Alice, Alice, pity me—I am utterly wretched!" And once more she sank down on the seat and buried her face in her hands.

By slow degrees Lady Alice drew it all from her, and then strove to comfort her in her gentle way.

"It will all come right, Maud dear," she said, soothingly. "It is far better than if you had heard it was Arthur Trevor who had treated Aileen so cruelly. You can easily explain the mistake when you next see him. I wonder where he is now. Shall I go and find him, and send him to you? He can't be very far away."

"No, don't do that," replied Maud, coloring; "but we will walk along this path and see if he is in sight. I know he will not forgive me, though. He told me once he was a very unforgiving man."

But, for all that, her heart was lighter, for she was beginning to realize that they were nearer to each other than they had been, and she knew now that one short glimpse of him had taught her that she loved him more deeply than ever. Ah, well, why should she not? He was everything she had once thought him, everything a girl could wish; and he had been hers, and perhaps—who knew?—might be hers again.

They hurried along the path he had taken, neither of them speaking, but no Arthur Trevor was to be seen. Sir Hugh Follet, though, who had spent the last half-hour looking for them, joined them with a face of delight, which soon changed, however, to one of dismay, under Maud's short cold answers and abrupt manner.

"I met Captain Trevor about ten minutes ago," he said, after a few minutes, turning to Lady Alice, "walking along looking like a man who was going to fight a duel. What a good-looking fellow he is!"

"Where is he now? Which way did he go?" asked Lady Alice, quickly.

"He got into the carriage with the old fellow again, and they drove off that way. I can see the carriage now going up that long hill."

The two girls looked at the dark, far-away speck, and paused in their walk. It was of no use to wait for him any longer.

"Never mind—you will get another chance," whispered Lady Alice; and Maud smiled and tried to rouse herself.

It certainly was an intense relief to know he was all she had thought him at first, and, in spite of her hopeless words, she felt a secret conviction that she could win him back were she given an opportunity. So once more the heart of the hopeful Baronet was warmed by the smiles and soft words of his deity, and Maud was nearly, if not quite, the Maud of old days.

Chapter XI.

THE day passed rapidly, and Maud, with a lightened heart, was enjoying the unusual gaiety around her at Lorris Castle. Tired as she was with a long day in the open air, she sat up far into the night on her return from St. Abbe's to write May Percy a full account of all that had happened, and a day or two afterwards received just the answer she expected—triumphant and encouraging.

"It will be all right again when you have seen him and told him of the mistake you made," she wrote. "It is all his own fault for bearing exactly the title of his brother. He ought to have gone into another branch of the service, or refused to be made captain until his brother was major! I have written to tell him I want to see him particularly next Thursday, so you must come on Wednes-

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day and dine here, and have it all out quietly. Enjoy yourself at Lorris Castle as much as you possibly can, and come home the bright, rosy Maud I like to see you. White cheeks and an attenuated form are not becoming, though they may be interesting."

Maud pocketed her letter, to read it over again and again, and think with a thrill of delight of Thursday evening.

Sir Hugh, misled by Maud's bright, pleasant manner, took heart of grace, asked the momentous question, and was totally and entirely crushed. He strove hard to bear it bravely and make no sign, but, finding that impossible, received an imaginary letter calling him home, and left the Castle abruptly.

Miss Vernon, reading the whole story in Sir Hugh's woebegone face and Maud's crimson cheeks as they parted in the garden, gave the latter little peace till silenced by a cutting remark from Lady Dewhurst which even her hardihood could not withstand.

Monday came, and Maud was beginning to count the hours till Thursday evening. She received a hurried note from Mrs. Percy to say that Captain Trevor had accepted her invitation, and again and again she went through the coming interview, altering her own line of conduct each time, and feeling a thrill at the anticipation of his delight when he heard the interpretation of his dismissal. Sitting by her window, thinking it all over, she was aroused by a knock at the door and the entry of Lady Alice.

"Maud," she said, quickly, "I am come to ask a favor that I know you will grant. Helen is making herself quite ill by staying at home so much, and I want her to come for a ride with us this afternoon. Will you stay and take care of Aileen for an hour or two? She is in the morning-room, as that is the pleasantest, and I know she will be quite happy and safe with you. Do you mind?"

"Not in the least. I should like it very much;" and Maud rose quickly. "We shall have a cozy quiet afternoon all to ourselves. Go and make Helen dress at once."

"Thank you, dear. I was sure you would not mind;" and Lady Alice hurried away, leaving Maud to follow more sedately.

She found Aileen lying on a couch in the pretty morning-room, looking more lovely than she had ever seen her. Her dark hair was undone behind to ease her head, and streamed in wavy masses over the cushion, whilst the fell disease that marked her for its own had heightened the delicate carmine of her cheeks, and increased the brightness of her eyes. Her almost transparent hands were playing with a crimson rose that her sister had gathered for her before leaving, and some sad memory had been aroused by its scent, for a bright drop that was not dew glittered on its petals. She looked up with a smile as Maud entered.

"How kind of you!" she said, in her soft tones. "You are going to sit with me while Helen goes for a ride, Lady Alice says. It will do her so much good, for she stays with me far too much. But I hope you did not stay at home on my account—indeed, I should have been quite safe alone; and I have everything I can possibly want."

This speech was a long one for Aileen, and was interrupted by her short breathing several times. How fast the grim king was striding on! Maud's heart swelled.

"Thank Heaven it was not my Arthur who laid her there!" she thought; and then she seated herself on a low chair by the couch, saying, brightly, "Indeed I shall thoroughly enjoy such a cozy afternoon. I am going to read aloud to you. Show me where Helen left off."

She opened the book, and read Keats's touching story of "The Pot of Basil," glancing from time to time at the listener, who, but for her dreamy, open eyes, might have been deemed asleep, so perfectly still did she lie; her cough, however, shook her slight frame now and then, and made her press her hand to her side. The French windows were thrown wide open, and the scent of a neighboring magnolia came in on the soft Summer breeze; the distant lowing of cattle, tinkling of sheep-bells, and cooing of wood-pigeons were the only sounds besides the reader's voice, for, except the servants, Maud and Aileen were the only occupants of the Castle on that side of the huge building. Suddenly the door opened, a gentleman entered, and Maud's heart stood still as the man-servant announced, pompously—

"Captain Trevor."

One glance proved to her that it was not Arthur; the newcomer was shorter and fairer. A faint cry of "Harry!" burst from the lips of the poor girl by her side. He did not seem to see Maud; his eager eyes went quickly round the room, rested on Aileen, and, with a cry Maud could never forget, he was speedily on his knees by the couch, and holding the wasted form tightly in his arms.

"Aileen—Aileen, my darling," he cried, in low choked tones—"am I too late? Oh, Aileen, we must not be parted again!"

The wild misery of his voice was terrible to listen to, and Maud, stealing through the window, felt hot tears of sympathy rolling down her cheeks. So this was the heartless scoundrel they had all joined in condemning so bitterly. Maud heard his wild, impassioned tones of agony, though she could not catch his words, as she leant on the balustrade of the broad terrace; she could hear Aileen's sweet, low voice trying to soothe him, and that most terrible sound to a woman, a strong man crying; and again the thought crossed her, "Thank Heaven it is not Arthur."

The time wore on and still they talked. Maud did not dare to go away, fearing the effect of such a trying scene on Aileen. The shadows began to lengthen, a mellow tint to steal into the sky, and she knew that the others would soon be returning home. Just as she turned, meaning to warn Aileen how time was stealing on, she heard the door shut, and her name called. Captain Trevor was gone, and Aileen lay flushed and exhausted, but with a look of intense happiness on her face. Maud approached her, and took her hand in hers.

"What will Helen say?" she asked, with a smile. "I'm afraid it has been a trying scene for you."

"Oh, no! I am so very, very, Happy," Aileen answered, faintly. "To have seen him again would have been enough, but to hear that he has always been true to me, always loved me as I have him—oh, Maud, it almost makes it hard for to me die!"

Maud kissed away the bright tears that rolled down the thin cheeks.

"Do not talk like that. Happiness is a wonderful doctor. You may get better now. But why did he give you up? How does he explain his conduct?"

Aileen's face flushed and her eyes glittered.

"Oh, Maud, he is so noble, so self-sacrificing!" she exclaimed. "Thank Heaven, I have heard the truth at last! I could not distrust him as everybody else did. I knew he loved me still, and I was right. He said that when his father heard that I was penniless he told him—what poor Harry never guessed—that he was terribly in debt, his whole estate mortgaged, and that if he, Harry, married a girl without fortune, the person to whom the property was mortgaged would foreclose, and turn him out to ruin and beggary in his old age; and he implored Harry, by everything he held sacred, not to sacrifice his old father to his own selfish wishes, but to give me up. Poor Harry was utterly heartbroken. His father made him promise not to breathe a word of the truth to anybody, and he thought that, if he made me believe him utterly worthless, I should not love him long, or feel his loss. So he wrote his last letter, and exchanged and went to India, and came back

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only two months ago. His brother, who has never known the truth, and thought Harry gave me up of his own accord, wrote to him a few weeks ago to tell him I was here, and very ill; and as soon as he could get leave he came straight to me. He will never leave me again he says. He has gone to Arthur now, who is with his Uncle Denham, and is coming to see me again to-morrow. Oh, Maud, how thankful I am that I never distrusted him! I could not say anything, for I did not know the truth; but I knew he loved me still—I knew he was true and honorable, in spite of appearances."

She lay back exhausted, her eyes closed, and her breath coming short and fast; and Maud, as she bathed her temples, could not help contrasting, with a pang of self-reproach, Aileen's perfect faith in her lover through all with her own prompt acceptance of Arthur Trevor's unworthiness.

"I ought to have trusted him more," she thought, with a flush of shame. "No wonder he was cut to the quick with my cruel reproaches. Will he forgive me? Will Thursday ever come? My heart begins to sink."

Then the thought darted through her mind that perhaps he would come over to-morrow with his brother, and that she would get a chance of explaining it all. But Aileen was so completely prostrated by the recent excitement that she had to turn all her thoughts to her, get her to bed, and arrange to intercept Helen before she saw her sister.

Maud did not tell her all that Aileen had said, not knowing how much of the latter's secret had escaped in her excitement—Aileen could tell her if she chose; so, drawing Helen aside as she entered the hall, Maud said, quietly:

"I have induced Aileen to go to bed, for she is tired out, and ought not to talk any more. Captain Trevor has been here, and has explained all his conduct, and poor Aileen is so very happy that I hope the excitement may do more good than harm."

Helen's bewildered surprise at the news was amusing to see, and, having asked half-a-dozen questions without waiting for an answer, she hurried upstairs to her sister's room, while Maud had to repeat the strange news first to Lady Alice and then to her mother. But she did not tell Lady Dewhurst her own story. There would be time enough for that when she was engaged to Arthur once more. At present she did not feel very anxious to speak of her own conduct, or to repeat to anybody how matters stood.

Chapter XII.

IT was Wednesday afternoon, and Maud had left Lorris Castle—the scene of such varied feelings—had bidden adieu to all her kind friends, and was once more on her homeward journey to Westerton.

Captain Trevor—Aileen's Captain Trevor—had come, as he had promised, but alone, and Maud was not surprised. She was beginning to understand Arthur now, and she knew that nothing on earth would induce him to seek her again. But her heart had swollen with mingled pleasure and pain as she heard what Harry Trevor had come to say—that Mr. Denham had lately, for some private reason that Arthur did not mention, handed over an estate worth fifteen hundred a year to Arthur, which he had always intended to leave him at his death. This estate Arthur now wished to give to his brother, that he might be enabled to marry Aileen, saying that he had little or no use for so much money, as he never intended to marry.

But Aileen would not hear of such a thing. It was too late for her to talk of marriage—her days were numbered—her only wish was to keep Harry near her till the end came. That was soon gratified. He could get plenty of leave now; his widowed sister was willing to chaperon the party; and, with a wild, despairing hope that the warm South might restore his darling to health and him, they started at once for Cannes, where Lady Dewhurst and her daughter would join them after Lord Dewhurst's wedding.

Thinking all this over, glorying in the contrast between all Arthur Trevor was and all she had thought him, mapping out the cloudless future that lay before her, Maud journeyed on, happy and hopeful, towards Anchester.

May Percy and Miss Barry were waiting for her at the station, and the former could not help exclaiming aloud:

"Oh, Maud, what a different face compared with what you took away! Well done, Lorris Castle!"

"Well done, Lorris Castle!" repeated Maud, laughing and blushing, as she turned to enter the carriage.

"It's all owing to the change of air, you know," May nodded, smiling; and Miss Barry, still ignorant of recent events, said, with a sigh for the attractive but deceitful Arthur Trevor:

"Ah well, my dear, you are young, and get over things quickly. It is much happier for those who can;" and the old maid's thoughts wandered far away to the grave of her one love under an Indian sun, to sad, sweet memories of the happy days that could never return.

Poor Aunt Barry! Everybody guessed that there must have been some secret reason for so lovely a girl as she had been to remain single; but no one had ever heard the short, sad tale of the young officer who had loved her and won her love, spoken of his secret hopes, and, too eager to gain promotion and her, fallen a victim to his rashness in his first engagement. Their meetings had been very few, but the memory of them still cast a halo over the solitary life, and dearest of all her hidden treasures was a piece of newspaper containing a short account of the death of her early love.

To one of so faithful a temperament it was a disappointment to find that Maud was as bright and happy as if no Arthur Trevor had ever crossed her path. Maud was longing to tell her all, but restrained herself till she could say triumphantly that he was hers once more.

"You had better come round in time for five-o'clock tea to-morrow, Maud," said Mrs. Percy, as they stood alone together for five minutes at parting. "Arthur Trevor is coming by the train that arrives at a quarter-past five, and will be with us before six; so you can have your chat in the garden before dinner. If you do not, it will be rather trying to sit opposite to him for an hour or more under existing circumstances. Look your prettiest."

"I will try to do so," responded Maud, gaily; and Mrs. Percy drove away.

Would it ever be five o clock, Maud wondered on the following day. Surely the tenth of August was longer than the twenty-first of June! The sun seemed actually to stand still, and twice she held her watch to her ear to satisfy herself that it had not stopped. But,

Be the day weary and never so long,
At length it ringeth to evensong,

and Maud, with a beating heart, wended her way at last through the park and the shady lanes that led to Tremletts. May met her in the drive.

"What a touching get up," she exclaimed, laughing, "virgin white, and the crimson rose so carelessly put in the belt! You must have another for your hair at dinner. Geoffrey and his son and heir are watching the reapers; so you and I are going to have a quiet cup of tea on the lawn under the elms, and, if by chance any friend should appear on the scene, perhaps we could find him a third cup—eh, Maud?"

XUM

"For pity's sake, don't tease, May, for my cheeks are as red as a haymaker's now," said Maud, taking off her hat and seating herself by the tea-table. "I think I will get you to tell Arthur all about it, and apologise for my rude behavior. I am rapidly getting nervous."

"Thank you, no. You got yourself into the scrape, and must get yourself out of it. You should have spoken to me before you spoke to him. I knew what you told me could not be true."

Maud did not answer—she was listening for the sound of wheels—and May laughingly exclaimed—

"Oh, if this is to be the way, I had better go and get baby! He will amuse me till Arthur comes, and form a good excuse for leaving you when I feel *de trop*;" and she ran off, returning in a few minutes with the bright merry little fellow who was Maud's godson and her particular favorite.

The arrangement was a good one. They both forgot the subject that engrossed their minds in their efforts to control the little urchin whose main object in life seemed to be to upset the hot cups of tea over himself and them, and started as a shadow fell across them, and Captain Trevor stood by them with a grave smile on his face.

"You have your hands full in every sense, Mrs. Percy," he said—for May had a cup of tea in one hand, which she was trying to drink, whilst with the other she held back her son.

He took the boy up in his arms and shook hands with his mother, and, after a few moments' hesitation, with Maud also, but he did not address her.

"You stole upon us like a thief," observed Mrs. Percy, laughing. "Can it be six o'clock yet?"

"No; but Geoffrey's horse is a good one, and brought us along at the rate of about twelve miles an hour. Where is he now, the said Geoffrey?"

"Somewhere in the corn-fields with Leonard. He said he would be back in time to dress for dinner, and I was to take care of you till he came. You would not find him if you looked for him."

"Then I will not try. Is this cup of tea for me? I shall spoil my dinner if I drink it. But I feel that I cannot resist the pleasant temptation, for my throat is full of dust."

"Well, give me Master Cecil. I must carry him off to bed. Say good-night to auntie Maud, baby;" and she carried off the struggling child into the house.

There was a short silence after she had departed. Maud could hear her heart beating. If her life had depended on her speaking, she could not have uttered a word. Captain Trevor put down his cup when he had slowly drunk his tea.

"When did you come back from Lorris Castle, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, by way of breaking the uncomfortable silence.

Maud swallowed the lump in her throat.

"Yesterday afternoon."

"And you left all the party well, I hope?" he interrogated, seating himself on the low chair Mrs. Percy had quitted. "Will they break up soon for the Autumn?"

"Yes; several are going. The two Miss Grays went yesterday. I suppose you know they are going to Cannes with your sister and brother?"

"So I understand." His tone was short and cold enough now, but Maud determined to make the plunge.

"Captain Trevor"—she spoke in low hurried tones, looking straight before her—"I made a great mistake when I last saw you. I thought it was you who had behaved so cruelly to that poor girl. I never dreamt that there was another Captain Trevor."

He stooped, and, picking a daisy from the grass, pulled it slowly to pieces. Except that his face had turned a shade paler, there was no evidence of emotion in look or tone.

"So I perceived after the first few words you spoke. At first I could not understand what you were talking about."

Maud crimsoned. She felt like a naughty child confessing a fault, but she was determined to go on.

"It was very natural, you must own. And you made such a secret of—of everything, and did not wish me to mention your name; and then, when I heard that story about a Captain Trevor, of course—at least you can hardly be surprised at my believing it—that is, making the mistake I did."

"I am not surprised, Miss Etheridge. I was at first, certainly; but I did not understand you then."

He still spoke in the same quiet, cold tone. He did not make the difficulty any easier for her; nor did he seem at all prompt to accept the proffered olive-branch.

"But it was a mistake, I am glad to find," Maud resumed, in a brighter tone, looking at him full for the first time; "so you must forgive me for all the harsh things I said, and try to forget them. Can you?" and her voice quivered slightly.

He raised his head and met her gaze, but did not smile back at her. For a few moments he paused, and there seemed to be an inward struggle going on, and then he spoke coldly, calmly:

"Thank you, Miss Etheridge, for so candidly owning yourself in the wrong. Of course you have my full forgiveness for anything unkind you may have said in the heat of the moment—if it is worth having. As to forgetting, that is a thing beyond my power; nor do I wish to forget. I was on the brink of making a greater mistake than you made—a mistake that would have ruined my happiness for life. We should not have suited each other; and I could not have borne to hear my wife, every time I annoyed her, taunt me with having married her for her money. I will never marry a woman with money, if I ever marry at all. Against my better judgment, I yielded to my feelings, and have paid for my weakness. It is all over now, and I hope we shall end by being very good friends."

He rose to his feet as he spoke, but did not go away. Apparently he was waiting for her answer. Maud was stunned, bewildered by his words, but her woman's tact did not forsake her. With a bright smile, she said, lightly:

"I hope so too, Captain Trevor. At any rate, my conscience is free once more. I was unjust to you, and have apologised—it is about the first apology I have ever made in life, I believe. We need not allude to anything else that has passed between us. We shall soon forget all that."

He did not answer. His eyes rested on her face, as if striving to read her through and through; and, though her cheeks crimsoned under the look, she met it bravely, and smiled at him. He turned away with a sigh, and walked slowly down the lawn, whilst Maud, her head erect, and her heart swelling to agony, moved quickly towards the house and entered the drawing-room. May was there, arranging some flowers, and did not turn round.

"Well, Maud, is it over?" she inquired. "Is he very delighted at regaining you? "Where have you left him? Did Geoffrey interrupt you?"

"No—we had it all out," said Maud, in a hard, forced tone, as she threw herself on to a couch; "and he kindly forgave me for misjudging him, but said he was very glad that he found out, before it was too late, how utterly unsuited we were, and hoped we should be very good friends for the future. So ends that little episode in my life."

May dropped her flowers, and turned round.

"Maud, you are joking!"

"Am I? I don't feel much inclined to joke just at present. However, we will not discuss the matter any further. Your one attempt at match-making has proved a dead failure, May. And now give me that rose you promised for my hair, and I will run up and get ready for dinner;" and, selecting a flower from the heap on the table, she left the room.

XUM

CHAPTER XIII.

MAY PERCY sat down helplessly on the nearest chair, to collect her scattered senses. What could it all mean? Maud must have misunderstood him, or she had said something in her nervousness to annoy him, and he had spoken in the heat of the moment. She would go and find him, and try if she could set matters straight before it was too late; and, rising quickly, she passed through the window and down the lawn.

Arthur Trevor was soon found. He was sitting on the seat Maud had left, his elbow on the arm of it, and his head resting on his hand, with an air of uneasy dejection which made May feel hopeful. He started as he caught sight of her, and rose to his feet; but, seating herself, she said, decidedly:

"Sit down, again, Captain Trevor. I want to talk to you—you can guess what about."

He obeyed her, saying slowly:

"I would rather you put it into words, please."

"I want to know what this means that Maud has just told me," she said, promptly. "Did you tell her that you were utterly unsuited to each other, and that you were glad everything was at an end between you?"

"Something to that effect," he answered, very quietly; but May's quick eyes saw his face change.

"Then you are a far more foolish man than I imagined," she retorted, angrily. "Maud is not a girl to stand speeches of that sort, and you will lose her altogether. You have lost your temper, and spoken words that you did not in the least mean. You may be thankful you have a friend like me to set matters straight for you. This is the way that people ruin their lives! I own I thought better things of you. Now tell me plainly the cause of offence."

"We have not quarreled," he replied, in the same self-contained tone. "It is simply this—that the sober reflections of the last few weeks have taught me that Maud Etheridge and I are not calculated to make each other happy. It may be my fault, it may be hers. She is charming and attractive, and will doubtless make some other man very happy, but we are better apart."

May stamped her foot impatiently on the grass.

"Captain Trevor, I have no patience with such folly! Did you ever know two people who were exactly suited, if you mean by that that they never annoyed each other? Of course you and Maud will quarrel, and make each other very angry, but that will not matter; it will soon be over. You are thoroughly in love with each other, and will be miserable apart. Should you like her to marry Sir Hugh Follet next month?"

He flushed crimson, and raised his head.

"I should like her to do anything that would make her happy," he answered coldly.

"But it wouldn't make her happy, as you very well know. She would be miserable with him. All the same, I think it is very likely to happen, if you don't humble your pride and make it up this evening; so be warned in time. Shall I send her to you now? I am not at all sure she will come, but I will try to persuade her."

He rose to his feet and paced up and down two or three times, and then stopped before her, his face very pale, and his eyes sad and heavy.

"Mrs. Percy," he said—and his voice was low and trembling—"you are very kind and mean it for the best, but it cannot be. I could not bear my wife to speak to me as Maud Etheridge did that day. She spoke in all sincerity. She has been taught all her life apparently that men will seek to marry her for her money, and she will never give up the notion. You know I loved her from the first moment I saw her, yet I made up my mind not to marry her, and I fought hard against the temptation; but that night at the ball showed me such a sweet side of her nature that I gave in, and was happy for a few days. I went to my uncle, and told him how matters stood—that I was engaged to Miss Etheridge, but that I shrank from the world's hearing that Arthur Trevor, with four hundred pounds a year, was going to marry a girl with three times that amount. And he did more than I expected; he made over to me at once what he had left me in his will—a property worth fifteen hundred pounds a year; and I came back here perfectly happy, ready to announce our engagement to the world. This was soon over. She freed me from it, saying she would never take a name she must blush for, and told me I was a mean, calculating fortune-hunter. I know she spoke under a delusion; but she showed me what I should have to undergo every time that I annoyed her; and I feel, as I have said, that we are better apart. She is not the girl to make me happy."

May Percy shook her head.

"You are wrong, Captain Trevor—all wrong," she said, sadly. "What you said of yourself once is quite true. You are of an unforgiving nature, and Maud hurt your feelings and wounded your pride on that day, and you cannot get over it yet. But you love her still, and will regret it for years, perhaps for life, if you let this chance slip. It was righteous indignation that made her speak so warmly; and what you take for calm judgment now is nothing but temper and wounded pride. That will be over before your love will, and you will have lost her."

He winced at her words, but only answered, in the quiet, determined tone he had used at first—

"You may be right, but I think you are wrong—time will prove. I am willing to abide by what I said to Miss Etheridge."

"Very well, Captain Trevor"—and, with a heightened color, May rose to her feet—"I have done my best for you; and Maud would never forgive me if she knew all that I have said. But you will not be warned, so the matter must end. I am quite sure that Maud Etheridge will be happy to meet you as a friend whenever you come to our house, as long as she remains unmarried. Here comes Geoffrey. If you will go and meet him, I will return and finish my flowers."

He did not answer, and she left him standing there, and returned to her interrupted task.

"And I might as well have never left them, for all the good I have done," she thought, angrily; "but, at any rate, my conscience is at rest, and, if he likes to ruin his own happiness, he will have only himself to blame."

She finished arranging her flowers, and then went slowly up to her room, where Maud, with a sad, weary face, sat by the open window. May bent down and kissed her as she looked up—a rare exhibition of affection on her part.

"It is all temper, and he will be sorry some day," she said, angrily. "But never mind, Maud; don't fret about him."

Maud colored.

"I hope I have too much proper pride for that," she returned, quickly. "Neither he nor anybody else shall ever see again how much I love him. But I must not and will not think of it. I must never look back. Oh, if I had only known! If I had only asked him to explain everything before I spoke!"

"That is spoken like a real woman. Making a resolution and breaking it in the same breath is hardly worthy of you, Maud."

XUM

Maud did not answer, except with a sad smile. Poor Maud was learning fast that she was like the rest of her sex.

"Well, we will go downstairs now if you are ready, and begin the lesson;" and she walked to the door with a step that betrayed the determination of her mind.

It was a strange evening, Maud and Captain Trevor each acting a part, and appearing to forget that anything but friendship had ever existed between them. Captain Trevor talked freely and gaily, but May detected, or thought she detected, a false ring in his laugh, a forced gaiety in his tones. Maud spoke little; she feared lest her voice should tremble and betray her misery—lest the tears she was longing to shed should fall at each word she spoke. It was all over, all over, was the refrain that kept sounding in her ears; there was nothing now to hope for or try for but forgetfulness; she must forget the sweetness of his voice and smile, his thrilling glance—and all the while she was secretly watching each expression of his face, each turn of his head, to store in her memory and recall when he was gone.

Maud knew that his detachment was going in a few weeks to the Mediterranean, and that he had intended, if all went well with them, to sell out very shortly; but now he would go, and who could say when they should meet again? Oh, the bitter contrast of all that was and all that might have been! She longed for and yet dreaded the time of parting. Would he speak one word before it was too late? Surely he was suffering, too, for she saw every vestige of color leave his face when her servant was announced.

He was standing in the hall when she came downstairs in her hat and shawl, and, as she offered her hand in silence, he said, hurriedly—

"I will see you home if you will let me. I have not had my cigar."

Her heart gave one great bound of hope. Love had conquered pride then, and he was going to yield. She kissed May to hide the crimson flush that dyed her cheeks at the thought, and joined him in the porch. Through the soft still August night they walked, he saying a few careless words now and then, whilst the night-jar and cricket sang their quaint pleasant duet, and the stars twinkled in the deep blue vault above. They entered the park gates, but still he had not spoken of anything but the merest trifles. Maud's heart beat as if it would suffocate her.

"When do you go to Gibraltar?" she asked, as they neared the garden-gate—and her voice hardly sounded like her own

"I am not going," he said, stopping short in his walk, whilst the servant went on to open the front door; "I sold out last week at my uncle's wish. He is not likely to live much longer, and has been almost like a father to me, so I should like to stay with him to the end. It does not much matter to me now what I do."

His tone was bitter and hard rather than sad. Maud did not answer. What could she say?

"Good-by, Maud," he said, after a few moments' pause," I will not come any farther. I wanted to say good-by alone, for we shall not meet again probably for many months, or years, and then only as strangers. Forgive me if I have given you any pain. Heaven knows you have given me more, for you have never loved me as I have loved you, or you could not have doubted me. God bless you."

He took her hand in both his own, pressed it till she nearly cried out with the pain, and then, before she could utter a word, stooped and kissed her once, twice, and was gone.

Maud heard him hurrying down the avenue with long quick strides. In her bitter agony the cry of "Arthur, Arthur, come back!" broke from her, but he never turned, perhaps never heard, and, staggering for a moment like a woman who has received a heavy blow, she went on through the garden, through the hall, and up the stairs to her own room.

Chapter XIV.

SIX months elapsed. The season was cold and trying; snow still lay white upon the ground. The poor shivered and starved through the unusually hard Winter, but it did not make itself felt in the warm, luxurious drawing-room where Maud Etheridge was ensconced. Crimson curtains hung heavily over the closed windows, velvet settees and couches filled the room, a bright fire blazed in the pretty tiled fire-place, wax lights shed their soft radiance over statuettes and delicate china, and glittered again and again in half a dozen mirrors. Lady Dewhurst's London house lacked no luxury that riches or taste could bring to it, and Maud never gave a thought to the biting northeast wind that swept howling down the street as she leant back in her velvet dress and white opera-cloak in an easy-chair by the fire.

There was little or no change in the bright, wavy hair, or the delicate features and rich complexion; and yet there was a change somewhere. The girl who sat dreamily by the bright fire was not the same who had sat on the garden-seat at Westerton, musing over Tennyson's "Princess." The quick, imperious glance in the large brown eyes, the sharp lines round the delicate little mouth, were missing. Something more soft and womanly had replaced them, for sorrow had softened and refined her character and beauty.

Maud would scarcely have owned, even to herself, how deeply and bitterly she had felt the loss of her first love: certainly the world never guessed it. She had been abroad with Lady Dewhurst and her daughter for three months, joining them in time too see poor Aileen Gray sink into her early grave, and to shudder at the wild passionate grief of Harry Trevor and the utter despair of Helen. She had felt that without some change or distraction her own health and spirits would give way, and had gladly accepted Lady Alice's warm invitation to come out to them under the escort of Lord Dewhurst and his bride, leaving Miss Barry, as before, in the charge of May Percy.

Maud had seen and heard nothing of Arthur Trevor since their last meeting. Mr. Denham had died early in September, and she fancied that Arthur was living at St. Abb's, which had been left in addition to the money already received, so that he was now a rich man. Often she wondered, with a twinge for which she blushed, whether he was engaged or married; but surely, if he had been, she would have heard of it somehow—ill news travels apace.

The Dewhursts had been in London for more than a fortnight, and Maud was beginning to long for a sight of the dear old home and Aunt Barry's kind face, and, in spite of all that her kind friends could urge, had written to say that she would be home in a week; and now, as she sat by the fire, her face resting on her gloved hand, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the flickering blaze, she was trying to decide in her own mind whether the sight of the old haunts where she had passed such happy hours with Arthur Trevor would recall her love in all its vigor, or whether she was deceiving herself in imagining that some of that vigor was abated. The opening of the door aroused her, and Lady Alice entered, bright and sweet as ever.

"Ah, Maud, you patient creature! Did you think I had gone to bed by mistake? How Florence will scold us for being so late! Come along. I suppose mamma and Helen are still downstairs at dessert. We must wish them good-night as we pass the door."

XUM

Maud rose and followed her downstairs in silence, and a quarter of an hour later they were seated with young Lord and Lady Dewhurst in their opera-box at Covent Garden, listening to the sweet strains of *La Sonnambula*. At the end of the first act the door opened and the party was augmented by Sir Hugh Follet and Mr. Compton. Maud had some difficulty to conceal her vexation.

The latter gentleman made his way to the seat behind Lady Alice, whose heightened color and bright smile showed that she at any rate did not share Maud's annoyance. The good-looking barrister had made great progress in her favor during a three weeks' sojourn at Cannes in December, and was waiting only for a fitting opportunity to declare the love he had been at no pains to conceal. He and Sir Hugh were great friends, and the latter made that an excuse for hovering round the Dewhurst party, regardless of Maud's persistent coldness.

"How late you are!" he said, as he took the only vacant seat. "I have been watching for you for the last half-hour."

"I know," returned Maud, quickly. "It is vexing to have missed so much. Please don't talk to me now; I want to listen."

Sir Hugh sighed audibly, and Mr. Compton turned round with a mischievous smile.

"What a wind! Miss Etheridge, you don't feel a draught where you sit. It sets that way."

Maud bit her lips to avoid laughing, and Sir Hugh's fair face flushed crimson.

"Don't talk rubbish, Compton!" he exclaimed, in a low tone, and then added suddenly, "By Jove, there's that good-looking fellow Trevor down in the stalls! I haven't seen him for months. Look, Compton; he is just behind where we were sitting. I wonder we did not see him."

"He has only this minute come in," said Lady Alice, glancing hurriedly at Maud, whose face had first grown crimson and then deadly white. "He brought that lady in pink by his side."

"What a pretty woman!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, leveling his opera-glass at her again. "Can it be his wife? By-the by, wasn't there some ugly story about him and a young lady—that Miss —— Oh, no, I remember now, it was his brother."

Nobody answered, and even Sir Hugh began to have a dim notion that he was treading on dangerous ground, and held his peace. Maud looked steadily at the stage after the first long look at the dark curly head. It might be his wife that was by his side, and with that thought in her mind she could not, would not, look again at him.

Alas, it was disappointing and humiliating to feel how wildly her heart beat at the very first glimpse of his face! Once he turned, and, standing up, looked slowly round the house, Maud waiting with suspended breath till his glance should meet hers; but just before his eyes reached the box the lady by his side touched him on the arm, and he sat down without seeing the party.

It was over at last. The sad impassioned lay over the flowers had been sung, everybody was donning cloaks and shawls, the distant shout of footmen and doorkeepers came through the opening doors, and Maud, shrinking from the chill night-air, stood a little apart from the rest, her hand on Sir Hugh's arm, waiting in the entrance-hall for their turn to come. She knew, but would not own to herself, that she was glad of the delay that might bring Arthur Trevor once more near her.

She saw him coming slowly through the crowd, by the side of the pretty woman in the pink opera-cloak, who was looking up eagerly into his face as she chatted merrily to him, but her arm rested on that of a dark, elderly man. They were not married then, she and Arthur; but Maud grew faint as she saw how close he kept to her side. Presently he paused, and Maud heard him say, in the well-known slow tones:

"Stand here a few minutes out of the draught, whilst I go and call your carriage."

Then he came forward, pressing through the crowd till he touched her shoulder, and glanced carelessly down, perhaps in consequence of her sudden shrinking from his touch. He started, and his face flushed crimson to the very roots of his wavy hair; but Maud could not make out whether his face expressed pleasure or pain.

"You here!" he exclaimed, quickly. "I thought you were abroad with Lady Dewhurst!"

"We came home about a fortnight ago," Maud answered, without a trace of emotion in her voice; "and I am going down to Westerton next week. I am longing to see Aunt Barry and Mrs. Percy again. I left them in December."

"I know. My brother mentioned your arrival at Cannes. I will come and see Lady Dewhurst in a day or two. Good-by."

He passed on, lifting his hat like a stranger, without offering to shake hands; and Maud watched his head, above the rest, disappearing in the outer darkness, and shuddered as if with cold. Sir Hugh turned quickly.

"Are you cold? Won't you stand a little farther back? Ah! there is Lord Dewhurst beckoning us. Come along."

They pressed forward, reached the porch, and Maud saw Arthur Trevor's face once more watching her as Sir Hugh officially drew her cloak closer round her, and assisted her into the carriage—saw him turn sharply round and walk away—and then they were driving slowly through the long string of carriages, and rattling over the stony streets towards Eaton Square. She had seen him again, and heard his voice, after the long dreary months of separation, and the old love was throbbing with unabated vigor in her heart.

"Did you speak to Captain Trevor?" asked Lady Alice, when they had deposited Lord and Lady Dewhurst at their house.

"Yes—just a few words. He said he was coming to call on your mother in a day or two. I told him I was going home next week, so probably he will wait till after I am gone. He is not likely to wish to see much of me;" and Maud's tone had some of the old bitterness in it.

Lady Alice sighed.

"Oh, Maud, I am so sorry! Will matters never come right between you two, I wonder?"

"Never, Alice, never; so the less we speak of them the better."

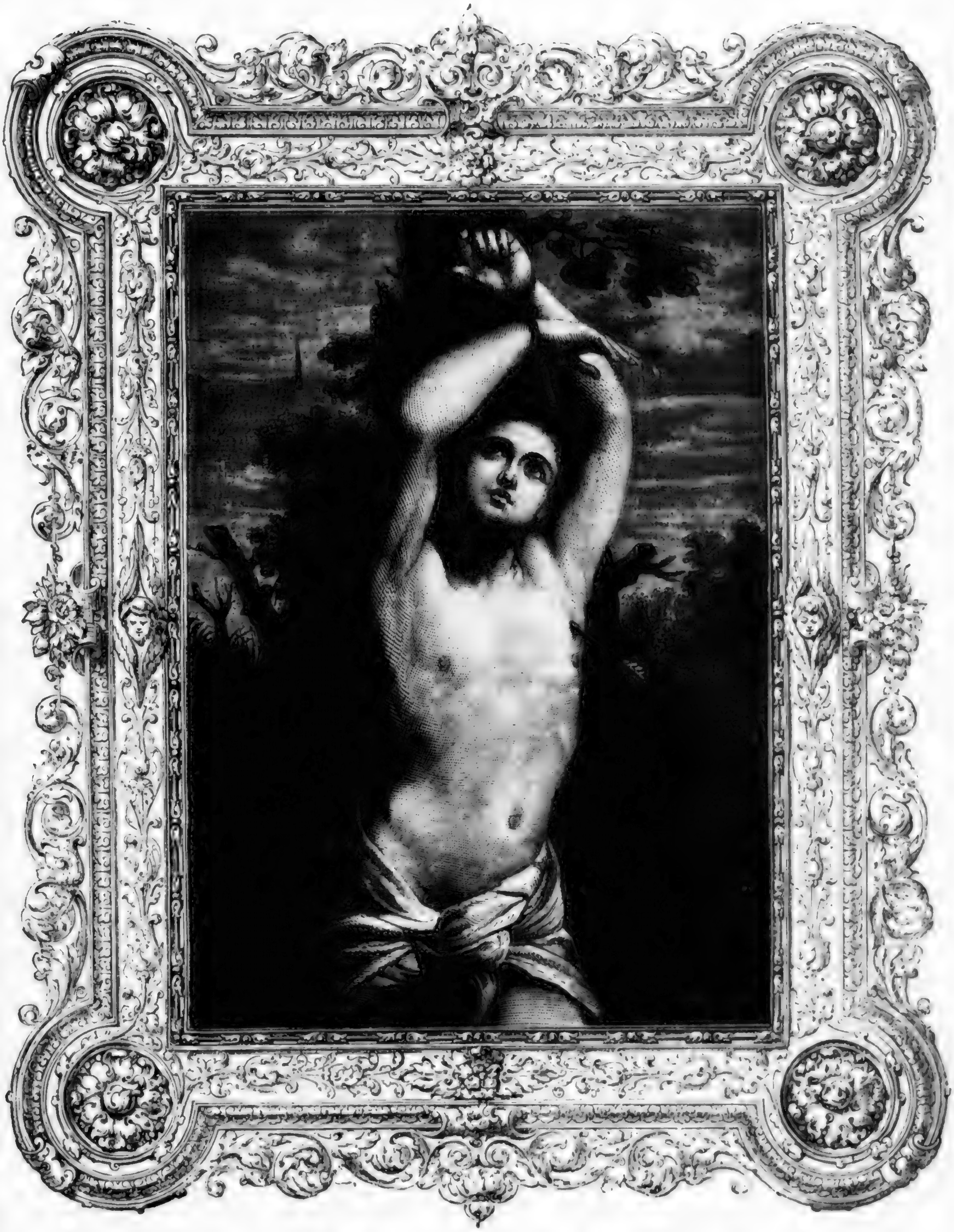
CHAPTER XV.

"COME, Maud, here are the horses, and Dewhurst will be waiting. Put down that work, and put your gloves on;" and Lady Alice tapped her boot impatiently with her riding-whip, knowing full well that others besides her brother would be watching for their appearance in the Row.

Maud laid down her knitting and followed Lady Alice down the stairs to where the horses stood with the groom at the door.

"I ordered the new chestnut for you, as you wished it, Maud; but Roger says he thinks you must ride him on the snaffle, though he has put on the curb as well. He is afraid it has a bad temper."

"No, my lady," said the groom who had brought the horse in question, touching his hat. "He's a bit sperrity, but there ain't no vice in him. I've took him out two or three times, and he goes as quiet as a lamb."



ST. SEBASTIAN, BY GUIDO RÉNI.

(After the Original in Genoa.)

XUM

"I'm not afraid," exclaimed Maud, settling herself in her saddle. "It is a beautiful animal. There will not be a handsomer horse in the Park, I know."

The horse went quietly enough along Chester Street and up Grosvenor Place, making a slight curvet as a break dashed past them, just sufficient to give Maud a consciousness that there was "something to manage" under her; and Lord Dewhurst glanced at the new purchase for the first time.

"Where did you get that horse, Alice?" he asked, quickly.

"Stephen bought it at Aldridge's last week. Isn't he handsome?"

"Very. But I doubt if he is fit for a lady for all that; I don't like the look of his eye. Don't touch the curb, Maud; he won't stand it."

Lady Alice looked uneasy again.

"Let us go back, Maud," she urged, "and you can ride Black Brunswicker. Indeed, I begin to feel nervous."

"Nonsense, Alice; I am not going to be baulked in my ambition of riding the handsomest horse in the Park. You won't frighten me, so come along. Let us have a canter."

They broke into a canter, the chestnut going beautifully, and Maud's pride was gratified as she noticed how many persons turned to look after her. She was a first-rate horsewoman—it was her only vanity. Mr. Compton had joined them, and was riding by Lady Alice, whilst Lord Dewhurst kept close to Maud's side, with a lurking misgiving at his heart.

"Look—there's Arthur Trevor on ahead," he said, suddenly, "riding all alone. Let's join him."

Maud hesitated. It was two days now since they had met at the opera, and he had not called; she felt sure he wished to avoid her. But Lord Dewhurst, all unconscious, had ridden up to the "solitary horseman" and greeted him, and Arthur Trevor reined back his horse to Maud's side. As he did so his face changed suddenly.

"Good Heavens! How came you on that horse?" he exclaimed, hurriedly. "It's Blue Devil, who killed poor Miss Cathcart a few months ago! Dewhurst, how could you let her mount him?"

His face was quite pale, and his eyes flashed as he spoke.

"By Jove, I mistrusted the brute from the first!" answered Lord Dewhurst, in a tone of dismay. "Come home at once, Maud, like a good girl, and get off him. You musn't ride him."

But something in Captain Trevor's quick, imperious tone had aroused Maud's temper, and, with a heightened color, she said, lightly—

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Probably Miss Cathcart was a bad rider. The horse goes quietly enough."

Arthur Trevor looked her full in the face.

"Miss Cathcart was one of the best riders in England," he observed, quietly. "The brute lost his temper, dashed suddenly under a tree, and knocked her brains out. It is only fit to be shot. It is perfect madness of you to go on. See, everybody turns to look at you. The horse is well known."

"They are only admiring him," asserted Maud, carelessly; "I am not to be frightened. Besides, my life is my own, of no immediate value to anybody, and I can risk it if I like."

Captain Trevor did not answer. He stooped and looked to his stirrups and bridle, and Maud knew that she had annoyed him by the glitter in his eyes. Lord Dewhurst glanced from one to the other, and saw his friend's annoyance.

"Maud, be persuaded," he said, in a low tone. "Come home quietly before there is any accident. Trevor is in earnest."

Maud hesitated; in another moment she would have yielded, when Captain Trevor put in, coldly—

"You had better not use my name, Dewhurst. It only makes matters worse."

Then she set her lips close together, and looked him full in the face, with her dark eyes flashing.

"Flint and steel, Captain Trevor!" she said, shortly, and urged her horse into a canter.

He kept close at her side, watching the mobile eye and backward ears of her horse in anticipation of what was to follow, and Lord Dewhurst kept up as well as the inferior powers of his horse would allow.

It was a gray, cheerless morning, and the park was nearly empty—luckily for Maud as it turned out, for, as they were cantering along, and she was turning to ask her companion where the vice was, a dog ran forward, barking at them; the chestnut kicked violently, gave a fierce snort, and was off.

Maud felt him grip the bit in his teeth, put his head well down, and knew that her life depended upon what lay before her. But Captain Trevor was close behind, on an animal but little, if at all, inferior to Blue Devil in speed.

It was a neck-and-neck race. On—on—the bare trees flying past in a brown, bleared mass, the Winter wind singing in her ears; and Maud knew that at this pace she must come to the end of her ride in a very few minutes. Captain Trevor kept well up; but he could not gain on her, so perfectly matched in speed were the two animals. Suddenly he turned aside, cleared the railings of the walk, narrowly missing a double child's carriage and its chubby inmates, crossed the grass, cleared the railings again, pushed ahead of Maud, who had gone round a curve, and presently his hand had grasped the reins, and Blue Devil's mad career was ended. The captain had thrown himself off his horse to be surer of his mark, and stood there, somewhat breathless, and perfectly silent.

Maud leant forward trembling in every limb.

"Thank you, Captain Trevor," she said, trying to speak carelessly. "You have probably saved my life; but I am not quite sure that you have done a wise thing."

He looked at her steadily till Maud colored, but made no reply; and then, as Lord Dewhurst and the others rode up, he relinquished the rein, saying to the former—

"I should lead him home if I were you, and not trust him now that his blood is up."

Then he mounted his horse, lifted his hat, and rode off at a sharp trot, whilst Maud turned homewards with the rest, wishing, in the bitterness of her heart, that he had let her horse alone and left her to meet the death which seemed no catastrophe in her present state of mind.

Maud was very silent on their way home—indeed nobody felt much inclined to talk—and went to her room as soon as she had entered the house.

"He is too gentlemanly not to come and ask after me," she thought, as she changed her habit for her ordinary dress; "perhaps I may get a chance of telling him how vexed I am with myself for my temper and obstinacy. It is his perfect coolness that makes me so angry, so eager to say or do something to rouse him, if only to anger. Oh, why did we ever quarrel? I do not believe he is right. In spite of all, I do not believe we are unsuited. I could and would have made him happy. But why do I let myself think of it now? He has quite conquered his own love—perhaps is already engaged to some one else. I will go home. I will not run the risk of meeting him at every turn, and possibly betraying my weakness. I will tell Lady Dewhurst that I must go home to-morrow. Oh, Arthur, how I wish I had never seen you! I was happy enough till I knew you."

She sat down and wrote a note to her aunt, telling her to send the carriage to meet her by the train reaching Anchester at 4.30 on the following day. Then she went downstairs, laid the letter on the hall-table, and went into the dining-room, where Lady Dewhurst and her daughter were already at luncheon.

"Lady Dewhurst," she said, taking her seat at the table, "I have just been writing to tell Aunt Barry to expect me to-morrow. I think I ought to go home."

"But, my dear child, that is very sudden," exclaimed her hostess, looking up from her cold chicken. "I thought you were going to the Newtons' ball on the third."

Maud reddened and hesitated.

"There is always something to keep me," she said, half-laughing; "but I think I would rather go home at once."

Lady Alice interposed before her mother could speak.

"I think you are right, Maud. It is very selfish of us to try to keep you, when Aunt Barry must be longing for you every day. You will come to us again before long, I hope. You know how glad we always are to have you."

"I think you have proved that pretty well."

So it was settled, and little they all guessed to what the change of plan would lead.

Maud stayed at home that afternoon, tired with the excitement of the morning, and anxious to finish a book she was reading before she went away. The short day was darkening when the others returned from their drive, and she laid down her book with a stifled yawn.

"Here is your preserver come to inquire after you," said Lady Dewhurst, as she entered. "We found him turning away from the door, and brought him in almost by force." Then she went upstairs to take off her furs, and Captain Trevor came forward.

"I hope you are none the worse for your morning's fright, Miss Etheridge," he said pleasantly, as he seated himself in a low chair on the opposite side of the fire.

Maud played nervously with her watch-chain, determined to say only the right thing. Was it too late still to show him he had formed a wrong estimate of her character?

"Only a little tired, thank you," she answered, hurriedly. "I have not suffered half so much as I deserve for being so self-willed. I don't know how to thank you, Captain Trevor, for your courage—and patience," she added, in a lower tone, coloring.

"You have only my horse to thank," he said, carelessly. "Lord Dewhurst would have done all I did if his horse had been as good. However, I hope you will own now that the chestnut is not fit for a lady, and never try to ride him again."

"I shall not have the chance. I am going down to Anchester to-morrow. I want to get home."

There was a weary sound in the last words, and he looked hard at her, perceiving for the first time how thin and ill she was looking.

"You are not looking well," he said, abruptly. "Have you been ill?"

She shook her head.

"No, not really ill. I don't think Cannes suited me. I never felt really well there, and now of course England feels very chilly."

"You have come home at a wrong time," he observed. "It was folly to go abroad in the Winter and come home in the worst part of it."

"But I did not go for my health," she said, smiling. "There is nothing the matter with me. I wanted a change, because Westerton seemed so dull." She stopped abruptly, her color rising as she remembered suddenly why it had seemed so dull.

Captain Trevor rose to his feet, and, leaning on the mantelpiece, looked down into the fire.

"After I went," he said, in a low voice. "Yes, I suppose so. You must have suffered a little too. But it was better so—better than to persist in the mistake we had made. Yes, it was the wisest thing to do."

His tone was that of a man trying to argue himself into a thing he did not really believe, and Maud clasped her hands tightly together and wrung them silently behind his back.

The words rose to her lips—the words that in his present frame of mind might have set matters straight once more—"You are wrong—all wrong"—but she could not utter them. She could not urge him against his will to make her his wife, for it amounted to that. No—better die; or, worse still, live a long, lonely, hopeless life.

The time that May had prophesied was come, when his anger had died out, but not his love; but he could not bring himself to own it even to himself. So, after a short sharp struggle with himself, he raised his head once more, and, turning round, said, quickly:

"Well, I am glad to find you are nothing the worse for this morning's adventure. I must be off now, as I am going out to dinner. Good-bye. I suppose we shall not meet again, as you go home to-morrow?"

"I suppose not. I have written to tell Aunt Barry to expect me by the afternoon express, so I must go."

She spoke sadly, regretting that she had written, for a latent hope had sprung up that she might win him back yet if they were thrown together.

"Well, I think your aunt and Mrs. Percy must be wanting you very much. Good-bye."

He shook hands like a casual acquaintance, and departed; and then Lady Alice came in, saying, inquiringly:

"Nothing come of it, Maud? I gave mamma a hint to change her damp dress that you might be undisturbed."

And Maud shook her head, afraid to speak lest words and tears should come together.

Chapter XVI.

ARTHUR TREVOR sat in his handsome lodgings, with a cloud of perplexity and thought in his blue eyes. In his hand he held one of those orange-colored billets that bring such terrible news to some, such short, sharp words of alarm to others. It was a telegram from the bailiff at St. Abb's — Captain Trevor's property since his uncle's death — to say that several hayricks and part of the farm-buildings had been burnt down in the night, and that he had better come at once to inquire into the affair.

Captain Trevor sat looking at the paper, as if to find there the answer to the question that was agitating his mind. Should he travel down with Maud, or go down by an earlier train? He thought of her as he had seen her on the previous evening, thin and weary-looking, the shadow of a great trouble in her eyes, which he knew he had brought there, and his heart swelled with a mixture of feelings that he would not analyse. His mind traveled back to the far-off days when he had first met her—bright, laughing, imperious Maud, with that ring of defiance in all she said and did which had first roused him to try to conquer her, that occasional softness and wistfulness which had won his love so completely. He knew he loved her still, but he could not bring his proud nature to own that he was wrong, to recall the oft-repeated assertion that "they were unsuited—would never make each other happy."

"It is the quickest train save one," he muttered, carefully folding and refolding the telegram. "It is past eleven now, and I must go to Tattersall's about that horse of Lady Down's. I cannot catch the twelve o'clock express, and there is no fast train till hers. I need not travel in the same carriage with her, though. Perhaps that idiot Follet will take her down. They say she is engaged to him, but I

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don't believe it. She would never link herself to such a muff. Besides——" He did not finish his sentence, but rose quickly and rang the bell.

"Pack my small portmanteau," he said to his servant, "and take it to meet the afternoon express for Winstone. I must go down to St. Abb's to-night."

Winstone was on a branch line; he would have to change trains at Anchester, and he could do as he pleased about traveling in the same carriage with Maud, he repeated—the train suited him, and why should he give it up because she intended to travel by it?

He took up his hat and walked slowly off to Tattersall's, where he had the satisfaction of finding Blue Devil awaiting a purchaser. He felt strongly inclined to buy the animal, but checked himself.

"Why should I spend my life in trying to conquer the temper of others when I cannot conquer my own?" he asked himself. "Besides, the animal is really vicious."

Unconsciously he looked at his watch several times, and at last, contrary to his usual custom, found himself at the station at least a quarter of an hour too soon.

It was a bleak gray day; the wind whistled drearily round the corners, the cabmen were stamping their feet and swinging their arms, the boy at the bookstall was blowing his fingers, everybody, hurrying to and fro, looked shrivelled and cross with the cold. Captain Trevor, in his thick overcoat, and with a mind full of doubt and perplexity, paced slowly up and down the platform, unconscious of the northeast wind. He looked up at the great clock presently, and, seeing that it wanted only three minutes to the starting of the train, went to the office to take his ticket.

Maud, placing her ticket in her purse, was just coming away from the office, and she started as she raised her eyes and saw him. She was looking pale and sad, but a slight color tinged her cheeks as she met his gaze.

"Captain Trevor, how did you come here?" she exclaimed, the thought crossing her mind that he was come to see her off.

"There has been a fire at St. Abb's, and the steward has telegraphed for me," he answered, pressing through the crowd to get his ticket; and then, rejoining her, he said more quickly, "Come, Miss Etheridge, we will miss the train if we are not sharp. There goes the bell!"

She followed him hurriedly to a carriage, and, as she seated herself, looked at him wistfully. He hesitated, reading the unspoken words in her eyes. The carriage was empty; it would be a long *tête-à-tête*. His foot was on the step, and she had drawn aside her dress to let him enter; the guard was shouting, "Any more for Anchester, Winstone, Henton?" and banging the doors as he came towards them. In another moment they would be shut in together, when pride whispered in his ear, "What! Give in now, after all you have suffered! Own her right, yourself wrong! Unmanly—unworthy of Trevor!"

"Wait a minute, guard. Where is a smoking compartment?" he asked.

"Here you are, sir; jump in quick;" and the guard opened a door, sounding his whistle as he did so.

An answering shriek from the engine, and they were steaming slowly out into the daylight, past long lines of houses, where linen hung out of tiny windows and children shouted and yelled in dirty walled-in back gardens, past suburban villas and ever-increasing fields, out into the dull dreary country, where the gloomy gray sky hung over patches of melting know, sodden grass, and dark wet earth.

Captain Trevor was alone in his compartment, and Maud was in hers—there were few who cared to travel on that dismal February day—and, lighting his cigar, he leant back against the cushions to collect his thoughts. He had caught a look of surprise and disappointment in Maud's brown eyes as he turned away—a look that haunted him and destroyed the self-gratulation he had expected on his courage. After all, was it not cowardly to avoid her? Would it not have been braver and wiser to travel with her and begin that calm, friendly line of conduct that he had mapped out for the future? But he did not feel calm or friendly; his pulses were beating rapidly as he tried to count how many telegraph-posts they passed in the minute. He was conscious of a secret longing to be in that carriage farther up the train, where Maud sat trying to force back the tears that were blurring sky and fields, trying to calm the wild throbs of pain and injured love that were nearly bursting her heart. On, on they sped, and the pink line across the western horizon showed that the short February day was ending, while heavy blue masses gathered slowly in the sky, telling of more snow to come. Captain Trevor let down the window to throw away the end of his cigar, and then drew it up again with a determined jerk.

"I will get into her carriage the first time we stop," he muttered. "It is of no use trying to avoid her, when we are sure to meet so often. I don't want to pain her—and she did look pained, poor girl, at my rudeness. Well, yes, it was rude to avoid her so pointedly. Hallo! By Jove, a smash!"

A frightful jerk, a long grating noise, a heave, and the carriage turned over on its side, flinging him violently against the network over the seat, and half stunning him for several minutes.

He lay still till his brain cleared, and then scrambled out of the carriage and dropped to the ground. What a frightful scene it was! The engine had run off the line, and, after tearing up the gravel and rail for several yards, had buried itself breast-high in the embankment that happily sloped down to the railway at this point, and stood puffing and roaring like some mad beast, the driver having had the presence of mind to let off the steam as soon as the locomotive quitted the rails. The carriages had reared up one on top of another till they had tilted over on to the up line; shrieks, groans, shouts for help and for lost friends rent the air, as Captain Trevor, a dull sickening fear at his heart, made his way through the ruins in search of Maud.

She was not to be seen, and in the terrible confusion it was impossible to tell which had been her carriage. Suddenly his eyes fell on a dark plaid shawl, which he recognized as the one she had carried on her arm, and by it, half hidden amid a pile of cushions and broken woodwork, was a still pale face with eyelids closed.

In an instant he was by, and tearing everything off her, till a beam too heavy or too tightly wedged for even his frantic arms to move checked him.

"Maud, Maud, speak! Look at me!" he cried, in half-choked tones; and, as he bent over her, the dark eyes opened and looked once more into his.

"Thank Heaven, she is living!" he exclaimed. "Are you hurt? How shall I get you out? This beam is crushing you. Speak to me, my own darling."

At his words a smile lit up the white face.

"Arthur, dear Arthur," she said, softly, putting her one free hand into his, "I am so glad you came to me. Whatever happens now, all is bright. Don't try to move that beam—I am in no pain, at least very little—or you may bring everything down on me. Let me lie here, and stay with me. Perhaps they will come and help us soon."

With a heavy weight at his heart he bent down and kissed the white lips.

"Maud, my love, my darling," he murmured in choking tones, "what a mad fool I have been! Oh, my own, I cannot spare you now—I cannot face life without you!"

She pressed his hand fondly.

"I think you were wrong, dear," she said, gently. "I always thought so. We could never have been happy apart. And now, if it is all over—if my hours are numbered—oh, Arthur, my darling, it will be hard for you to live on, and think of the long happy years we might have spent together!"

There was a ring of hopeless pain in her tones which stabbed him like a knife.

"Maud, Maud, don't speak so!" And the hot drops of a man's direst agony fell on her face. "You must not—shall not die! Oh, great Heaven, is there no other way of punishing my pride? You shall not die! Why do I let you lie here? Here, men—help me. Five pounds a head for those who help me to get this lady out!"

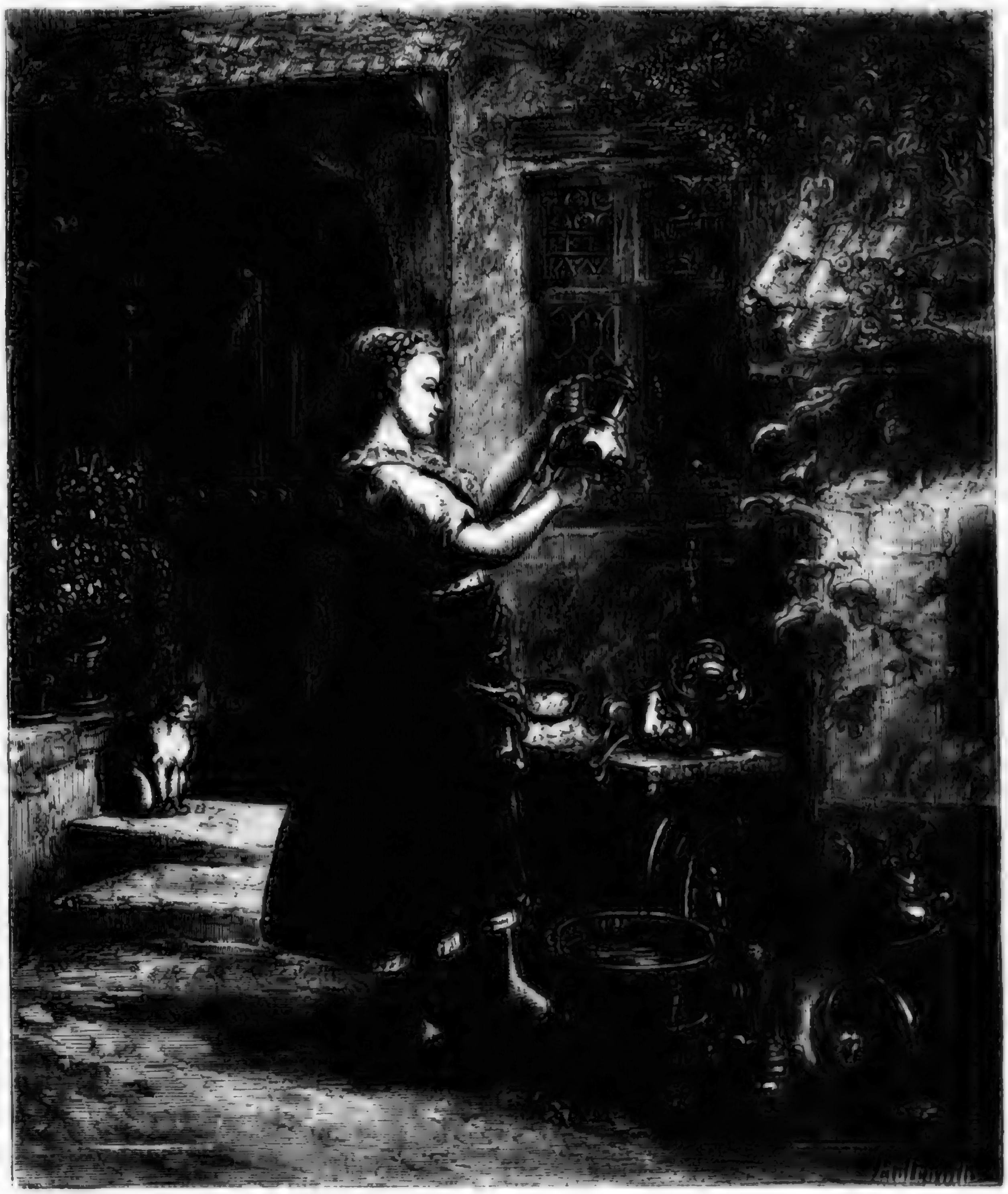
There were willing hands soon with him at his cry; but it was not his offer of reward that stimulated those great rough men to their work so much as the sight of the still, white, lovely face lying there amidst the wreckage so quietly and uncomplainingly.

Arthur held her in his arms while iron and woodwork were removed, and then felt her head fall heavily on his shoulder as the last obstruction was lifted. A cry of intense pain broke from him.

"She is dead! Oh, merciful Heaven!" And his head dropped.

A medical man pressed forward, and took Maud's wrist in his hand.

"She has fainted. She is not dead. Ah!" And he shook his head as he hurriedly examined her. "Carry her to my house—there, straight across the fields—a red house;" and he pointed to where a dip in the embankment showed the surrounding country. "I will be there as soon as I can, and see after her."



POLISHING THE TANKARD.

He hurried away, whilst Arthur Trevor, trying to hope still, roused himself to lift Maud tenderly on to the hastily-formed litter. Half an hour later the still senseless girl was laid on a bed in the surgeon's house, where the surgeon's wife with gentle hands attended to her, while Arthur Trevor, half mad with alternate hopeless misery and gleams of hope, paced up and down the gravel-walk of the little garden in the gathering darkness, waiting for the arrival of the medical man, who was to tell him what his future life held of good or evil.

He was upstairs now, examining Maud. Would he ever have finished?

At last the doctor came forward and laid his hand kindly on Arthur Trevor's arm, looking into the white anxious face with a straightforward glance.

"Cheer up, my friend!" he said, smiling. "There is no great mischief done. The lady has had a severe shock, and one leg is a good deal bruised; but a month hence she will be as well as you or I. Is she your wife?"

But Arthur Trevor did not answer. He only turned his head aside and walked away quickly; the doctor, smiling to himself, went back to the house to have some food before returning to his more injured patients.

Chapter XXVII., and Last.

A WEEK later Maud Etheridge sat in her favorite breakfast-room at Westerton, pale and heavy-eyed, and with a shadow on her beautiful face which never left it now.

It was a bleak, dull afternoon, but a bright fire blazed on the hearth. Maud's arm-chair was drawn close to it, and her feet were on the fender; but she shivered slightly as she glanced round the room, and sighed. Her heart was heavier than ever now, for Captain Trevor had left her as soon as he had known of her safety, and she had seen and heard nothing of him since.

Again and again she had repeated to herself his wild words of love when he had found her under the carriage—the words that had made it seem so hard to die. Could his pride be so invincible that now, when he knew all danger was over, he could not bring himself to own that he was wrong—to acknowledge that he could not be happy without her? Alas, it seemed so! and great heavy tears rolled slowly down Maud's pale cheeks as she leant wearily back in her chair.

In another minute the door opened. She heard the servant say "Captain Trevor"; and presently he was standing before her, looking very stern and grave, as he said, in his coldest tones:

"I am glad to see you about again, Miss Etheridge, if I may call this being about again."

"Thank you," returned Maud, in a hurried nervous tone; "I am getting better. Won't you sit down? My aunt has gone out, but she will be home presently."

He did not answer, but remained standing, looking at her keenly; and Maud, conscious that the tears still stood on her cheeks, colored crimson under his glance.

"Have you been expecting me?" he asked, in a quick low tone, after Maud had tried to break the pause by remarking on the cold weather, and receiving no answer.

She looked up, and then looked away again.

"Yes—no—that is, I had given you up."

She hardly knew what to answer, so utterly uncertain was she as to what he would say next.

"Given me up," he repeated quickly; "then you have expected me? You are not angry with me?"

"Angry—oh, no! You are very kind;" and her fingers played nervously with her watch-chain.

He turned away and walked quickly up and down the room, and then stopped before her.

"Kind, you say, Maud! I wish I could think so. I don't know what to think. I have stayed away from you this week, trying to look at things calmly, trying to judge whether I should not show my love for you best by going away from you forever, by never seeing your face again, and am just as far from any decision as I have ever been. You said the other day that we were flint and steel—that I roused all that was worst in you. What am I to do? I leave it to you. I know that nothing will ever change my love for you. But, Maud, tell me truly whether you believe you can be happy with me, or can learn to forget me. I will abide by what you say."

His voice was hoarse and quivering, his face was white and eager, as he stood before her.

Maud lifted her eyes to his, full of tears, her mouth tremulous with happiness, and put up both her hands.

"Oh, Arthur, how can you doubt?" she exclaimed. "You have nearly broken my heart as it is."

Then he knelt down by her chair, and drew her to him; and, though he said nothing, Maud knew that her trouble was over, her happiness begun.

* * * * * * *

When Miss Barry came in, half an hour later, the room was dark but for the red glow of the fire, which showed Maud's face like that of the old bright Maud of the past Summer; and her maidenly reserve received a severe shock at finding a mustached mouth pressed to her cold cheek as a deep voice exclaimed, gaily:

"How do you do, Aunt Barry? Will you kindly ask them to set another place at the dinner-table? I mean to stop for dinner."

It was all plain sailing now. There was not a dissentient voice, no opposition even from Maud, when Captain Trevor requested that the marriage might take place in April—"lest they should quarrel again."

Perhaps they do quarrel sometimes now, for Captain Trevor is inclined to spoil his son and heir a good deal more than Maud approves; but it would appear that life only glows the brighter, and love's flame only burns more cheerily, for the occasional sparks struck from Flint and Steel.

Ocular Demonstration.

Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester in the early part of the eighteenth century, was a believer in apparitions. A conversation of the bishop with Judge Powell is here recorded:

"Since I saw you," said the lawyer, "I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions."

"I am glad you are becoming a convert to truth; but do you say actual ocular demonstration? Let me know the particulars of the story."

"My lord, I will. It was, let me see, last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs and stalking directly towards my room; the door flying open, I drew back my curtain, and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber."

"Of a blue color, no doubt."

"The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall meagre personage, his locks hoary with age, and clothed in a long loose gown; a leathern girdle was about his loins, his beard thick and grizzly, a large fur cap on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent; the figure advanced, staring me full in the face; I then said: 'Whence and what art thou?'"

"What was the answer—tell me—what was the answer?"

"The following was the answer I received: 'I am watchman of the night, an't please your honor, and made bold to come upstairs to inform the family of their street door being open, and that if it was not soon shut they would probably be robbed before morning.'"

THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW.

A BALLAD.

"What seek ye here, my children dear?
Why kneel ye down thus lowly
Upon the stones, beneath the porch
Of this our convent holy?"
The Prior old the pair bespoke
In faltering speech and slowly.

Their modest garb would seem proclaim
The pair of low degree;
But, though in cloth of frieze arrayed,
A stately youth was he:
While she who knelt down by his side
Was beautiful to see.

A twelvemonth and a day have fled
Since first we were united,
And from that hour," the young man said,
"No change our hopes has blighted.
Fond faith with fonder faith we've paid,
And love with love requited.

"True to each other have we been;
No dearer objects seeing
Than each has in the other found;
In everything agreeing.
And every look, and word and deed
That breed dissension fleeing.

"All this we swear, and take in proof
Our Lady of Dunmow!
For she who sits with saints above
Well knows that it is so.
Attest our vow, thou reverend man,
And bless us, ere we go!"

The Prior old stretched forth his hands;
"Heaven prosper you!" quoth he;
"O'er such as you, right gladly we
Say *Benedicite*."
On this, the kneeling pair uprose—
Uprose full joyfully.

Just then passed by the convent cook,
And moved the young man's glee;
On his broad back a mighty Flitch
Of Bacon brown bore he.
So heavy was the load I wis,
It scarce mote carried be.

"Take ye that Flitch," the Prior cried—
"Take it, fond pair, and go:
Fidelity like yours deserves
The boon I now bestow.
Go, feast your friends, and think upon
The Convent of Dunmow.

"Good Prior," then the youth replied,
"Thy gift to us is dear,
Not for its worth, but that it shows
Thou deemest our love sincere;
And in return, broad lands I give
Broad lands thy convent near,
Which shall to thee and thine produce
A thousand marks a year!

"But this condition I annex,
Or else the grant's forsaken:
That whenso'er a pair shall come,
And take the oath we've taken,
They shall from thee and thine receive
A goodly Flitch of Bacon.

"And thus from out a simple chance
A usage good shall grow;
And our example of true love
Be held up ever mo';
While all who win the prize shall bless
The Custom of Dunmow."

"Who art thou, son?" the Prior cried;
His tones with wonder falter—
"Thou shouldst not jest with reverend men,
Nor with their feelings palter."
"I jest not, Prior, for know in me
Sir Reginald Fitzwalter.

"I now throw off my humble garb,
As I what I am confessed,
The wealthiest I of wealthy men,
Since with this treasure blessed."
And as he spoke Fitzwalter clasped
His lady to his breast.

"In peasant guise my love I won,
Nor knew she whom she wedded;
In peasant cot our truth we tried,
And no disunion dreaded.
Twelve months' assurance proves our faith
On firmest base is steadied."

Joy reigned within those convent walls
When the glad news was known;
Joy reigned within Fitzwalter's halls
When there his bride was shown.

No lady in the land such sweet
Simplicity could own;
A natural grace had she, that all
Art's graces far outshone;
Beauty and worth for want of birth
Abundantly atone.

What need of more? That loving pair
Lived long and truly so;
Nor ever disunited were;
For one death laid them low!
And hence arose that custom old—
The Custom of Dunmow.

THE TEA-CUP TIMES.

TO the mind of the thoughtful student of the period, reaching from about the first quarter of the seventeenth century to the present day, a curious idea is not unlikely to present itself: namely, the wonderful influence which the introduction and use of tea has effected upon female character.

Tea is universally admitted to be an essentially feminine beverage; nevertheless, since its introduction, it is an undeniable fact that woman has, in some respects, deteriorated. The woman of the present day is, very often, a kind of epicure, neither perfect woman nor perfect man; lamentably failing when she puts her weaker frame and different—not inferior—intellect into competition with that of the ruder sex, and never showing her impotence more plainly than when she would usurp masculine prerogatives. Nature resents being ignored, and

> "The laws of Nature there's no force to stop;
> Women may shriek, but men will keep the top."

The typical woman of Biblical and patriarchal times generally was the one who, virtuous and industrious, looked after the welfare of her household, therein finding ample employment. It is a noticeable and significant fact that, throughout the whole sacred record there is not a single instance of a female attempting to usurp male prerogatives.

Putting the women of the Scriptures aside, and coming to the literature of England, the works of Geoffrey Chaucer afford the first picture we have of English manners and customs. The abstract and brief chronicle of the times in which he lived, Chaucer's inimitable "Canterbury Tales," form a setting for the delineation of every phase of English

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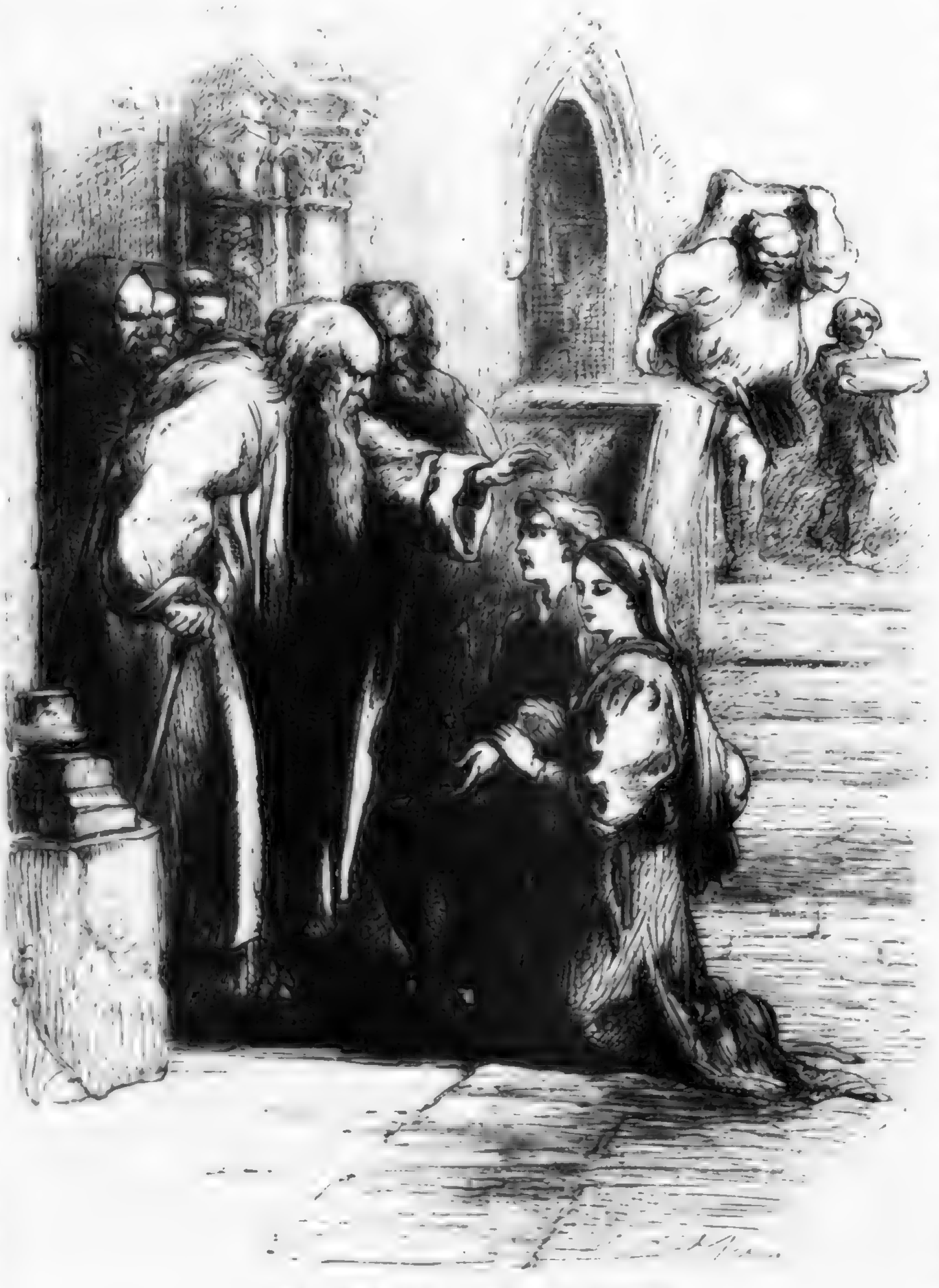
life of that epoch. The accomplished abbess is a pleasant type of womanhood, the little feminine weaknesses and traits of character portrayed respecting her giving an exquisite softness and finish to the portrait. "The Man of Lawe's Tale," the story of the patient Griselda, is a fitting cabinet picture to accompany that of the abbess. It shows the secular side of woman's ideal character in days during which the sex may roughly be divided into two classes—namely, the women in convents and the women out of them. Each picture is perfect of its kind. The one is wedded to her faith, the other to an earthly husband, and in each we recognize the palpable admiration and reverence of Chaucer when delineating her essentially womanly attributes; also the sly humor with which the little vanities and weaknesses of both are touched upon.

Shakespeare has painted all sorts of women. Those of his own and every other time, under both ordinary and exceptional circumstances, but his all-pervading ideal is that of the woman who lives in her affections, who is swayed and ruled through them. She is dignified and noble in her feminine capacity, perfect in her estate, only falling from it when she would usurp masculine privileges.



THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW.—SEE PAGE 207.

Passing onward, we find here and there in the history of literature isolated instances of a better state of female education. At the same time, it is a remarkable fact that the learned women of these ages did not attempt to *compete* with men. Queen Elizabeth, a scholar of no mean repute, is, when all is said and done, as thorough a woman and as great a paradox as any one of her sex. The gentle Lady Jane Grey may also be cited as an example of womanly dignity and modesty going hand in hand with erudition.

Milton's "Eve" can hardly be instanced as a conception of what woman should be, the "Lady" in Comus coming nearer to poor humanity in that respect. The great poet's rendering of female character is, in the abstract, full of reverence, and evinces, *apparently*, a just appreciation of her powers. The adverb is used advisedly, since there is a subtle irony in the fact that when Milton became blind he taught his daughters to read Greek and Latin to him in the original tongues, they not understanding what they were reading. How many women in this so-called age of advancement would have submitted to this tacit ignoring of their capabilities?

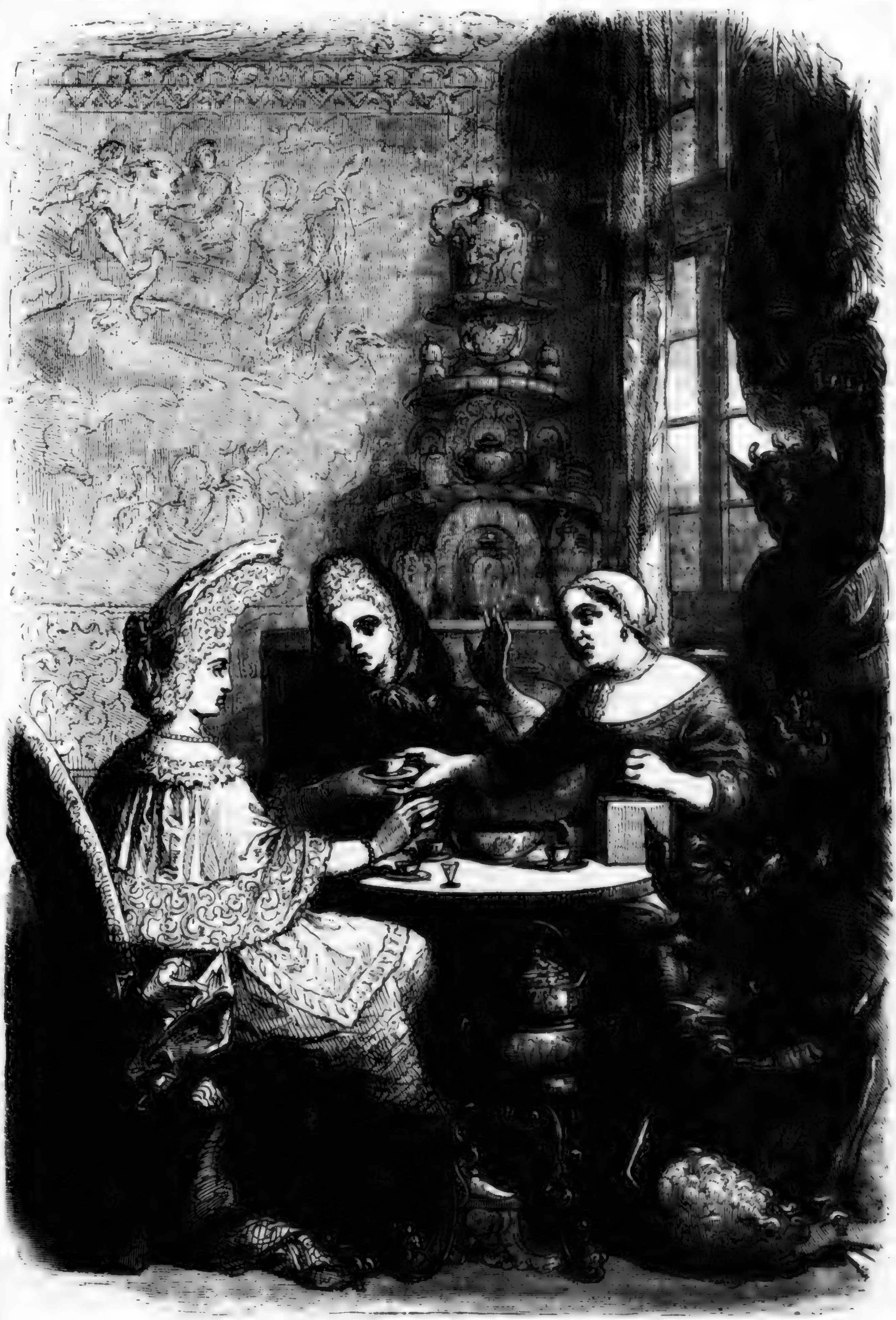
This brief retrospect brings us down to the period at which we would glance—

> "The teacup times of hood and hoop,
> And when the patch was worn."

So sings the Laureate of England, painting, in a few happy touches, one of his marvelously vivid word-pictures. Seemingly an innocent little descriptive couplet, but pregnant with food for reflection for the thoughtful reader. Suggestive of well-powdered coiffures, done up high on enormous cushions, conjuring up visions of fair dames in square-cut and scanty bodices, high-heeled shoes, colored satin petticoats, and flowered sacques. A goodly company, such as might have been seen congregated any evening at any of the brilliant receptions frequented by the wits and beauties of the day. Not less brilliant in their attire were the attendant swains in divers-colored wide-skirted coats, long-flap embroidered waistcoats, snuff-boxes, and buckles, with their clouded canes and well-powdered queues. Correctly speaking, we ought to say the "*Tay*-cup times," for at the period to which we refer the word had not yet lost its French pronunciation. Dryden says:

> "And thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
> Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tay.'

So Pope pronounced it; so did Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; so did Samuel Pepys and his host of gossips.



TEA-CUP TIMES.

Fancy such a company, good reader, assembled in any lady's boudoir, daintily sipping the fragrant hyson—then the fashionable tea—from handleless cups of egg-shell china, whilst Pope and Lady Mary Wortley sparred at each other or Pepys retailed the last scandal; what caudle-cups were tasted; what marriages were in prospective; what meetings had taken place at Chalk Farm; or who, at the last Drawing-room, had been pronounced the reigning beauty. At such a time, when Swift lived at St. James's, and paid eight shillings a week for his lodgings, and lay in bed to compose because the nights were cold and coal dear, he may have discussed Gay's death with Pope over a cup of tea. It was at such meetings the Dean gathered much of the materials which formed the staple of his immortal "Journal to Stella."

It is recorded that in 1657 tea had become so fashionable and customary a beverage amongst the upper classes that Thomas Gareway, merchant, of London, received of it a large consignment, which he sold at his house in the city. By this time the public coffee-houses had become recognized places of meeting for men of letters. The literature of the period is full of allusions to them, and it is a coincidence that their establishment is coeval with the first appearance of periodical literature in England. The *Tatler* and the *Spectator* were the offspring of coffee-house chat and gossip; its contributors being noted frequenters of these resorts, whence many of their letters are ostensibly dated. These places were the hotbeds from whence sprang what is commonly called light literature. After their introduction English poetry exhibits a character equally removed from the splendid brilliancy, yet solidity, of the days of Elizabeth, and the picturesque intensity of the new romantic school.

From these places of resort women were, of course, excluded; they could no more have appeared in them than in the taverns of the present day. Their frequenters gave a desultory tone to literature; a style so well suited to feminine capacity that we soon find that women, not wishing to let men have it all their own way, organized little tea-parties —or "tea-drinkings," as they were then called—where they retailed gossip, with this advantage, that they had the benefit of interchanging sentiments with the opposite sex. Women, as authors, now made their début. The Countess of Winchilsea, one of the first lady novelists, and a host of other satellites, appeared upon the literary horizon; Mrs. Aphra Behn, Mrs. Manley, Fanny Burney, etc.

These tea-drinkings had become such recognized institutions that they are repeatedly mentioned in the chief literature of the age. With the rage for tea-parties was developed the taste for china. The more grotesque the pattern and design, the more valuable the teacup.

Quaint, humorous Charles Lamb has thought the subject worthy of forming the theme of one of his inimitable essays; his "Old China" being a perfect reflex of the public mind upon the matter. Speaking about the designs upon the teacups, he proceeds in the following amusing strain:

"I like to see my old friends, whom distance cannot diminish, figuring up in the air (as they appear to our optics), yet on terra firma still, for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals. Here is a young and courtly mandarin handing tea to a lady from a salver two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which, in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world), must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead, a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream."

Throughout the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, the allusions to China and tea-parties bristle almost upon every page. The literature in general of the time often makes mention of tea-parties—corresponding to our "afternoon teas"—where the fine gentlemen read their poems and other literary productions to the fair dames, who delivered their opinions thereupon. We can fancy the cynical Pope, at one of these pleasant gatherings, throwing down the apple of discord by asserting that "most women have no characters at all," a sentiment which may have quickened into new life any germs of self-assertion which his hearers may have possessed. Dr. Samuel Johnson's partiality for tea, and his capacity for imbibing it, are well known, and go far towards giving a coloring of truth to the prevailing opinion that tea and scandal are synonymous, for the learned Doctor was as arrant a gossip as the veriest old woman. Certainly his sentences were sonorous and pedantic, but they were gossip all the same.

About this time we first hear of the "Madonella," or college for ladies, where they were to be taught something higher than "flowering," or making "bone-lace." Against this scheme Steele writes very strongly in the *Tatler*. However, all the fine gentlemen do not seem to have shared his opinion in that respect; for in that outrageously amusing, and but little known work, "The Life of J. Buncle, Esq.," there is a grave and exquisitely humorous dissertation upon the moral thoughts of Miss Spence, otherwise the admirable Maria, who "learned algebra and fluxions." Pope, in one of his satires, praises the woman who is

"Mistress of herself, though china fall."

And Matthew Prior, in describing the engagements of a lady of quality, says she

"Slipt sometimes round to Mrs. Thody's,
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen."

In America, tea-drinking became even more general than in England, and want of tea drove Americans to open direct communication with China, to import at once the fragrant beverage and the prized receptacle.

Our freedom turned, indeed, on a cup of tea. How great must have been the sacrifice of American dames of high and low degree when, a century ago, they had to make the terrible option between, "Give me liberty," or "Give me tea!" They did not hesitate; patriotism triumphed, and for seven long years the times were empty tea-cup times till peace once more restored peace, plenty, and tea-parties, with all that the words implied to our grandmothers.

A WONDERFUL CAT.

THREE years ago I had a lovely kitten given to me. Her fur was of a beautiful blue-gray color marked with glossy black stripes, according to the most approved zebra or tiger fashion. She was so very pretty that she was named "Pret," and was the wisest, most loving, and dainty pussy that ever crossed my path.

When Pret was very young I fell ill with a nervous fever. She missed me immediately in my accustomed place, sought for me, and placed herself at my door until she found a chance of getting into my room, and began at once to try her little best to amuse me with her frisky kitten tricks and pussy-cat attentions.

But soon finding that I was too ill to play with her, she placed herself beside me, and at once established herself as head nurse. In this capacity few human beings could have exceeded her in watchfulness, or manifested more affectionate regard. It was truly wonderful to note how soon she learned to know the different hours at which I ought to take medicine or nourishment; and during the night, if my attendant were asleep, she would call her, and if she could not awaken her without such extreme measures, she would gently nibble the nose of the sleeper, which means never failed to produce the desired effect.

Having thus achieved her purpose, Miss Pret would watch attentively the preparation of whatever was needed, and then come, and with a gentle purr-purr announce it to me. The most marvelous part of the matter was, her never being five minutes wrong in her calculations of the true time, even amid the stillness and darkness of the night. But who shall say by what means this little being was enabled to measure the fleeting moments, and by the aid of what power did she connect the lapse of time with the needful attentions of a nurse and her charge? Surely we have here something more than reason?

A Night Among the Robbers of the Blue Ridge.

IN the early Autumn of the year 1849, about half an hour by sun, I drew rein in front of a large double log-house, that some enterprising pioneer had built where two roads crossed on the very summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

The place was evidently kept as a tavern, at least so a sign proclaimed, and here I determined to demand accommodations for myself and servant, Bose, a dark-skinned body-guard, who accompanied me in all journeys of any length. Bose and I had been playmates in child and boyhood, and now, in advanced years, we kept up the intimacy. I need hardly say that the faithful fellow was attached to me, as I was to him, and on more than one occasion he had shown his devotion, even as he was destined to do again that night.

There had been a "shooting-match" at the Mountain House that day, and, as I dismounted, I saw through the open window of the barroom a noisy, drunken, and evidently quarrelsome set of backwoodsmen, each of whom was swearing by all possible and impossible oaths that he was not only the best shot, but that he could out-fight, out-jump, out-wrestle, run faster, jump higher, dive deeper, and come up drier than any other man "on the mounting." The picture will be familiar to all who have traveled through the section of country of which I speak.

"I say, Mars Ralph," said Bose, in a low tone, as I handed him my bridle-rein. "I don't like de looks ob dem in dar. S'pose we goes on to de next house. 'Tain't fur.

"Nonsense, Bose," I replied; "these fellows are only on a little spree over their shooting. We have nothing to do with them, nor they with us. Take the horses round to the stable, and see to them yourself. You know they've had a hard day of it."

And throwing my saddle-bags over my shoulders, I walked up the narrow path to the house.

I found, as I have intimated, the barroom filled with a noisy, turbulent crowd, who one and all stared at me without speaking as I went up to the bar and inquired if I and my servant could have accommodations for the night.

Receiving an affirmative reply from the landlord, a little red-headed, cadaverous-looking specimen of the "clay-eater," I desired to be at once shown to my room, whither I went, but not until I had been compelled to decline a score of requests to "take a drink," much to the disgust of the stalwart bacchanalians, to whom drinking "pine-top" was an every-day pastime.

The room to which I was shown was at the far end of a long, two-storied structure, evidently but recently added on to the main building, which it intersected at right angles. A gallery extended along the front, by means of which the rooms were reached.

I found my apartment to be large and comparatively well furnished, there being, besides the bed, a comfortable cot, half a dozen "split-bottomed" chairs, a heavy clothes-press, and a bureau with a glass. I am thus particular in describing the furniture for reasons that will become apparent.

There were two windows, one alongside the door, and the other in the opposite end of the room. The first-mentioned was heavily barred with stout oak strips, a protection, I presumed, against intrusion from the porch, while across the latter was drawn a heavy woolen curtain.

In the course of half an hour Bose entered, and announced that the cattle had been properly attended to, and a few moments later a bright-faced mulatto girl summoned us to supper. To reach the dining-room, I was compelled again to pass through the barroom, which I found—somewhat to my relief, for I hate drunken crowds—comparatively deserted, most of the party having gone home for the night.

I noticed, however, as I paused an instant to speak to the landlord, a group of four individuals in one corner of the room, engaged in an animated conversation, but in tones too low for me to hear. They were a rough-looking set, and, I fancied, eyed me in a manner not altogether pleasant.

Supper over, I returned to my room, first requesting to be roused for an early breakfast, as I desired to be on the road by sunrise.

The men were still talking, or, rather, whispering, as I had left them, and I was again subjected to a severe scrutiny as I passed.

Thoroughly wearied with my day's ride, I at once began preparations for retiring, and had drawn off one boot, when Bose came in rather hastily, looking furtively over his shoulder, and then cautiously closing and locking the door.

"Mars Ralph, dar's gwine to be trouble in dis house afore mornin'," he said; and I saw in a moment that something had occurred to upset the faithful fellow's equilibrium.

"Why, Bose, what is it? What do you mean?" I asked, barely restraining a smile.

"I tole you, Mars Ralph, we'd better trabble furder," was the rather mysterious reply. "You see dat yaller gal dere tole me dar would be a muss if we staid in this 'founded ole house all night."

By close questioning I elicited the fact that the girl had really warned him that the four men whom I had noticed talking together were a desperate set of villains, and probably had designs upon our property, if not our lives.

The girl had seen two of them at the stable while I was at supper, and by cautiously creeping into a stall, next the one in which they stood, had heard enough to convince her that they meant mischief. Subsequently to this, she also saw the landlord in close confab with the entire party, and from his actions judged that he was urging the men to their nefarious work.

"I tell *you*, Mars Ralph, dem white trash ain't arter no good—now you heard *me!*" persisted Bose.

I had begun to think so myself, but what was to be done? Would I not be precipitating the danger by showing any signs of suspicion? What if the girl was mistaken, and these men were in reality only honest woodsmen? Save her word, and my own half-formed belief, I had no grounds upon which to act.

The situation was full of embarrassment, and I felt that nothing could be done save to wait and watch, and, by being on the alert, defeat their plans by a determined resistance. Explaining the matter to Bose, I turned to make an inspection of the premises.

I found that from the barred window, in which there was a broken pane of glass, that a good view of the stable-lot and buildings thereon could be had.

Then for the other window.

I crossed the room, drew aside the heavy curtain, and, raising the sash, looked out.

A single glance was sufficient to cause me a thrill of surprise, and I gave a low exclamation that instantly brought Bose to my side.

Far below, I could see the faint glimmer of water, the low murmur of which came indistinctly up from the depths, while, on a level with what should have been the ground, I

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dimly saw the waving tree-tops, as they gently swayed before the fresh night-breeze, and knew that the window overlooked a chasm, the surroundings of which I could only guess at.

In other words, the house, or that portion of it, was built upon the very verge of a cliff, the solid rock forming a foundation more lasting than any that could be made by hands of man.

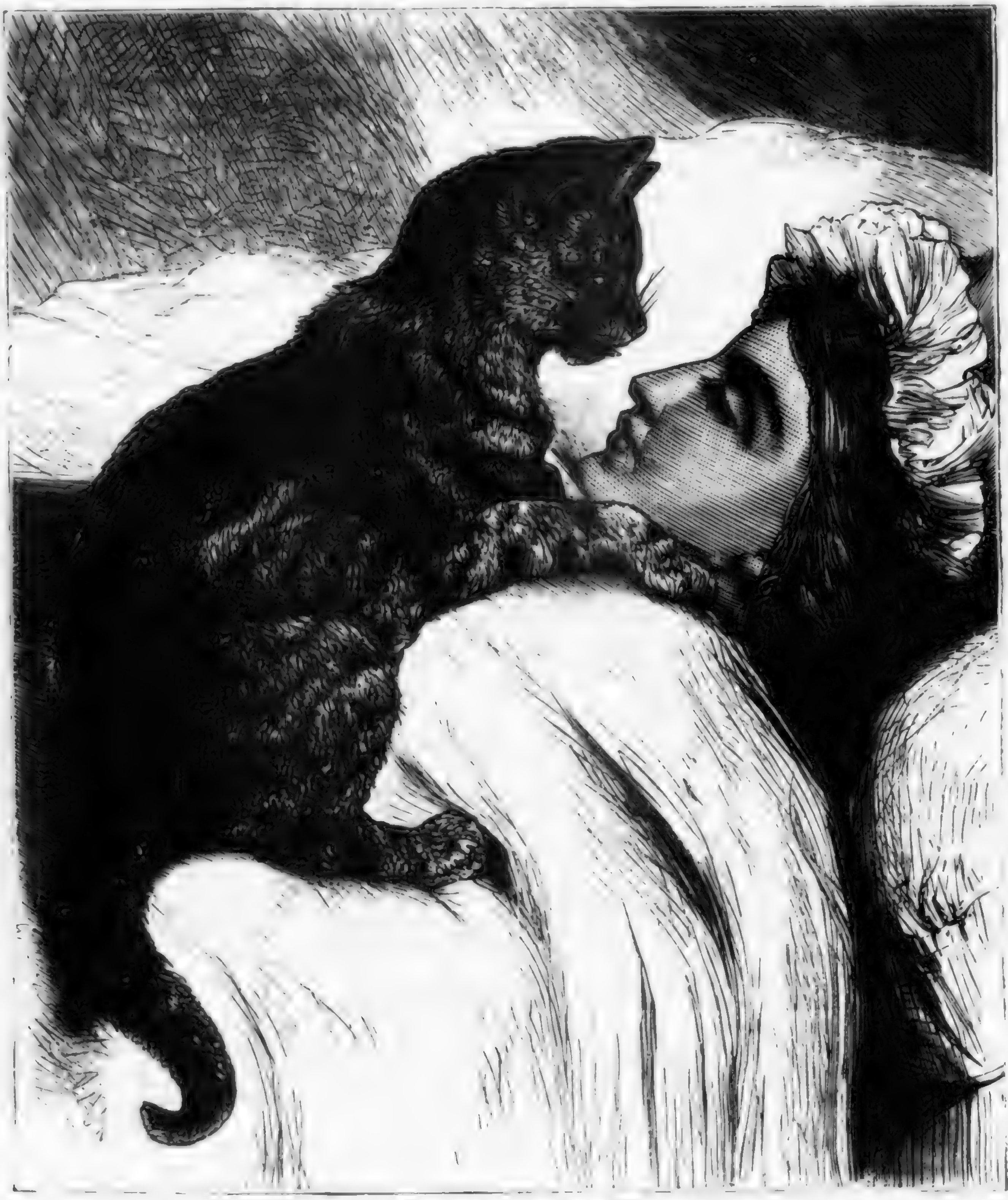
I leaned far out, and saw that there was not an inch of space left between the heavy log on which the structure rested and the edge of the precipice, and then I turned away with the full conviction that if escape *must* be made, it certainly would not be in that direction. There was nothing especially strange in this; there were many houses so constructed—I had seen one or two myself—and yet when I drew back into the room, and saw the look in Bose's dusky face, I felt that danger, quick and deadly, was hovering in the air.

Without speaking, I went to my saddle-bags and got out my pistols—a superb pair of long double rifles, that I knew to be accurate anywhere under half a hundred yards.

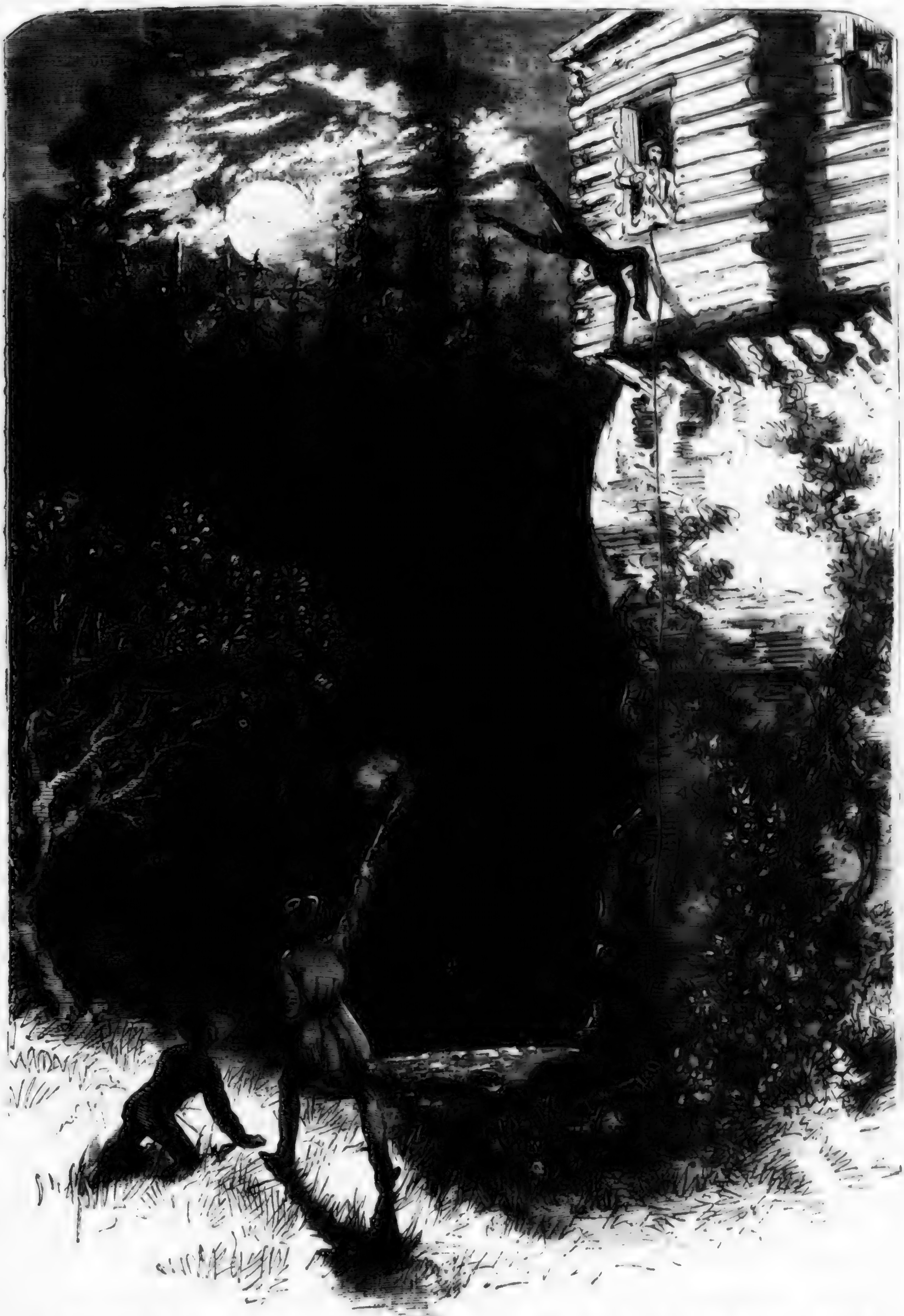
"Dar! dem's what I likes to see!" exclaimed Bose, as he dived down into his own bag, and fished out the old horse-pistol that had belonged to my grandfather, and which I knew was loaded to the muzzle with Number One buckshot. It was a terrible weapon at close quarters.

I have, perhaps, been somewhat lengthy in describing events up to the present moment, but it was unavoidable, that the reader may have a clear understanding of what is to follow.

It will be remembered that one of the windows commanded the stables in which our horses were feeding. This point, then, could be watched, and by events transpiring in that locality we would shape our actions. I found the door could be locked from the inside, and, in addition to this, I



A WONDERFUL CAT.—SEE PAGE 210.



A NIGHT AMONG THE ROBBERS OF THE BLUE RIDGE.—"WITH A QUICK AIM I FIRED AT THE SWAYING FIGURE. WITHOUT A SOUND HE RELEASED HIS HOLD, AND CAME DOWN, LIKE A LUMP OF LEAD, SHOT THROUGH THE BRAIN."

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improvised a bar by means of a chair-leg wrenched off, and thrust through a heavy iron staple that had been driven into the wall. Its fellow on the opposite side was missing.

We then lifted the heavy clothes-press before the window, leaving just room enough on one side to clearly see, and, if necessary, fire through—dragged the bureau against the door with as little noise as possible, and felt that everything that was possible had been done.

A deathlike silence reigned over the place, broken only once by the voice of the colored girl singing as she crossed the stable-lot, probably to look after the cows, and then all was still. At ten o'clock the moon rose clear and full, illuminating the scene with almost noontide brightness, and sending rays of light through the tree-tops, even down into the chasm that yawned beneath our room.

I had fallen into a half doze, seated in a chair near the window facing the stables, where Bose was on watch, when suddenly I felt a light touch upon my arm, and the voice of the faithful sentinel in my ear.

"Wake up, Mars Ralph; dey's foolin' 'bout de stable-doo' arter de horses, shuah," brought me wide awake to my feet.

Cautiously peeping out, I saw at a glance that Bose was right in his conjectures. There were two of them. One, standing out in the clear moonlight, evidently watching my window, while the other—and I fancied it was the landlord—was in the shadow near the door, which at that moment slowly swung open.

As the man disappeared within the building, a low, keen whistle cut the air, and at the same instant I heard the knob of the door cautiously tried.

The thing was now plain. While those below were securing the horses, those above were either attempting to gain access with murderous intent, or else on guard to prevent my coming to the rescue of my property.

Bose stood the test bravely, and I knew that I could depend upon him thoroughly when the trial came.

It will be seen that I had no intention of remaining a quiet spectator to the theft of my animals. On the contrary, it was my purpose to resist unto the death, for I knew that we would never be allowed to leave the place alive, even if we did not show fight.

Such men have a firm belief that "dead men tell no tales," and act upon it.

Besides, we had five shots against as many assailants, and then our bowies to fall back upon.

A low hiss from Bose brought me to his side from the door where I had been listening.

"Dey's got de hosses out in de lot," he whispered, as he drew aside to let me look out through the broken pane.

"Take the door," I said, "and fire through if they attack. I am going to shoot that fellow holding the horses."

"Lordy, Mars Ralph, it's de tavernkeeper! He ain't no 'count. Drop de big man!" was the sensible advice which I determined to adopt.

Noiselessly drawing aside the curtain, I rested the muzzle of my pistol upon the sash where the light had been broken away, and drew a bead upon the tallest of the two men who stood holding *three* horses, out in the bright moonlight.

The sharp crack of the weapon was instantly followed by a yell of pain, and I saw the ruffian reel backward and measure his length upon the earth, and then again, seeming to come from the main building, there rang out upon the now silent night that most fearful of all cries:

"*Murder! Murder! Oh, help!*"

Like lightning it flashed across my mind. There were *three* horses out in the open lot! There was, then, another traveler besides ourselves, upon whom these fiends were at that moment working their horrible purpose.

But no time was allowed for conjecture. Quick, sharp, and bloody work was at hand. A terrible game was to be played, and Bose and I *must* hold the winning hand.

A heavy blow, as from an ax, descended upon the door of the room, and a voice, hoarse with passion, was heard to say:

"Quick! Burst the infernal thing open, and let me at him! The scoundrel has killed Dave!"

"Let them have it, Bose!" I whispered, rapidly reloading my pistol. "There! the second panel!"

With a steady hand the plucky fellow leveled the huge weapon and pulled the trigger.

A deafening report followed, and again a shrill cry of mortal anguish told that the shot had not been wasted.

"Sabe us! how it *do* kick!" exclaimed Bose, under his breath, at the same time shaking and rubbing the hand that had evidently been fearfully jarred by the rebound of the piece.

The blow had fallen like an unexpected thunderbolt upon the bandits, and a moment later we heard their retreating footsteps down the corridor.

"Dar'll be more of 'em heah 'fore long, Mars Ralph," said Bose, with an ominous shake of the head. "I 'spects dese b'longs to a band, and, ef dey comes, an' we still heah, we gone 'coons for shuah!"

This view of the case was new to me; but I felt the force of it. I knew that such bands, or organizations, did exist in these mountains, and nothing was more probable than these men being a part of one.

A hasty glance from the window from which I had just fired showed me that escape in that direction was impossible, even if the bars were not there.

I looked out and saw a man, with a rifle in his hand, dodge round the corner of the stable. He was on guard, and then I knew what the cessation of hostilities meant.

They had sent off for reinforcements!

Stunned for a moment, I turned round, and stared helplessly at Bose; but he, brave fellow that he was, never lost his head for an instant.

"Bound to leab heah, Mars Ralph," he said, quite confidently. "An' dar ain't no way gwine 'cept tro dat winder;" and he pointed to the one overlooking the cliff.

I merely shook my head, and turned to watch again, hoping to get a shot at the rascal on guard.

Bose, left to his own devices, at once went to work. I heard him fussing about the bed for some time, but never looked to see what he was after until he spoke.

"Now den fur de rope," I heard him say, and in an instant I had caught his meaning.

He had stripped the bed of its covering, dragged off the heavy tick, and was in the act of cutting the stout hempen rope with which it was "corded," when it suddenly occurred to me that flight by means of the window was no longer an impossibility.

In five minutes he had drawn the rope through its many turnings, and then, gathering the coil in his hands, he threw up the sash and prepared to take soundings.

It failed to touch bottom; but, nowise disheartened, he seized the cotton coverlet and spliced it on. This succeeded, and the cord was drawn up, preparatory to knocking it in place of cross-pieces.

In the meanwhile the silence without had been broken more than once. A shrill, keen whistle, such as I had heard before, was given by the man on watch, and replied to by some one seemingly a little way off.

Then I heard footsteps, soft, catlike ones, on the veranda outside, showing that the robbers were on the alert at all points.

At length Bose announced the "ladder" ready. It was again lowered from the window, and the end we held was made fast to the bed we had dragged over for the purpose.

The moon had passed the zenith, thereby throwing the

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cliff in the shadow—a circumstance most favorable to us. In this, at least, fortune was in our favor.

"Now, den, Mars Ralph, I go down fust, and see if um strong 'nough to bar us;" and he was half-way out of the window before I could speak.

"No, Bose, you shall not," I answered, firmly, drawing him back into the room. "You must——"

The words were lost in the din of a furious and totally unexpected attack upon the door.

The reinforcements had arrived, and now the end must quickly come.

The dull, heavy strokes of the ax were intermingled with the sharp, quick clatter of hatchets as they cut away at the barrier, and once in a while I could hear deep oaths, as though they had been rendered doubly savage by our resistance.

"Here, Bose! your pistol! Quick!" I whispered, and a moment later the heavy charge went crashing through the panels, followed by shrieks and curses of pain and rage.

"Now, then, out with you! I will hold the place!" I said, rushing back to the window. "Come, Bose, hurry up, or all will be lost!"

The brave fellow now wished to insist upon my going first; but he saw that time was wasting, and he glided down the rope, gradually disappearing in the heavy shadows that enshrouded the ravine.

The fall of one of their number had caused only a momentary lull, and I heard them renew the assault with tenfold fury.

I dared not fire again, for I felt that every bullet would be needed before long, when affairs were more pressing than they then were.

It seemed an age before I felt the signal from below that the rope was ready for me; but it came, and I let myself down, pausing an instant, as my eyes gained a level with the sill, to take a last look into the room.

As I did so the door gave way, and the bloodthirsty demons, with yells of exultation, poured over the threshold.

I knew that I had no time for deliberate movements. They would instantly discover the mode of escape, and either cut the rope or else fire down upon me.

I had taken the precaution to draw on my heavy riding-gloves, and my hands, thus protected, did not suffer as much as might have been expected.

With my eyes fixed upon the window, I slid rapidly down, and struck the earth with a jar that wrenched every bone in my body.

Quick as lightning I was seized by Bose, and dragged some paces on one side, and close against the face of the cliff.

Not a second too soon, for down came a volley, tearing up the earth about the foot of the rope where a moment before I had stood.

"Thunder, they will escape! After them down the rope!" yelled a voice almost inarticulate with rage, and I saw a dark form swing out and begin the descent.

"Now, Mars Ralph," whispered Bose, significantly, and, with a quick aim, I fired at the swaying figure. Without a sound the man released his hold, and came down like a lump of lead, shot through the brain.

Another had started in hot haste, and was more than half-way out of the window, when suddenly the scene above was brilliantly lit up by the glare of a torch swung back and forth by one of the villains as he leaned over the edge of the cliff, striving to illumine the darkness that enshrouded us from sight.

Again the warning voice of the watchful black called my attention to the figure now struggling desperately to regain the room, and, as before, feeling that I had no cause to show mercy, I threw up my pistol, and covering the exposed side, drew trigger.

A few frantic struggles, a muffled cry for help that came not; and then, with a convulsive effort, the wretch, springing far out into the empty void, turned once over, and came down with a rushing sound upon the jagged rocks that lay at the foot of the precipice.

A single look to see that the window was clear—we knew there could be no path leading down for a long distance either way, or they would never have attempted the rope—and we plunged headlong into the dense forest that clothed the mountain side.

We got clear, it is true, but with the loss of our animals and baggage, for the next day, when we returned with a party of Regulators, we found the place a heap of smoldering ashes, and no living soul to tell whither the robbers had fled.

I never learned whence came that fearful cry of murder. Some unknown traveler had met his death, and the fire had consumed his body.

SEALS CATCHING FISH.

The seal family forms a still nearer approach to the land quadrupeds, as here hind feet begin to make their appearance. The shortness of these extremities renders their movements upon land generally awkward and slow, but they make up for this deficiency by uncommon activity in the water. Their body, tapering fish-like from the shoulders to the tail; their abundance of fat, the lightness of which is so favorable to swimming; the position of their feet, admirably formed for rowing, paddling, and steering—their whole economy, in a word, is calculated for the sea. Although citizens of two worlds, their real element is evidently the water, from which their food is exclusively derived.

Seals are found in almost all seas, but they particularly abound on the coasts of the colder regions of the earth, and diminish in size and numbers as they approach the torrid zone. Small seals are found near Surinam, but the giants of the family—the huge sea-elephant, the sea-lion, the sea-bear, belong exclusively to those higher latitudes which the sun visits only with slanting rays, or where the Winter forms a dreary and continuous night.

How wonderful to see the desolate coasts of the icy seas peopled by such herds of great warm-blooded mammalia! But there, where the dry land produces only the scantiest vegetation, the bountiful sea teems with fishes, affording abundance to the hungry seals. The *Merlangus polaris* and the *Ophidium Parryii* in the northern hemisphere, as well as the *Nothothenia phocæ*, which Doctor Richardson discovered off Kerguelen's Land, seek in vain to escape from the pursuit of the seals in the hollows and crevices of the pack-ice; and these small fish, in turn, fare sumptuously upon the minute crustaceans and molluscs with which those cold waters abound. Thus animal life, but sparingly diffused over the barren land, luxuriates in the sea, where we find one species preying upon the other, until at last, at the bottom of the scale, we come to creatures so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

THE STORY OF A CASHMERE SHAWL.

I was traveling down country from "the Hills," or, as we should less irreverently say, the Himalaya Mountains. I was halting at Meerut, which, as everybody knows, is the best station in the Northwestern Provinces. I had put up at the dâk bungalow, which, as everybody knows also, is a resting-house for travelers by the road. People go by the rail now, and dâk bungalows have nearly disappeared, so I may as well mention what the place was like.

Outside you saw simply a low house with a high roof, the latter covered with thatch; a veranda in the front and rear,

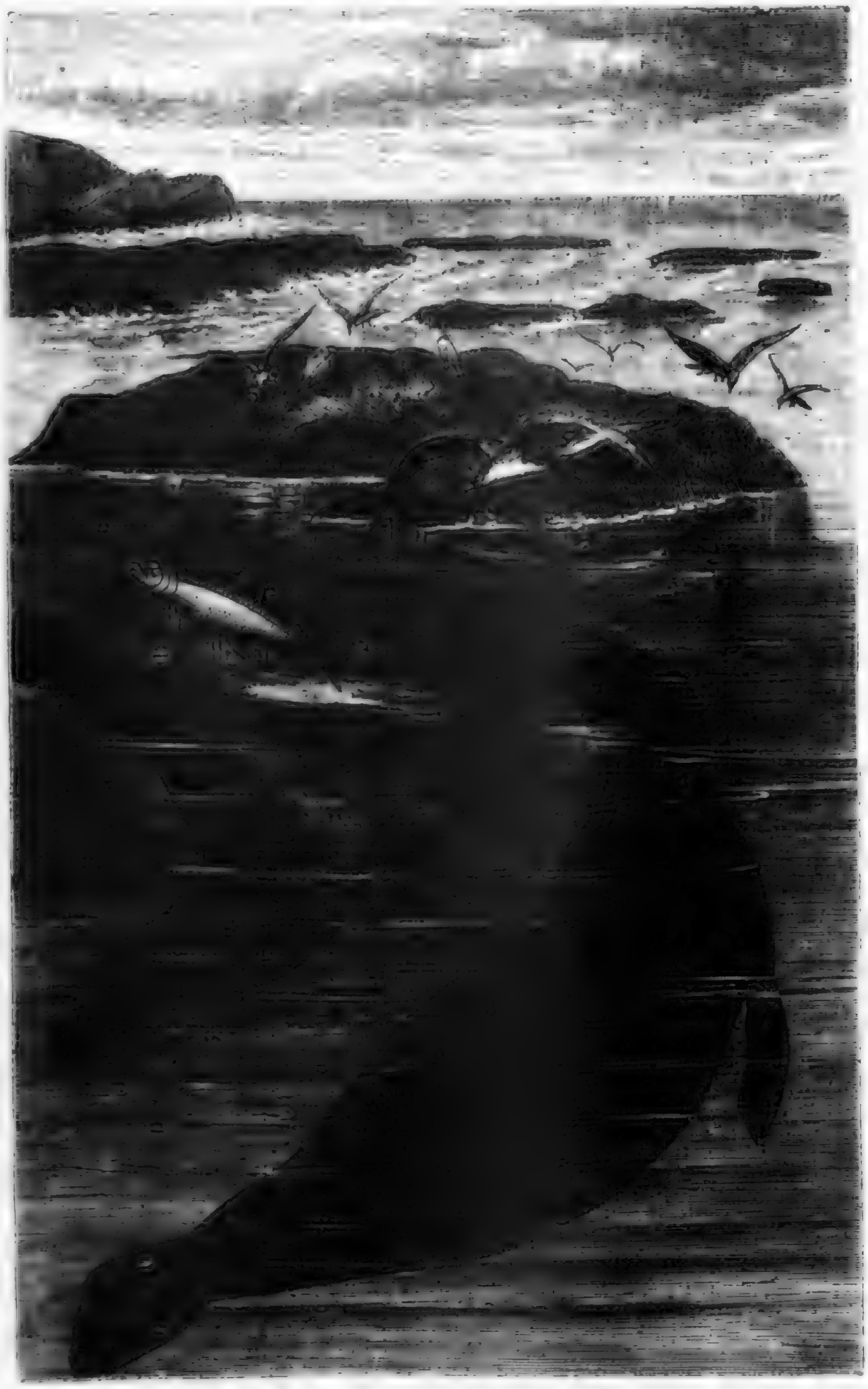
XUM

supported by pillars covered with a hard composition called chunam; openings serving the double purpose of doors and windows, guarded by green blinds, called *jilmils* in India and *jalousies* in France, and not called at all in this country where they are little known; the whole standing in an enclosure, known as a compound, containing little else than a cookhouse and a couple of huts for servants. Inside you find yourself in one of the two principal apartments—as dreary a place as could conveniently be made of four whitewashed walls, a chunam floor, and a ceiling of stretched canvas, threatening to give way in some places, and flapping unpleasantly whenever the wind blows. A rough table of toon wood, three chairs, and the chronic bedstead of the country, called a *charpoy*, completes the furniture of the place, with the exception of a little bookcase against the wall, where a tract society deposits some improving publications for the use of travelers.

I had taken my bath in the adjoining little den devoted to the purpose (that is to say, I had poured a dozen chatties of water over my head, in the primitive fashion of the country), and was lounging in the veranda, in an elegant *négligé* costume, while the khansamah was preparing the inevitable spatchcock, eggs, and tea for my breakfast, when I heard the sound of hoofs, and immediately saw a stranger, who rode into the compound and saluted me.

He was a superb-looking Englishman, unexceptionably mounted, and dressed in a style which in that country would be considered a cross between a cricketing and a shooting costume.

"I am speaking, I think, to Mr. ——," said he.



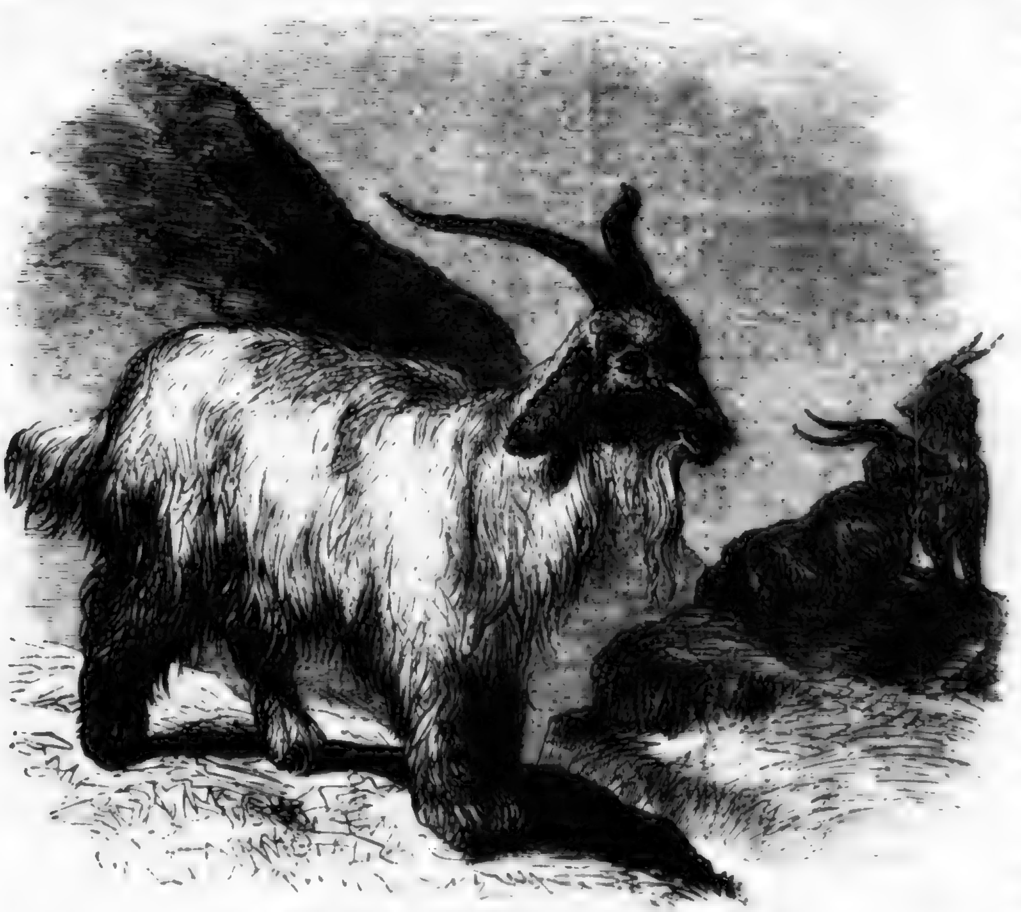
SEALS CATCHING FISH.—SEE PAGE 215.

I bowed acquiescence.

"I was in here an hour ago, making some inquiries about a murder which has taken place not far off—saw your name on your baggage, but would not disturb you then. You have not breakfasted, I hope. My name is Welwyn."

I knew the name well—it was that of a high official of the station, and we both belonged to the same service. The result of a short conversation was, that I made the khansamah a present of my breakfast, and had myself and my baggage removed to the house of my new acquaintance.

Such a charming house it was. Nothing like the dak bungalow, you may be sure. It stood in a garden rich with foliage and flowers. It was of very large size, though it had no upper story, and was surmounted by the usual thatched roof. The rows of open *jilmils* on the two sides presented to view indicated a large amount of interior accommodation, and you could see some of the apartments inside through the *chicks* used to keep out the flies. The front veranda was of enormous size, and peopled by a little colony of servants—chuprassies, bearers, and a couple of ayahs—to say nothing of a native sentry who paced up and down. All rose as we approached and made their salaams, even to a tailor who was seated in a corner engaged with some gauzy articles of female costume. It was a very prosperous-looking mansion in every respect; and the impression was completed when we entered the drawing-room, which was luxuriously furnished, adorned everywhere with flowers, and enriched with works of art upon the walls—objects not very common in the upper provinces of India.



THE STORY OF A CASHMERE SHAWL.—THE THIBETIAN GOAT.

Half reclining on an ottoman was a lady, reading a novel. Such a charming lady! I knew her well by reputation as the beauty of the station—everybody hears of everybody else in India, so that they are in the same presidency. But I was not prepared to find the reputation so well deserved, for ladies are so reverenced among Anglo-Indians that their charms are apt to get exaggerated by description. Not that she was a person to take your admiration by storm. Hers was a pretty little compact style of beauty, and one of her chief charms was a pervading expression of indolence which centered itself in her eyes. But it was the indolence of command, and I soon found that Mrs. Welwyn was thoroughly accustomed to have her own way. She was quite young, I may also remark, and had been only two years in the country.

Her husband presented me in due form, and then hurried away, to make his toilette for breakfast. We were complete friends by the time he returned. I had learned many personal particulars concerning herself, and was placed in possession of a very fair summary of her tastes and opinions; on the other hand, I had imparted as much about myself as to convey a flattering impression, and had of course mentioned, among other things, that I was on my way home to England.

This gave Mrs. Welwyn an idea. During breakfast she said:

"Charles, as Mr. —— is going home, he can take that shawl for Sophie. She is my favorite sister, and you know I promised her faithfully."

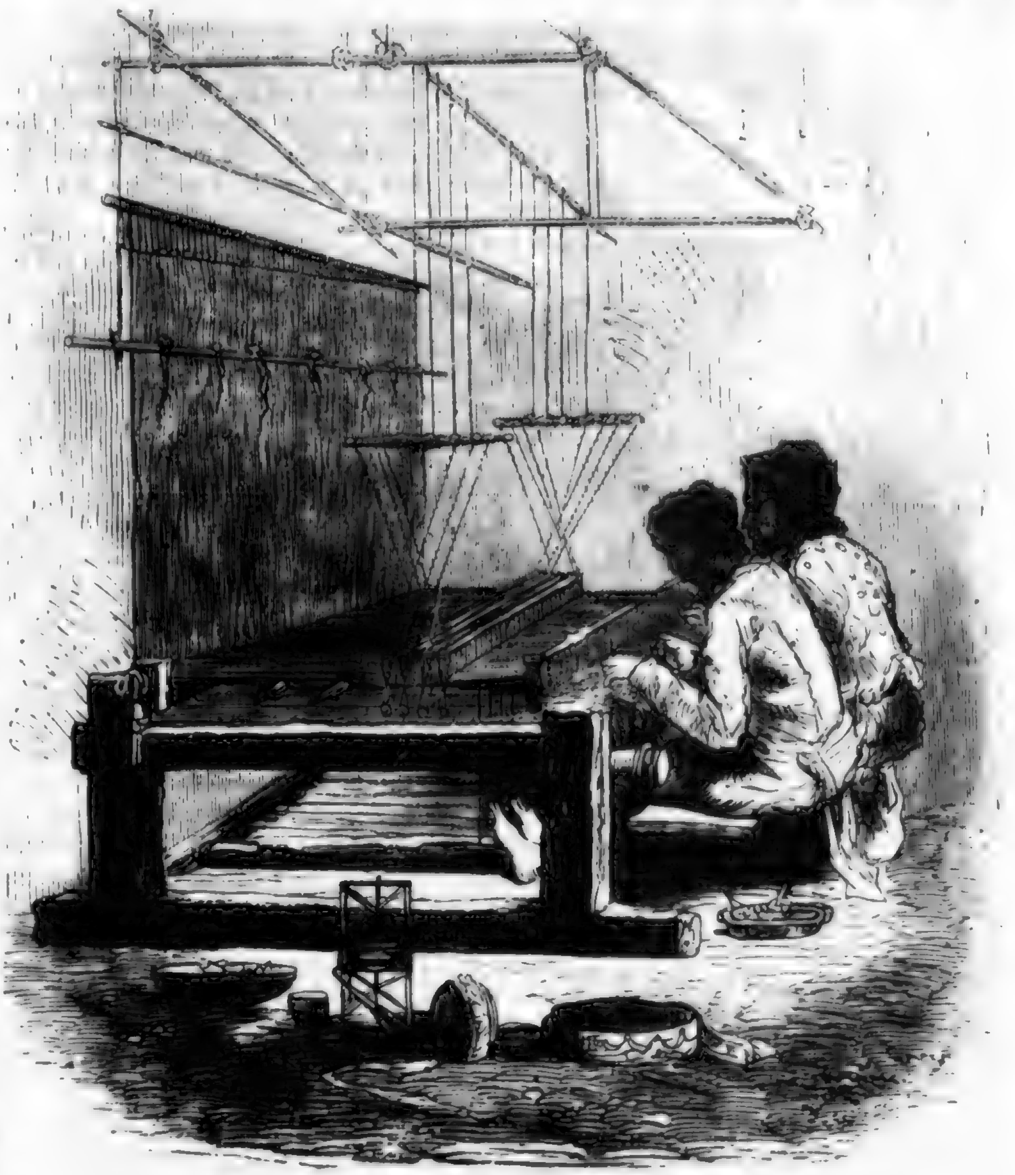
You see this imperious lady did not consider it necessary to request my services.

"That shawl has first to be procured," remarked her husband.

"Oh! that is easy." To a chupprassee who had just brought in a note, "Cashmere ka Kuppra wallah bulao."

"I will see if it is of any use to call him," said her husband; "but I think there is a good man in the bazaar." And he gave some more definite directions to the attendant.

In less than an hour a traveling merchant, well known in the station, made his appearance in the veranda, accompanied by two coolies carrying large bales of



THE STORY OF A CASHMERE SHAWL.—THE WEAVER AT THE LOOM.

merchandise. A great cloth was spread upon the ground, and upon this his wares were soon unrolled and displayed to the best advantage.

I admired one in which I thought the colors were particularly well harmonized. Mr. Welwyn tossed it aside, saying—

"Oh! that is not of the best kind. You see it is worked upon a plain material, on one side. The woven ones—those that have the pattern and the fabric all woven together—those are the best."

"They are certainly the most expensive," said her husband, dryly; "the best of these will cost three thousand rupees."

The merchant nodded his head.

"Oh! speak in pounds," said the little lady.

"Well, three hundred pounds."

And the merchant explained that if specially ordered they might be made to cost a great deal more, the manufacturers being very complaisant in this respect. But you may get a very good woven shawl for a hundred pounds, and prices range below that. A good worked shawl may be had for as little as twenty pounds.

In the course of the conversation that followed—madame was a long time making her choice—I picked up many particulars concerning Cashmere shawls, which I have verified by subsequent reference to authorities. In the first place, they do not all come from Cashmere. A considerable proportion of this manufacture is now carried on in British territory. Between thirty and forty years ago it was entirely confined to Cashmere. But a terrible famine visited the land, and, in consequence, numbers of the shawl-weavers emigrated to the Punjab, and settled in Umritzur, Nurpur, Dinangar, Tilaknath, Jelapur, and Loodianah, in all of which places the manufacture continues to flourish. The best shawls of Punjab manufacture are made at Umritzur, which is also an emporium of the trade. But none of these can compete with the best shawls made in Cashmere itself. This is partly because the Punjab manufacturers are not able to obtain the finest species of wool, and partly on account of the inferiority of their dyeing, the excellence of which, in Cashmere, is attributed to some chemical peculiarity in the water.

The raw woolen substances used in the manufacture of Cashmere shawls and other articles of dress of the same description are six in number. There is, in the first place, the *Pushum*, or shawl wool, properly so called, which is a downy substance, found next to the skin and below the thick hair of the Thibetian goat. It is of three colors—white, drab, and dark lavender. The best kind is produced in the semi-Chinese provinces of Turfan Kichar, and exported, *via* Yarkand, to Cashmere. All the finest shawls are made of this wool, but as the Maharajah of Cashmere keeps up a strict monopoly of the article, the Punjab shawl-weavers have to be content with an inferior kind of *Pushum*, produced at Chatan. The price of white *Pushum* at Cashmere is from three to four shillings a pound for uncleaned, and from six to seven shillings a pound for cleaned.

Next on the list is the fleece of the Dumba sheep of Caubul and Peshawur. It is used in the manufacture of the finer sorts of chogas—a choga being an outer cloak or robe, with sleeves, worn by Afghans, and other Mohammedans of the western frontier. This is sometimes called *Caubuli Pushum.*

Thirdly, we come to the *wahab shaki*, or *Kirmani wool.* This is the wool of sheep found in Kirman, a tract of country in the south of Persia, by the Persian Gulf. It is used for the manufacture of a spurious kind of shawl cloth, and for adulterating the texture of Cashmere shawls.

Next we find the hair of a goat common in Caubul and Peshawur, called *Put*, from which a texture called *Puttoo* is made.

The wooly hair of the camel supplies the material for a coarser kind of choga.

Lastly, we come to the wool of the country sheep of the plains.

The adulteration of the best wool with that of inferior kinds has been largely practised of late years, and dealers have made many complaints on the subject. One of the worst effects of this adulteration is the shrinking of those portions of the garment in which it is employed after exposure to the action of water. In Cashmere there are severe penal restrictions to the practice; and in our own territory a Company or Guild has been formed to authenticate the genuine articles by means of trade marks, the imitation of which may be punished by law.

For the preparation of the shawl-wool great care is necessary. The first operation is cleaning it. This is generally performed by women. The best kind is cleaned with lime and water, but ordinary wool is shaken up with flour. The next process is that of separating the hair from the pushum. It is a very tedious operation, and the value of the cloth subsequently manufactured varies with the amount of care bestowed upon it. The wool thus cleaned and sorted is spun into thread with the common *churka*, or native spinning machine. This is also a process requiring great care. While *pushmeea* thread of the finest quality will sometimes cost as much as ten to fifteen dollars a pound. The thread is next dyed, and is then ready for the loom.

The spinning, like the cleaning, is principally performed by women, of whom, some years ago, no less than a hundred thousand were said to be employed in this manner. Girls begin at the age of ten. They commence their employment at daybreak, working with but little intermission during the day, and sometimes far into the night—especially when the moonlight enables them to save the expense of oil lamps. This is a prosaic state of existence suggestive rather of Manchester than Cashmere—

> "With its roses the brightest the earth ever gave,
> Its temples and grottoes and fountains as clear
> As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave."

In Cashmere there is no ten hours' law, and the "love-lighted eyes" have to hang for very long hours over work for which their owners get poorly paid—albeit the payment is on a regulation scale, and adapted to the mode of life and requirements of the population.

A dealer, called a *Puimungu*, keeps a shop for the purchase of yarn, and he also sends people to collect it from the houses of the spinners, his emissaries giving notice of their approach by the sound of a bell. The yarn is then sold to the weavers. Having ascertained the pattern most likely to suit the market, the weaver applies to persons whose business it is to apportion the material according to the colors required; and when this is settled he takes it to another, whose function it is to divide it into skeins of the necessary proportions. When thus prepared it is delivered to the *Rungrez*, or dyer. When the body of the cloth is to be left plain the second quality of yarn is alone given to be dyed. This is generally of about the thickness of common cotton sewing thread, is of a coarser quality than the yarn used for the cloth, and is prepared for employment in flowers or other ornaments—which are intended to stand higher, and be, as it were, embossed upon the ground.

The first operation of the dyer is to steep the yarn in cold water. He professes to be able to give it sixty-four tints, most of which are permanent. Each has a separate denomination; thus the crimson is called *Gualanar*, the name of the pomegranate flower. Of this dye the best kind is that derived from cochineal imported from Hindustan; inferior tints are from lac and chermes; logwood is used for other red dyes. Blues and greens are dyed with indigo, or coloring matter made by boiling down European broad cloth. Logwood and indigo are imported. Carmathus and saffron, which grow in Cashmere, furnish tints of orange, yellow, etc. The whiter and finer the fibre of the wood, and the finer the yarn into which it is made, the more capable is it of receiving a brilliant dye; and this is one reason why the fine white wool of the goat is preferred to that of sheep. The occupation of a dyer, I may here mention, is always hereditary.

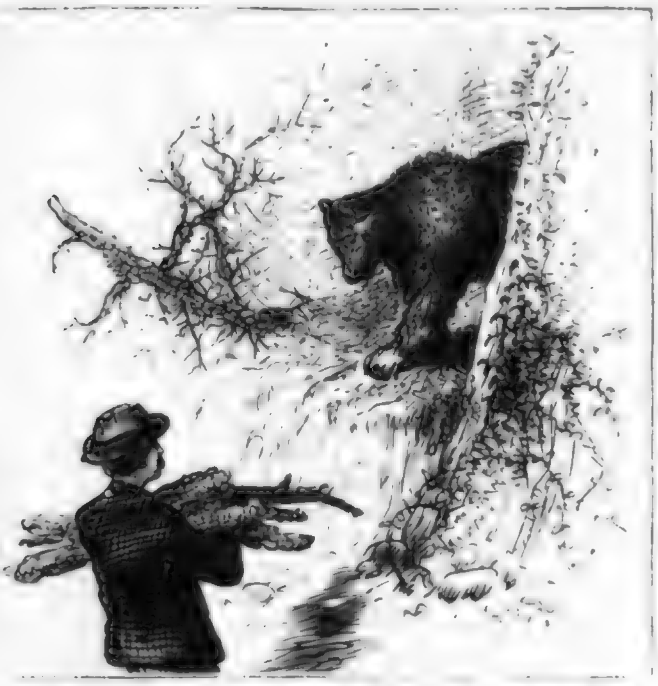
The yarn next passes into the hands of a person called the *Nakatu*, who adjusts it for the warp and the weft. That intended for the former is doubled, and is cut into certain lengths, anything short of which is considered fraudulent. The number of these lengths varies from two to three thousand, according to the closeness or openness of the texture proposed, and the fineness or coarseness of the yarn. The weft is made of yarn which is single, but a little thicker than the double yarn or twist of the warp. The weight of the weft is estimated at double that of the warp. The *Nakatu* receives the yarn in hanks, but returns them in balls; he can prepare in one day the warp and weft for two shawls. Next comes a functionary called by the alarming name of the *Pennakumgurn* (which merely means warp-dresser), who takes from the weaver the yarn which has been cut and reeled, and, stretching the lengths by means of sticks into a band, of which the threads are slightly separate, dresses the whole by dipping it into thick boiled rice-water. After this the skein is slightly squeezed, and again stretched into a band, which is brushed and suffered to dry. By this process every length becomes stiffened and set apart from the rest.

For the warp on the border of the shawl silk is generally employed; and it has the advantage of showing the darker colors of the dyed wool more prominently than a warp of yarn, as well as hardening and strengthening and giving more body to the edge of the cloth. When the border is very narrow it is woven with the body of the shawl, but when broader it is worked on a different loom, and afterwards sewn to the edge of the shawl by the *Rafugar*, or fine-drawer, with the nicety which belongs to his craft. The silk is twisted for the border warp by a person called the *Tabgar*. By him it is handed to the *Alakaband*, who reels it and cuts it into the proper lengths. The operation of drawing, or passing the yarn through the heddles, is performed in the same manner as in Europe; and the warp is then taken by the *Shal-baf*, or weaver, to the loom. The weavers are all males, and they begin to learn their art at the age of ten years. The loom does not differ in principle from the looms of Europe, but is of inferior workmanship. A large establishment has perhaps three hundred looms, which are generally crowded together in long, low apartments. When the warp is fixed in the loom, the pattern-drawer (I will spare the reader more native names), and persons who determine the proportions of the different colors in the yarn, are again consulted. The first brings the drawing of the pattern in black and white. One of the latter, having carefully considered it, points out the disposition of the colors, beginning at the foot of the pattern; calling out the color, the number of threads to which it is to extend, that by which it is to be followed, and so on in succession, until the whole pattern has been described. From his dictation his companion writes down the particulars in a kind of shorthand, and delivers a copy of the document to the weavers.

The needles—which are without eyes—are made of light smooth wood, and have both their sharp ends slightly charred, to prevent them from becoming rough or jagged through working. They are armed each with colored yarn of about four grains weight, and then the weavers, under proper inspection, knot the yarn of the *tuji* to the warp. The face of the cloth is placed next to the ground, the work being carried on at the back, on which hang the needles in a row—differing in number from four to fifteen hundred, according to the lightness or heaviness of the embroidery. As soon as the inspector is satisfied that the work of one line or woof is completed, the comb is brought down upon it with a vigor and repetition apparently very disproportionate to the delicacy of the materials.

The shawls, when finished, are submitted to the cleaner, whose business it is to free it from discolored hairs, or yarn, and from ends or knots. Sometimes he pulls these objects out severally with a pair of tweezers; at others he shaves the reverse face of the cloth with a sharp knife; and any defects arising from either operation are at once repaired. At this stage of manufacture the shawls are sent to the collector of the Stamp Duties, by whom an *ad valorem* duty of twenty-six per cent. is levied, and each piece is then stamped and registered. The goods are now handed over to the capitalist, who has advanced money on them to the manufacturer, and to the broker, and these two settle the price and effect the sale to the merchant. The capitalist charges interest on his advances, the broker a commission varying from two to five per cent. The purchaser takes the goods unwashed, and perhaps in pieces, and the fine-drawer and the washerman have still to do their parts. When partly washed the shawls are taken to the merchant, that they may be examined in respect to any holes or imperfections. Should defects occur they are remedied at the expense of the seller; if there are none the washing is completed. This process is performed in clear cold water, soap being used very cautiously to the white parts alone, and never to embroidery. Colored shawls are dried in the shade; white ones are bleached in the open air, and their color is improved by the fumes of sulphur. After being washed the shawls are stretched in a manner in some degree equivalent to calendering. A wooden cylinder, in two parts, is employed for the purpose. The shawl, folded in such a manner as not to be quite so broad as the cylinder is long, is wrapped round it, and occasionally damped, to make the fold tighter. The end is sewn down, and two wedges are then gradually driven between the two parts of the cylinder at the open extremities, so as to force them asunder, the surrounding folds of the shawl being thus stretched to as great an extent as is consistent with its texture. The piece remains in this state for two days, when it is removed to be packed. The packages are of various dimensions, but they are formed on one principle. The shawls are separated by sheets of smooth, glazed, and colored paper, and they are placed between two smooth planks of wood, with exterior transverse, which, projecting beyond the planks, offer a purchase for cords to tie them together. The whole is then placed in a press, or under heavy weights, for some days, when the planks are withdrawn, and the bale is sewn up in strong cloth. Over this a cover of birch-bark is laid, to which is added an envelope of waxed cloth; the whole being sewn up as smoothly and lightly as possible in a raw hide, which, contracting in the course of drying, gives to the contents of the package a remarkable degree of compactness and protection.

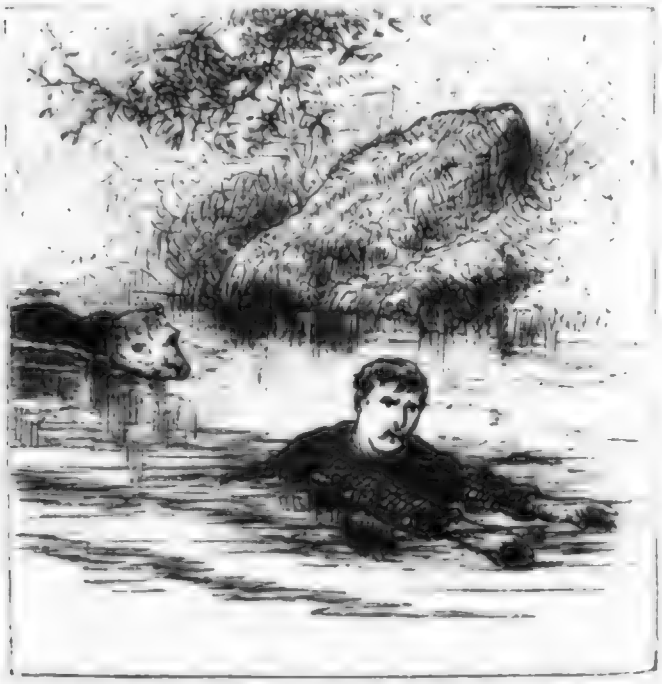
The shawl made in the manner described is one of the two kinds manufactured in Cashmere. The other—the worked as distinguished from the woven shawl—is embroidered on the cloth, with needles having eyes, and with a particular kind of woolen thread instead of the silk employed in the other embroidered work. In this shawl the pattern—which is in every case delineated, but which, at the loom, is read off in certain technical terms from a book—is covered with transparent paper, upon which the outlines of the composition are slightly traced with a charcoal twig, the traced lines being permanently defined by means of pricks



CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—"DISPUTING FURTHER PASSAGE UP THE RAVINE WAS A GRIZZLY BEAR."—SEE PAGE 222.

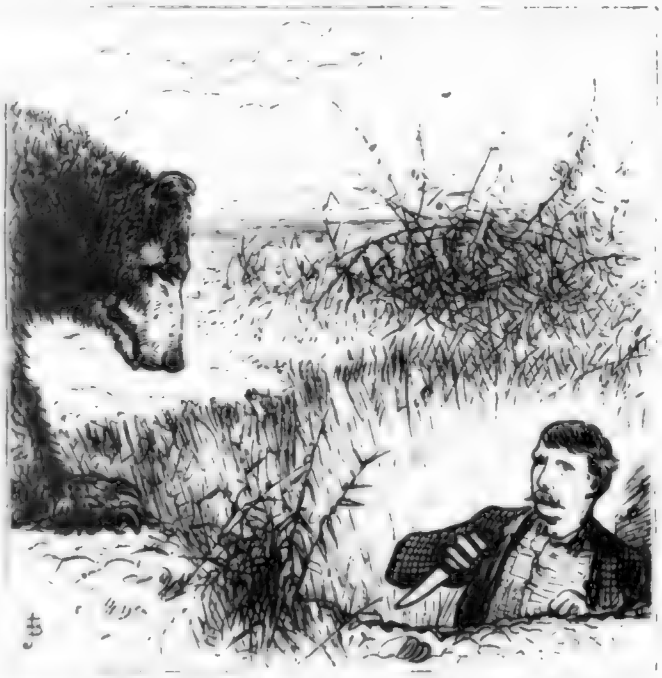
from a small needle. The cloth intended to receive the pattern is rubbed strongly upon a smooth plank with a piece of highly-polished agate or cornelian until it is perfectly even and regular. The picked pattern is then stretched upon the cloth, and some fine colored powder, charcoal, or chalk is passed lightly over the paper, and, penetrating the holes, transfers the outline to the cloth underneath. This is next more accurately delineated by some colored powder, rendered tenacious by gum, but readily detached when the work is completed.

The ornaments of shawls are distinguished by different names, as *pala*, *hashia*, *zanjir*, *dhour*, etc., and these are divided into different parts. By the term *pala* is meant the whole of the embroidery at the two ends, or, as they are technically called, the heads of the shawl; the *hashia* is the border, commonly running along the sides; the *zanjir* runs above and also below the principal mass of the *pala*, and, as it were, confines it; the *dhour*, or running ornament, is situated to the inside in regard to the *hashia* and the *zanjir*, enveloping immediately the whole of the field. The *kunbutha* is a corner ornament, or clustering of flowers; the *mattan* is the decorated part of the field or ground. *Butha* is the generic term for flowers, but it is specifically applied when used alone to the large cone-like ornament which forms the most prominent feature of the *pala*—that which is familiarly known in England as "shawl pattern."



CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—"WITH STRONG, LUSTY STROKES I STRUCK OUT FOR THE OPPOSITE BANK."

Cashmere shawls are of more than one shape. There are the *doshallas*, or long shawls, which are the most esteemed. They are invariably manufactured and sold in pairs. They vary greatly according to the richness of the patterns, all of which are distinctly named, and according to the colors, of which the dyers profess to make upwards of fifty tints. Fine long shawls, with plain fields of handsome patterns, are procurable at about a hundred and twenty pounds a pair, and full-flowered at about a hundred and fifty. The *kussabas*, or square shawls, are more suited to the taste of Europeans, and are made and sold singly. They are also called *roomals*, the loom manufactured being known as *kanee roomal*, and the needle-embroidered as the *unlee roomal*. *Jamewars* form the third great class. They are handsome, striped, loom-wrought fabrics, of rich patterns, of which the French striped colored muslins are printed imitations. The fourth class is called *ulwan*. This is a plain shawl-wool cloth, woven without flower or ornament. It forms the centre portion of shawls, and is also used for turbans and girdles.



CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—"GRASPING MY KNIFE WITH THE ENERGY OF DESPAIR, I SPRANG UPON THE FEARFUL BRUTE."

I have already alluded to the cost of Cashmere shawls, but it may be here mentioned that the price of a woven shawl weighing seven pounds, fetching £300 on the spot, may be accounted for in this manner:

Cost of material, including thread . .	£30
Wages of labor	100
Miscellaneous expenses	50
Duty	70
	£250

The other fifty pounds, it may be presumed, is to be accounted for between the middle man and the merchant.

The demand for the manufacture is necessarily very great in India, where shawls are so largely employed for presents, not only among native chiefs, but by the British Government. It seems, however, according to the latest returns, that the demand has been falling off of late years in Europe. Thus we find that in the year 1850-51 the value of the shawls imported into the United Kingdom was £134,738. In 1856-57 it had risen to £227,907; but in the following

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—"WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNED, I FOUND MYSELF SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE GRIZZLY."—SEE PAGE 222.

year (that succeeding the Mutinies) it had fallen off to £171,529. There was a reaction in 1858–59, when it rose to £228,812, but in 1865, the latest date to which the returns extend, it had fallen to £142,916. France appears to have taken only £9 worth of the manufacture in 1850–51; but the value has gradually increased, and in 1864–65 we find it reaching £77,582. The exportations to other countries do not suggest remark, except as regards America. In 1863 the United States took £1,447 worth of shawls; in the following year she took only £27 worth. In 1864–65 the amount rose to £3,148—thanks to shoddy and petroleum.

It has already been mentioned that a similar kind of manufacture to that of Cashmere is conducted in some other parts. Thus in Delhi shawls are made of *pushmeea*, worked with silk and embroidered with gold lace. A very delicate shawl is made of the wool of a sheep found in the neighborhood of Ladak and Kulu. The best wool is procurable in a village called Rampur, on the Sutlej; hence the fabric is called "Rampur chudda." This shawl (*chudda* means literally "a sheet") is of so delicate a texture that even though thick and warm, and of full size, it may be drawn through a finger-ring.

It will be seen from the preceding description of the wool employed in the manufacture of the true Cashmere shawl considerable importance is attached to the fact that it should in all cases consist of the down called *pushum;* but the preference given to the goat-wool does not seem to be merely on account of its superior fineness. These *downs* act as a protection from the intense cold; and it is probable that all the hair-bearing animals in the same regions possess them to some extent. The yak and camel, and even the shepherd's dog, certainly do; and the down of the two former is often found to be quite as fine as that of the shawl-goat itself. Again, the beautifully fine sheep's wool of which the Rampur chudder is said to be made frequently equals in softness that of the goat. The preference given to the latter has probably a great deal to do with its reception of dyes. The down—at any rate as far as the goat is concerned—is taken from the animal when alive, the outer hair being sheared off and the down then removed. The operation is performed in the warm weather, when the down becomes loosened, and the animals themselves, finding it an incumbrance, help to get rid of it by means of their horns, or by rubbing themselves against trees, etc.

A great many of the above facts were discussed during our examination of the shawl merchant's wares in my friend's veranda, the servants looking on with a keen interest in the proceedings; for when once the dealer was satisfied they would not fail to claim their *dustoor*, or little commission on their master's purchase. Fortunately for them this was a transaction to the extent of £300, for Mrs. Welwyn would have nothing but the best article, and Welwyn was evidently not the man to deny her. He gave an order for the money like a hero, and the man departed with many salaams. Welwyn, by the way, might easily have obtained such a shawl as a gift from any of the neighboring chiefs, but Government servants are forbidden to receive presents of any kind, which their ladies naturally consider a great hardship. Upon state occasions, when courtesy demands the reception of presents, they are all paid in by the recipients, like so much money, to the Government treasury.

Welwyn had been in Cashmere, and agreed with other critics of the country in *not* going to the lengths of laudation arrived at by the author of "Lalla Rookh." "It is very fortunate," said he, "that Moore never visited the country, or we should never have had the poem. The scenery is wonderfully beautiful, and the climate one of the most delicious on the face of the earth; but I confess I have never seen the extraordinary beauty of the women—it may be for the reason that applies to India generally, that the best-looking ladies are taken too much care of to be allowed to appear in public. Victor Jaquemont, you may remember, calls Moore 'a perfumer and a liar to boot,' and he could see no beauty in the ladies, nor even in the shawls. But Jaquemont, with all his abilities, had the weakness of never praising what was praised by other people. He liked to invent his own objects of adoration. In one of his letters he tells us that he found 'celestial happiness' in a bunch of rhubarb. Vigine, on the other hand, declares that the beauty of the Cashmere women has not been at all overrated. They are, he says, of course deficient in the graces and fascinations derivable from cultivation and accomplishments; but for more uneducated eyes he knows none, he says, that surpass those of Cashmere."

In the course of conversation Mrs. Welwyn—who took rather a lady-like view of politics—suggested that as Cashmere is such a charming place the English Government ought to take it.

"It would be so nice," she added. "Why, shawls would come to us quite naturally."

The consequence assumed by my delightful friend is not indisputable; but there are a great many people in India

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.—"I BREATHED A HASTY PRAYER, AND COMMITTED MYSELF TO THE SWIFT-RUNNING STREAM."

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who regret that Lord Dalhousie's aggressions did not extend to the land of the "love-lighted eyes." It is not more wrong to take a pretty country than an ugly one, and "Annexander the Great," as Lord Dalhousie used to be called, might possibly have found as good an excuse in the case of Cashmere as he found in some other cases. But there were certain difficulties in the way. In 1846, after the submission of Gholab Singh, and the British occupation of the Punjab, a million and a half pounds sterling was demanded as an indemnity for the expenses of the campaign. The Sikh treasury could not furnish that sum according to agreement, and Sir Henry Hardinge proclaimed Cashmere as annexed by way of a substitute. But Gholab Singh offered to purchase the country of the British Government for a million pounds sterling, and the offer was accepted, the sovereignty being guaranteed to Gholab Singh and his heirs forever. Its annexation would, therefore, in the present day, be attended by some conscientious difficulties, though there are not wanting a few ardent politicians who incline to such a course. The ruler, however, acknowledges the supremacy of the British, and in token thereof presents the Government annually with a tribute consisting of one horse, twelve perfect shawl-goats of approved breed (six male and six female), and three pairs of Cashmere shawls. So there is a chance, supposing that the Maharajah or any of his "heirs forever" should prove refractory, that the paramount power may step in, and that we shall find an opportunity of testing the soundness of Mrs. Welwyn's idea as to "shawls coming naturally," and have the "love-lighted eyes," whatever they may be worth, all to ourselves at any rate.

I have a word more to say about the shawl that has led to the diffusion of so much useful knowledge. I took it home to England, delivered it in person, and brought it back to India with a young lady inside it. That shawl is now my own property; for the lady cannot, according to the law of England, hold any earthly possession in her own right, except some little things that I have settled upon her, as the British Government did Cashmere upon Gholab Singh. I am the paramount power, but she has her own claims as far as these are concerned. The fact is that the shawl was such an excellent introduction to the young lady that she took an immediate interest in me; and I would advise anybody who wishes to acquire personal property in female form to spend three hundred pounds upon the purchase of a Cashmere shawl. The consequence was natural. If the unmarried had been only as nice as the married sister I should have been content; but—well I will not go into particulars. I will simply say that the Cashmere shawl in question made me a happy man. I have reason to believe that Cashmere is properly pronounced Cashmere, and, if spelt according to a recognized system as regards Roman characters, should be written "Kushmir." Never mind. The name sounds ugly, looks ugly, and would never have suited the author of "Lalla Rookh." But they may call the country and the shawl anything they please. What's in a name? Cashmere with any other name would have just as many roses; and its shawls, if called by worse names than *roomals*, would shelter just as pleasant persons—persons with advantages superior, it may be, even to those of that charming Mrs. Welwyn, who is just a little too dictatorial, but whom I have now the privilege, as a brother-in-law, of bullying at my own leisure.

THE heart is, perhaps, never so sensible of happiness as after a short separation from the object of its affections. If that separation has been attended with peculiar circumstances of distress or anger, every misery that has been experienced tends, by the force of contrast, to increase the emotions of delight, and gives to the pleasure of reunion an inexpressible degree of tenderness.

CHASED BY A GRIZZLY.

A NUMBER of years ago the vessel to which I was attached had occasion to put into Newport. During our stay at that noted resort the greater portion of our mess visited the officers at the fort.

Among the gentlemen who had bid farewell to cadet gray for army blue was a Lieutenant Johnson. There was nothing particularly remarkable about the young man, unless it was the strange network of scars disfiguring, in a terrible manner, his face.

Upon inquiry, I found that the unfortunate lieutenant owed his disfigurement to a severe encounter with a grizzly bear. I determined to ascertain the particulars, if possible, and an opportunity soon occurred. It was during a hop given by the gentlemen of the vessel, and while all was mirth and jollity on spar-deck, Johnson and myself stowed ourselves away in a quiet nook of the ward-room, when my army friend, without the least hesitation, reeled off his yarn as follows:

When I graduated from West Point, I could boast of a fair share of good looks. I could not complain of lack of favors from the fair sex then, but now, alas! they seldom trouble me.

My first order from the department consigned me to duty in the Far West, and the fort at Council Bluffs was destined to take the gloss off of my new regulation uniform.

I had not been there but a short time before my curiosity was aroused by the glowing accounts of the abundance of game of all kinds roaming in countless numbers over the great prairie.

Armed with a rifle and bowie-knife, I galloped forth one morning, determined to seek for sport and honors pertaining to the chase independent of my comrades or numerous scouts attached to the garrison. I rode at full gallop out on to the prairie, and to my no small satisfaction succeeded in starting from cover a noble buck. With enormous bounds the beautiful animal started across the prairie, while I, rifle in rest, followed at full speed.

The motion of my horse, and the uncertain movements of the flying deer, rendered it impossible for me to use the weapon with any hope of success.

The chase was a long and arduous one, ending in the animal cleverly giving me the slip.

My appetite was wonderfully sharpened by the gallop I had taken, and at Meridian I was ready to eat anything in the shape of food. I succeeded in knocking over a brace of fine prairie hens, which were quickly prepared for dinner. Quantities of dry grass and decayed matter abounded, furnishing ample facilities for making a fire.

My horse was securely staked by long trail-rope, the animal sniffing the air with a contented sort of whinnying as the savory scent of the fat fowls floated around him.

Near by was a large ravine or gully, through which rushed a foaming, hurrying watercourse. Along the banks were sundry pieces of wood and remains of trees, that would serve to feed my fire in place of the grass that burned quickly.

The passage leading to the watercourse descended abruptly, the sides of which towered above my head, smooth and inaccessible as though walled in with glass. Down this passage I picked my way over the *débris* of rock and trees, filling my arms with wood until I had obtained a sufficient quantity for my purpose.

I was returning up the gorge, my mouth watering in anticipation of the fat hens browning over the fire, when my eyes fell upon an object that drove all thoughts of cookery out of my head, and sent a thrill of terror to my heart. That object confronting me, disputing further passage up the ravine, was a grizzly bear, the most dreaded of all creatures that inhabit the prairie. He was one of the largest of his kind, but it was not so much his size that filled me with fear as the knowledge of his fierce nature.

The huge brute, with his large yellow eyes, white gleaming teeth, long curving claws, and shaggy hide, advanced a step or two on all-fours, then reared himself up, and stood on his hind legs. He made a snorting sort of noise, not unlike the blowing of hogs when suddenly startled.

There he stood, glaring at me, rubbing his head with his fore-paws, as if deliberating whether to attack me or not. It was improbable to suppose that he would not attack me, for in nine cases out of ten the grizzly is the assailant.

Many Indians and hunters avoid this king of the prairies, unless mounted upon good, reliable horses. If I could only have regained my steed, I would have laughed at the rage of the animal, as a grizzly cannot begin to compete in speed with a horse.

But then I was surrounded by the steep sides of the gully, with the bear in front of me, and the watercourse, which emptied into the Mississippi, in my rear. My rifle I had left by the fire, so that I had nothing with me save a bowie-knife with which to risk an encounter with a brute gifted with wonderful powers of tenacity of life.

There was but one thing to do, and that was to retreat, which I did very quickly, you may depend. The wood dropped mechanically from my arms, and, turning, I made the best of my way over the numerous obstacles to the river. The grizzly, as if startled into sudden action by the decided course I had taken, followed suit by dropping upon all-fours, uttering a savage roar as he rushed after me with open mouth.

Glancing over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of his great gaunt form, eyes flashing fire, while large specks of foam, dropped from his red, ugly mouth.

It was sufficient to accelerate my pace, and, reaching the bank of the stream, I leaped into the waters with a feeling of desperation. Whether the brute would follow me or not was a question yet to be decided.

With strong, lusty strokes, I struck out for the opposite bank, with no well-defined plan of escape formed in my mind.

A loud splash, followed by the disagreeable snorting, proved that the grizzly was not disposed to give up his prey so easily. The water had no fears for him.

The current was strong, sweeping me down stream at a rapid pace. A sudden thought struck me. Perhaps if I could dive, swim under water with the current, I might throw the ferocious beast off the track. I proceeded to put the plan in operation at once.

Glancing down-stream, I perceived, to my great joy, that the watercourse took a sharp turn to the right. By a little extra exertion I might succeed in gaining the friendly bank, whose sides sloped more gradually to the water.

With a slight effort I sank beneath the surface, swimming with ease and renewed confidence.

The grizzly, at the time of my disappearance, was some rods in my rear, I having gained an advantage while the brute stood hesitating for a moment about making the final plunge.

Borne swiftly on by the current, I soon struck shoal water. Emerging from the muddy stream, I stumbled on, gasping for breath, dashing the water from my eyes.

Without venturing to glance behind me, I scrambled up the steep sides of the bank, hauling myself over the hedge of the crumbling mass by means of a friendly twig.

Then it was I found both time and courage to look after the whereabouts of my terrible foe. Imagine my terror—my utter consternation—when I beheld the shaggy monster just scrambling from the water, having gained the identical point of land upon which I had found a footing.

There was but one chance left by which I could hope to evade the cunning of my ferocious pursuer. It was to gain my horse, which I could perceive out on the level prairie, quietly browsing, as I had left him.

I was always accounted a fleet runner, and you may depend that I exerted myself to the utmost on that particular occasion. Every muscle and nerve, all my energy and strength, I put forth, for I was well aware that my life was at stake.

Whether I would have succeeded or not in reaching the friendly back of my horse has always been a question in my mind, but an accident occurred that placed an entirely different aspect on the chance of that race for life.

My eyes were fastened upon one object as I bounded over the prairie, and that object was my horse. Had I been cooler, more self-possessed, the finale of the affair might have been less disastrous to me. But my feet scarcely touched the soft, spongy earth, spurred on as I was by the incentive for life and an escape from a horrible death, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, I felt myself falling; I lost my balance, grasping wildly at random as I strove to recover myself.

Amid the falling of earth and pebbles, I brought up with a severe shock on the bottom of a sinkhole, common on all our prairies. It was a deep, funnel-shaped pit, formed by the settling of water after heavy rains.

I had scarcely recovered my breath and self-possession, when I became aware that the determined grizzly had scented me out. He was snuffing about the edge of the trap, probably trying to find some method to descend.

Digging his long, curving claws into the sides of the pit, I watched the bear descend with a slow, deliberate motion.

There was no help for it. Fate was against me, and it was my life against his. I had nothing but my bowie-knife upon which to rely; though, fortunately for me, I had sustained no injury from the fall.

Grasping my knife with the energy of despair, I sprang upon the fearful brute, forcing the combat to an issue at once.

I struck out before me, but the next moment I felt myself grappled and held fast. The sharp claws tore up my flesh in strips, his teeth lacerated my face, while his hot, fetid breath, blown full in my mouth, nearly strangled me. One paw was quickly shifted to my hip, while the other rested on, or rather was sunk into, my shoulder. But my knife-arm was free, and, with the strength of a desperate man, I plunged the keen blade between the ribs of my antagonist, searching for the heart at every stab.

We rolled on the ground over and over, covered with blood, gore, and dirt. My eyes were becoming filled with the warm life-current, while my right arm began to grow heavy and stiff.

I was losing my strength, and, summoning all my failing powers, I redoubled the blows of my knife.

His teeth met in my quivering flesh, the long, gleaming claws dug into my body, while his life-blood spurted in torrents over me. It was about the last that I remember of the combat. From loss of blood and excessive pain I fainted.

Thanks to a strong constitution, I revived; but how long I had been insensible is more than I can say.

When my consciousness returned I found myself lying side by side with the grizzly. He was cold in death, and a fearful struggle it had cost me.

As well as I was able, I cut pieces of flesh from the bear's body, sucking the blood for strength and nourishment.

My wounds, though numerous, did not prove serious, and

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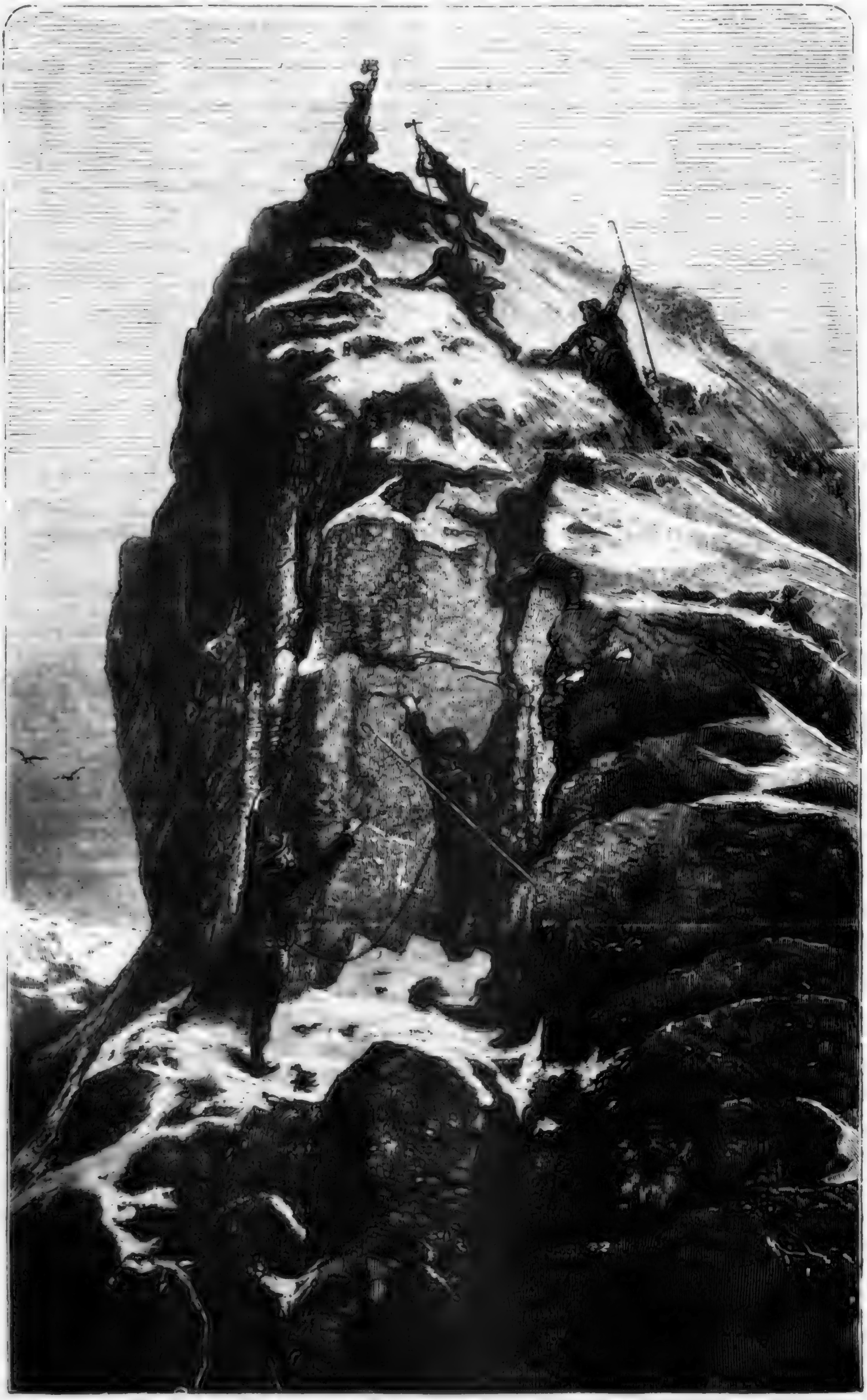

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MATTERHORN.—THE SUMMIT GAINED.—SEE PAGE 226.

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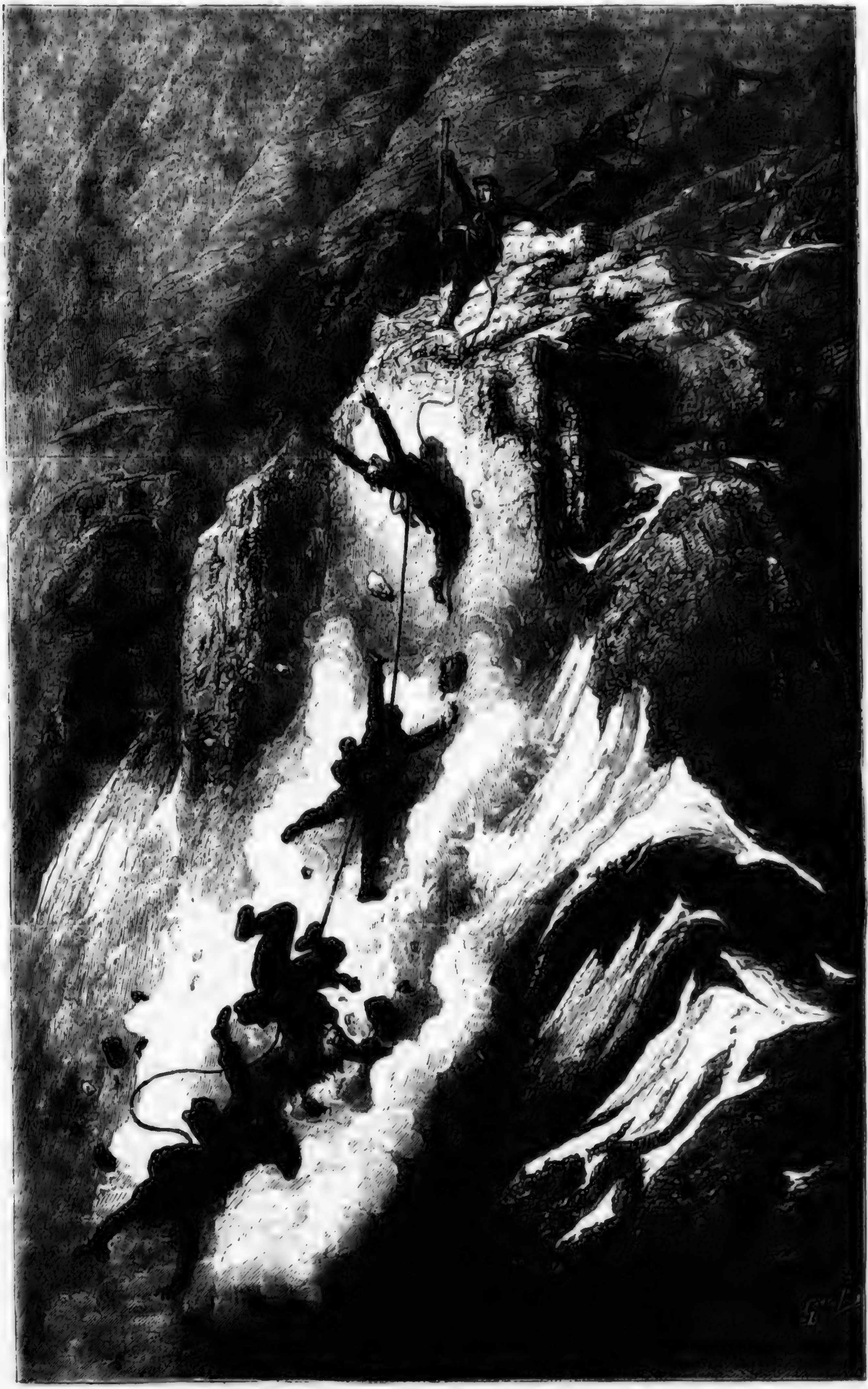

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MATTERHORN.—THE BREAKING OF THE ROPE.—SEE PAGE 226.

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I bound them up, using the tattered remains of my clothes for bandages. Of course, I did not do all in an hour or a day. No, I was too far gone for that.

Two days I lay beside the carcass of that grizzly, cutting meat off his ribs, and eating it raw, before I regained sufficient strength to drag myself up from the bottom of the pit.

As I reached the surface of the prairie, I staggered painfully to my feet, but the pain was too great. I could not use my limbs.

One glance sufficed for me to ascertain the fact that my horse had broken his trail-rope, and had disappeared. In all probability he had been devoured by the wolves that roam over the prairie in vast numbers. But, as it afterward proved, the animal, by some means, had broken away from his fastenings, and galloped back to the fort, which was the first intimation my comrades had of any mishap having happened to me.

Although they started out in search of me, it was a forlorn hope. The old trail had become obliterated, and they were forced to return without having found a trace by which my fate could be determined.

In the meantime I had not been idle. Slowly and painfully I dragged myself along over the prairie, grasping tufts of grass and tough weeds, making the best of my way toward the bank of the watercourse.

The meat of the bear had infused new life and courage to my shrunken veins. I could think as well as ever, but was almost powerless to act.

I had made up my mind that whatever was done I must do myself, without hope of aid from any one except the Almighty, and I had formed the somewhat desperate plan of attempting an escape from my perilous position by means of the watercourse, which I knew full well mingled with the muddy currents of the mighty Mississippi river.

I am afraid my story will weary you. I did not intend to detain you so long with the details; but somehow *I* never tire of relating it. I will be brief, however.

I gained the side of the stream, and found the trunk of an old tree, which I finally succeeded in launching after considerable difficulty.

Binding myself on it as well as possible, I breathed a hasty prayer, and committed myself to the mercy of the swift-running stream.

Rapidly I was borne on, at times whirling about in eddying circles, as I came in contact with strong counter currents, but my course, as a general thing, was almost straightforward.

I made good time on my old craft, which carried me safely on to the bottom of the great river. Then I felt as if deliverance was close at hand.

Soon the fort, with its old, familiar flagstaff, and the high, commanding bluffs on the opposite side of the river, came in sight. With all the strength at my command, I shouted for assistance. My outcries attracted the attention of a sentinel on duty, who waved his cap in token of recognition.

Soon after I had the satisfaction of seeing a canoe pulling off to my aid, and my adventure with the grizzly was brought to a close.

The injuries I had received confined me to my quarters for some time. When I did recover, it was with the scars you see on my face, and numerous others on my body. My beauty, if ever I had any, was completely effaced by the claws of that grizzly, but my heart is as warm as ever. I can honor a friend, and admire a good action.

But, come, the company is breaking up, and I must say good-night. When an opportunity occurs, come over to the fort and see me. You will always find a warm welcome.

CIRCUMSTANCES are the rulers of the weak; but they are the instruments of the wise.

Whymper's Account of the Tragedy of the Matterhorn, in July, 1865.

THE Matterhorn, or Monte Cerino, one of the mountains in the Pennine Alps, between the canton of Valais, Switzerland, and the Val d'Aosta, Italy, is one of the grandest mountain peaks in the world, towering 14,835 feet in height. The pass of Monte Cervino, practicable in Summer for mules and horses, is 11,000 feet high, but the summit was long deemed unscalable. In 1858 and 1859 attempts were made and the Chimney was reached. In the ensuing year English parties reached higher points, and at last a party was organized to reach the summit.

On Wednesday morning, the 12th of July, 1865, Lord Francis Douglas and myself crossed the Col Théodule, to seek guides at Zermatt. After quitting the snow on the northern side we rounded the foot of the glacier, crossing the Furgge Glacier, and left my tent, ropes, and other matters in the little chapel at the Lac Noir. We then descended to Zermatt, engaged Peter Taugwalder, and gave him permission to choose another guide. In the course of the evening the Rev. Charles Hudson came into our hotel with a friend, Mr. Hadow; and they, in answer to some inquiries, announced their intention of starting to attempt the Matterhorn on the following morning. Lord Francis Douglas agreed with me that it was undesirable that two independent parties should be on the mountain at the same time, and with the same object. Mr. Hudson was therefore invited to join us, and he accepted our proposal. Before admitting Mr. Hadow I took the precaution to inquire what he had done in the Alps; and, as well as I can remember, Mr. Hudson's reply was, "Mr. Hadow has done the Mont Blanc in less time than most men." He then mentioned several other excursions that were then unknown to me, and added, in answer to a further question, "I consider he is a sufficiently good man to go with us." This was an excellent certificate, given as it was by a first-rate mountaineer, and Mr. Hadow was admitted without any further question.

We then went into the matter of guides. Michael Croz was with Messrs. Hadow and Hudson; and the latter thought if Peter Taugwalder went as well that there would not be occasion for any one else. The question was then referred to the men themselves, and they made no objection.

We left Zermatt at 5.35 on Thursday morning, taking the two young Taugwalders as porters by desire of their father. They carried provisions amply sufficient for the whole party for three days, in case the ascent should prove more difficult than we anticipated. No rope was taken from Zermatt, because there was already more than enough in the chapel at the Lac Noir. It has repeatedly been asked, "Why was not the wire rope taken which Mr. Hudson brought to Zermatt?" I do not know; it was not mentioned by Mr. Hudson, and at that time I had not even seen it. My rope alone was used during the expedition, and there was, first, about 200 feet of Alpine Club rope; second, about 150 feet of a kind I believe to be stronger than the first; third, more than 200 feet of a lighter and weaker rope than the first, of a kind used by myself until the club rope was produced.

It was our intention on leaving Zermatt to attack the mountain seriously—not as it has been frequently stated, to explore or examine it—and we were provided with everything that long experience has shown to be necessary for the most difficult mountains. On the first day, however, we did not intend to ascend to any great height, but to stop when we found a good position for placing the tent.

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We mounted accordingly very leisurely, left the Lac Noir at 8:20, and passed along the ridge connecting the Hornli with the actual peak, at the foot of which we arrived at 11:30, having frequently halted on the way. We then quitted the ridge, went to the left, and ascended by the northeastern face of the mountain. Before twelve o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of 11,000 feet; but Croz and the elder of Taugwalder's sons went on to look what was above, in order to save time on the following morning. The remainder constructed the platform on which the tent was to be placed, and by the time this was finished the two men returned, reported joyfully that as far as they had gone they had seen nothing but that which was good, and asserted positively, that had we gone on with them that day we could have ascended the mountain, and have returned to the tent with facility. We passed the remaining hours of daylight—some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting, and when the sun went down (giving, as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow) we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, myself coffee, and we then retired each one to his blanket bag; the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas, and myself, occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference, outside. But long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with our laughter, and with the songs of the guides; for we were happy that night in camp, and did not dream of calamity.

We were astir long before daybreak, on the morning of the 14th, and started as soon as it was possible to move, leaving the youngest of Taugwalder's sons behind. At 6:20 we had attained a height of 12,800 feet, and halted for half-an-hour, then continued the ascent without a break until 9:55, when we stopped for fifty minutes, at a height probably of 14,000 feet. Thus far we had ascended by the northeastern face of the mountain, and had not met with a single difficulty. For the greater part of the way there was, indeed, no occasion for the rope; and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. We had now arrived at the foot of that part which from Zermatt seems perpendicular and overhanging, and we could no longer continue on the same side. By common consent, therefore, we ascended for some distance by the *arête*—that is, by the ridge descending towards Zermatt—and then turned over to the right, or to the northwestern face.

Before doing so, we made a change in the order of descent; Croz now went first, I followed, Hudson came third, Hadow and old Taugwalder were last. The change was made because the work became difficult for a time and required caution. In some places there was but little to hold, and it was therefore desirable that those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was less than forty degrees, and snow had consequently accumulated, and filled up the irregularities of the rock face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times coated with a thin glaze of ice, from the snow above having melted and frozen again during the night, still it was a place over which any fair mountaineer might pass in safety. We found, however, that Mr. Hadow was not accustomed to this kind of work, and required continual assistance; but no one suggested that he should stop, and he was taken to the top. It is only fair to say that the difficulty experienced by Mr. Hadow at this part arose, not from fatigue or lack of courage, but simply and entirely from want of experience. Mr. Hudson, who followed me, passed over this part, and, as far as I know, ascended the entire mountain without having the slightest assistance rendered to him on any occasion. Sometimes, after I had taken a hand from Croz or received a pull, I turned to give the same to Hudson; but he invariably declined, saying it was not necessary. This solitary difficult part was of no great extent, certainly not more than 300 feet high; and after it was passed the angles became less and less as we approached the summit; and at length the slope was so moderate that Croz and myself detached ourselves from the others, and ran on to the top. We arrived at 1:40 P. M., the others about ten minutes after us.

I have been requested to describe particularly the state of the party on the summit. No one showed any signs of fatigue, neither did I hear anything to lead me to suppose that any one was at all tired. I remember Croz laughing at me when I asked him the question. Indeed, less than ten hours had elapsed since our starting, and during that time we had halted for nearly two; the only remark which I heard suggestive of danger was made by Croz; but it was quite casual, and probably meant nothing.

He said, after I had remarked that we had come up very slowly, "Yes; I would rather go down with you and another guide alone than with those who are going."

As to ourselves, we were arranging what we should do that night on our return to Zermatt.

We remained on the summit for one hour, and during the time Hudson and I consulted, as we had done all the day, as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first, as he was the most powerful, and Hadow second; Hudson, who was equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next, and old Taugwalder, the strongest of the remainder, behind him. I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on arrival at the difficult bit, and hold it as we descended, as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done.

The party was being arranged in the above order while I was making a sketch of the summit, and they were waiting for me to be tied in my place, when some one remembered that we had not left our names in a bottle; and they requested me to write them, and moved off while it was being done. A few minutes afterwards I tied myself to young Taugwalder and followed, catching them just as they were commencing the descent of the difficult part described above. The greatest care was being taken. Only one man moving at a time; when he was firmly planted, the next advanced, and so on. The average distance between each was probably twenty feet. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to the rocks, and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was made entirely on account of Mr. Hadow, and I am not sure even if it ever occurred to me again.

I was, as I have explained, detached from the others, and following them; but after about a quarter of an hour Lord F. Douglas asked me to tie on to old Taugwalder, as he feared, he said, that if there were slips Taugwalder would not be able to hold him. This was done hardly ten minutes before the accident, and undoubtedly saved Taugwalder's precious life.

As far as I know, at the moment of the accident, no one was actually moving. I cannot speak with certainty, neither can the Taugwalders, because the two leading men were partially hidden from our sight by an intervening mass of rock. Poor Croz had laid aside his ax, and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. From the movements of their shoulders, it is my belief that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell on him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and

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Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment; but immediately we heard Croz's exclamation Taugwalder and myself planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; *the rope was tight between us, and the shock came on us both, as on one man.* We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas. For two or three seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands endeavoring to save themselves; they then disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them.

For the space of half-an-hour we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two men, paralyzed by terror, cried like infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Immediately we had descended to a safe place I called for the rope that had broken, and to my surprise—indeed, to my horror—found that it was the weakest of the three ropes. As the first five men had been tied while I was sketching, I had not noticed the rope they employed, and now I could only conclude that they had seen fit to use this in preference to the others. It has been stated that the rope broke in consequence of its fraying over a rock; this is not the case; it broke in mid-air, and the end does not show any trace of previous injury.

For more than two hours afterwards I thought every moment that the next would be my last; for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from one or the other at any moment. I do the younger man, moreover, no injustice when I say that immediately when we got to the easy part of the descent he was able to laugh, smoke, and eat, as if nothing had happened. There is no occasion to say more of the descent. I looked frequently, but in vain, for traces of my unfortunate companions; and we were, in consequence, surprised by the night when still at a height of about 13,000 feet. We arrived at Zermatt at 10:30, on Saturday morning.

Immediately on my arrival I sent to the President of the Commune, and requested him to send as many men as possible to ascend heights whence the spot could be commanded where I knew the four must have fallen. A number went and returned after six hours, reporting that they had seen them, but that they could not reach them that day. They proposed starting on Sunday evening so as to reach the bodies at daybreak on Monday; but unwilling to lose the slightest chance, the Rev. J. M'Cormick and myself resolved to start on Sunday morning. The guides of Zermatt, being threatened with excommunication if they did not attend the early mass, were unable to accompany us. To several, at least, I am sure this was a severe trial; for they assured me with tears that nothing but what I have stated would have prevented them from going. The Rev. J. Robertson and Mr. J. Phillpotts, of Rugby, however, not only lent us their guide, Franz Andermatter, but also accompanied us themselves. Mr. Puller lent us the brothers Lochmatter; F. Payot and J. Tairraz, of Chamounix, also volunteered.

We started with these at 2 A. M. on Sunday, and followed the route we had taken on Thursday morning until we had passed the Hornli, when we went down to the right of the ridge and mounted through the *seracs* of the Matterhorn glacier. By 8:30 we had got on to the plateau at the top, and within sight of the corner in which we knew my companions must be. As we saw one weather-beaten man after another raise the telescope, turn deadly pale, and pass it on without a word to the next, we knew that all hope was gone. We approached; they had fallen below as they had fallen above—Croz a little in advance, Hadow near him, and Hudson some distance behind; but of Lord F. Douglas we could see nothing. To my astonishment, I saw that all of the three had been tied with the Club or with the second and equally strong rope, and consequently there was only one link, that between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas, in which the weaker rope had been used.

It is quite unnecessary to enter into the detail of the subsequent very difficult and mournful proceedings. The orders from the Government of the Valais to bring the bodies down were so positive, that four days after the sad events I have just related twenty-one guides accomplished that sad task. The thanks of all Englishmen were due to these brave men, for it was a work of no little difficulty and of great danger. Of the body of Lord F. Douglas they, too, saw nothing; it is probably arrested in the rocks above. No one can mourn his loss more deeply or more sincerely than myself. Although young, he was a most accomplished mountaineer, hardly ever required assistance, and did not make a single slip throughout the day. He had only a few days before we met made the ascent of the Gabelhorn—a summit considerably more difficult, I believe, to reach than the Matterhorn itself.

I was detained in Zermatt until the 22d of July, to await the inquiry instituted by the Government. I was examined first, and at the close I handed in to the court a number of questions which I desired should be put to the older Taugwalder; doing so because that which I had found out respecting the ropes was by no means satisfactory to me. The questions, I was told, were put and answered before I left Zermatt; but I was not allowed to be present at the inquiry, and the answers, although promised, have not yet reached me.

This, sir, is the end of this sad story. A single slip, or a single false step, has been the sole cause of this frightful calamity, and has brought about misery never to be forgotten. I have only one observation to offer upon it. If the rope had not broken you would not have received this letter, for we could not possibly have held the four men, falling as they did, all at the same time, and with a single jerk. But, at the same time, it is my belief no accident would have happened had the rope between those who fell been as tight, or nearly as tight, as it was between Taugwalder and myself. The rope, when used properly, is a great safeguard; but whether on rocks, or whether on snow or glacier, if two men approach each other so that the rope falls in a loop, the whole party is involved in danger, for should one slip or fall he may acquire, before he is stopped, a momentum that may drag down one man after another and bring destruction on all; but, if the rope is tight, this is all but impossible.

HAGER.

"BUT you are changed past belief. Why, you great, black-browed foreigner, how will Geraldine ever recognize you, and what will she say when she sees you, directly?"

"Geraldine!" exclaimed Sir Cecil Monckton, turning suddenly toward his sister. "Is she really with you?"

"Of course she is," answered Lady Calderwood. "She came before we received the letters announcing your intended return, however; and it was very fortunate that she did—was it not?"

"Yes; but where is she now?"

"Riding," said her ladyship, curtly.

"Alone?"

"Oh yes. The fact is, we did not expect you for several days yet. Cecil, my darling brother, I am overjoyed to see you."

Sir Cecil bent down and kissed the dear little woman in pink.

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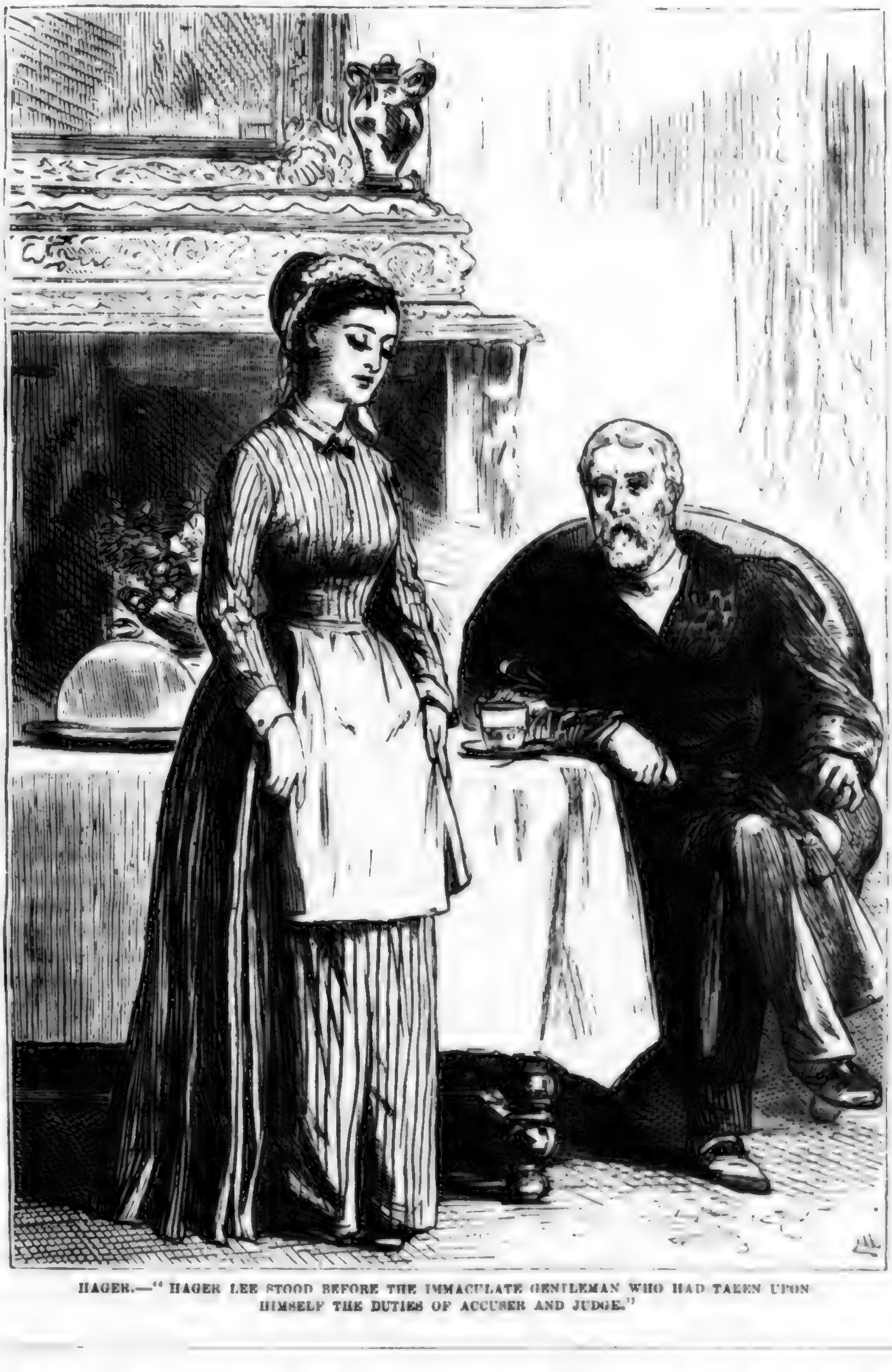

HAGER.—"HAGER LEE STOOD BEFORE THE IMMACULATE GENTLEMAN WHO HAD TAKEN UPON HIMSELF THE DUTIES OF ACCUSER AND JUDGE."

"You are the same good Charlotte of old," said he, tenderly—"the same warm-hearted Charlotte."

"Certainly I am, you poor boy."

"So Geraldine is here, is she? Who else is with you?"

"No one—not even my husband. He is on the Continent, and will be absent for several months. But you, Cecil—you will not leave home again?"

"Oh no; I have had quite enough of heathen lands. I shall settle down now."

"That is, you will marry Geraldine, and throw open the old Hall once more."

"Yes; for since the woman I love will not, for my sake, become a wanderer on the face of the earth, why, I can do no less than come to her, and let all business matters take care of themselves."

"I am glad to hear that—those stupid affairs have kept you from us quite long enough, and I ——"

"Where is Lucy?"

"Lucy? Oh, Lucy Oswald! Now, that is too bad, Cecil! She is with some friends in Devonshire. She was obliged to go, but she charged me to say a thousand things to you for her. She was really provoked to think that she could not be here to welcome you."

"There was no need for any unpleasant feeling upon the

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subject," said the gentleman, with a shrug and a smile. "Let me see—it is five years since I left England, is it not, Charlotte? Yes—five years. Humph! My ward, Miss Lucy Oswald, must not be annoyed about coming to us—do you understand that, Charlotte? Let her remain where she is; we can do without her, I am sure. Does Geraldine like her?"

"Geraldine does not know her. Lucy has not been here for years, for as soon as she quitted boarding-school we started upon our travels. Geraldine, of course, was always with her aunt—that old Baroness Thurl—and it happened that the two girls never met but once, and that was at a ball at Vienna. We returned in January; but since then Lucy has been in Devonshire, with the Wrextons. They are related to her, if you remember. Poor child, she does enjoy life so thoroughly! and she clings to me, Cecil, as if I were a sister. I only hope that she may always be as happy as she is now."

"Have no fear; if she has as much sense as wealth, she will secure a good husband for herself."

"I hope that she may, for she is almost alone in the world. Touch that bell, if you please, Cecil. Thank you—I have left my *rinaigrette* upstairs, and must have it."

"Always a fine lady," laughed her brother.

"Always, my dear; there is nothing in the world I am called upon to pet as I do my poor nerves. Come in, Hager."

A young girl, in a sober gown and snow-white apron, with a dainty muslin cap partly covering smooth rolls of fair hair, now entered the room and crossed quickly to her ladyship's side.

"Ah! you have the *rinaigrette?* Thanks. That is all—you may go now, child."

"A pretty, pale-faced little thing," said Sir Cecil, approvingly, when the maid had quitted them.

"Yes; she is a niece of old Lee, a former servant. A very nice girl she is, too."

"Charlotte, do you like Geraldine?"

"Do I like Geraldine!" echoed Lady Calderwood. "What an abrupt question! Of course I like her. She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw."

"Pshaw! That is no reason why one woman should go mad about another."

"Nor have I gone mad," retorted his sister.

"Do you like her? Answer me, frankly."

"Yes, I do."

"Notwithstanding that she is a coquette?"

"Who told you that of her, pray?"

"I have heard of her in India. The fame of her exploits has reached even that far-off land. Young Jocelyn shot himself for her, and Selwyn threw himself away, and Lord Liddesdale made a fool of himself; and how many more have followed in his lordship's footsteps Heaven only knows—not you or I. Oh yes, I have heard of these and many more comforting little things about my betrothed."

"All that is very sad, I admit; but she could not help it."

"Really? As my promised wife, however, she must consent to change her amusements. I shall insist upon that. By-the-way, is Lord Ormsby at the Abbey."

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"I have no reason. Does he visit you?

"Yes, my dear boy. I hope that you are not going to be jealous—are you?"

"Not the least in the world. How long will it be before Geraldine returns, do you think?"

"She has returned," said her ladyship, as the door of the morning-room opened. "She is here."

She was there, standing in the doorway—a woman of ravishing beauty; tall, flexible, admirably proportioned; with fine, dark eyes, and an inconceivably perfect complexion; features rather large, but good; and black, wavy hair, braided and curled about a well-poised head.

"Geraldine!" exclaimed Sir Cecil, advancing quickly, and taking her hand in his.

"Yes, Geraldine," laughed Miss Waldegrave. "My dear friend, what an unexpected pleasure! We did not hope to see you for a week yet. As soon as I returned from my ride I heard that you were here, and I have not spent ten minutes over my toilet. That is not much time lost in an endeavor to appear irresistibly lovely, is it?"

"It is no time lost at all, protested the gentleman. "Upon my word, Geraldine, I doubt whether I would ever have recognized you."

"What! Am I so changed?" she asked, blushing prettily.

"You are more beautiful than ever—if that could be."

"And you! Why, you look very much older than when you left us. Does he not, Charlotte?"

"You forget that he has been absent nearly five years, my dear," was Lady Calderwood's quiet retort.

"So he has. Sir Cecil Monckton, I am almost afraid of you."

"As you should be; I am fourteen years older than you are. Thirty-six—think of that!"

"Don't!"—with a pretty gesture of affected horror. "Oh, don't speak of ages, please; I never do."

"Very well; but where have you been all the morning?"

"Why, riding, of course."

"Are you as reckless as ever? Do you remember the races we have had together?"

"Have I forgotten anything concerning you?" she murmured, reproachfully, her beautiful eyes raised to his.

"And do you venture out alone?"

"Always; but we will change all that, for I shall have a companion sometimes. My dear Charlotte, are we not very, very happy people now?"

"I hope so," responded her ladyship, with great gravity—"from my heart I hope so, Geraldine."

"Miss Geraldine Waldegrave is a finished woman of th world," soliloquized Sir Cecil, in the privacy of his chamber, that night. "Beautiful, certainly, but, as Frothingham of Cleveden would say, repellent. Besides, what am I to think of the man whom she has promised to marry, and unblushingly breaks one of the Commandments? And Miss Waldegrave did that—she did, by Jove!"

Two weeks had passed. Two weeks—during which time Geraldine deployed a thousand all-conquering charms, and Sir Cecil resumed his old *role* of the confiding adorer. Two weeks of blissful, almost unbroken quiet, wherein these long parted lovers were learning new lessons and gathering up the broken threads of their lives and telling each other, in tenderest tones, of the bitter agony of that cruel separation. Yet never, in all that while, did Sir Cecil, even in the remotest manner, so much as casually allude to the violation of any Commandment by any beautiful woman of his acquaintance.

They had not been entirely alone. There was Lord Ormsby of the Abbey—a quiet, inoffensive, little, old bachelor, who called once upon Lady Calderwood, and dined very ceremoniously two or three times at Calderwood Park, when there were other people to meet him.

"Otherwise our dinner would be a very dismal affair," said her ladyship, confidentially, to her brother, on the first of these grand occasions.

"Quite a funeral feast, I assure you, my dear boy. I would just as soon sit beside a mummy, and endeavor to make it cheerful, as attempt to entertain that Ormsby of the Abbey."

"He seems a very good sort of fellow," decided Sir Cecil. "I am quite convinced that it was a vile slander which linked Geraldine's name with his. He does not think of her—scarcely notices her, in fact."

"Yes, certainly; but do devote yourself to him, Cecil—please try and do something with him."

Obedient Cecil tried, and failed most miserably, for Ormsby of the Abbey met all his advances with a grim civility that was far from encouraging.

"He is a fool," was Monckton's mental comment, before they quitted the table—"a conceited jackanapes. I wonder how, in the name of Heaven, such a creature could have had the marvellous assurance to venture upon a love affair—a poor little manikin, with a hoop nose, and crafty gray eyes and false teeth! What a contrast to—— well, to any woman! But it will be really amusing to watch this charming comedy to the end; and then—well, my friends, he laughs best who laughs last!"

* * *

Having sauntered downstairs quite late one morning, Sir Cecil found no one in the breakfast-room but the all-important butler, in whose respectful greeting our gentleman detected a covert reproach.

"Yes, I'm late, Howe," he frankly admitted. "I know it; but the truth is, I've fallen into fearfully indolent habits. Where are the ladies?"

"In the library, Sir Cecil—at least, they were there a few moments ago."

"Very well. Just push that easy-chair this way. There, that will do. Give me a cup of coffee, Howe, and the papers. Thank you. Now I'll endeavor to make myself comfortable for awhile. No, nothing else, Howe—I've a confounded headache, and do not care for anything but this. You need not wait."

"Let me fetch you a trifle of breakfast, Sir Cecil—a round of toast and an egg."

"No, nothing, Howe—absolutely nothing—I will ring when I want you."

And so, slowly sipping his coffee and idly scanning his journals, quite at his ease and undisturbed sat Sir Cecil Monckton.

Presently, however, his attention was attracted by something without, for he arose, and quickly approached the open window, which, like all the others on this side of the building, was densely shaded by great, far-reaching forest-trees and hardy vines.

As he reached it, he plainly saw Hager, the maid, and a dapper little groom, standing only a few yards distant.

They were speaking, but in the lowest tones, and presently, with a furtive glance around, the fellow slipped a letter into the girl's hand, and then walked quickly away.

With a frown and a smothered exclamation, which might merely have been one of astonishment, the watcher tapped lightly upon the window-pane.

Hager started, and looked up.

"Come in to me," was the brief command. "I wish to speak to you."

He was obeyed, for in a few moments Hager Lee stood before the immaculate gentleman who had taken upon himself the duties of accuser, judge, and—if need there should be—moral executioner.

He had returned to his easy-chair, and sat there very dignified and stern, when the culprit entered.

"Be good enough to close the door." She closed the door. "Now, come here." She came, looking trim and neat, in a striped gown of sober hues, with collar, cuffs, and apron all of snowy whiteness, a knot of bright-colored ribbon at her throat, and a tiny cap perched coquettishly upon the smooth coils of her pretty golden hair.

Hager, modest and demure, a soft tint flushing her cheeks, her eyes downcast, and her little hands working nervously at her apron in such a childishly embarrassed manner, that for a moment even astute Sir Cecil was perplexed and confused.

Only for a moment, however, for, with a magisterial "Ahem!" he commenced.

"Hager!"

"Yes, Sir Cecil."

"Who was that person with you just now?"

"It was Martin, Sir Cecil."

"And who is Martin?"

"Lord Ormsby's groom."

"Indeed! And what was Lord Ormsby's groom doing here?"

No answer.

"I ask you, Hager, what Lord Ormsby's groom was doing here?"

Profound silence.

"Is he anything to you?"

"He is not," answered the girl, curtly. But this time she looked her tormentor full in the face.

"Who sends him to you?"

"No one sends him to me."

"Then why does he waylay you in this manner? Now, I have been here but a little while, yet on three different occasions have I seen you together. Once at the spring, once in the park, and, a few moments ago, just there. Why, that fellow must have an object in pursuing you. What is that object? Does he wish to marry you? Will you not tell me, Hager? It does not strike me," continued the gentleman, after another fruitless pause—"It does not strike me that you are the sort of person to whom one might speak of pecuniary considerations; yet, if such a thing might be done, I would offer a great deal to know truly what that rascal wanted."

"That rascal came to me, Sir Cecil."

"Exactly, and what did he want?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I cannot tell you."

"I desire you to understand, Hager, that I interest myself in this matter solely because you seem to be an innocent little thing; and therefore, my dear child, I warn you kindly that the less you have to do with Lord Ormsby, or his groom either, the better will it be for you in the end. Your mistress would tell you the same thing, I fancy. Now, Hager, think for a moment before you go. Is there nothing you wish to say to me?"

"Who? I, Sir Cecil?" opening her blue eyes very wide. "Oh, no, sir—nothing whatever."

"Is Miss Waldegrave kind to you?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; I think that she likes me better than her own maid; but I'm too fond of my lady to quit her for any one in the wide world—even for Miss Waldegrave."

"Humph!"

Sir Cecil arose impatiently, and approached the girl.

"Come now, Hager, be truthful. That fellow gave you a letter. Show it me—nay, let me see the address only."

"But you are mistaken, Sir Cecil, I have no letter."

"No letter?"

He had experienced a certain sense of shame in making this proposition, but that emotion was quite lost in the surge of indignation that overwhelmed him at what he knew to be a direct falsehood.

"Do you tell me seriously that you have no letter, Hagar Lee?"

"Very seriously, I assure you, sir."

"Pshaw!"—turning away with a contemptuous gesture. "There—go! I see that you possess the rarest of all feminine virtues—*fidelity*. Go, girl—go! Do you hear me?"

Obedient Hager lost no time in obeying.

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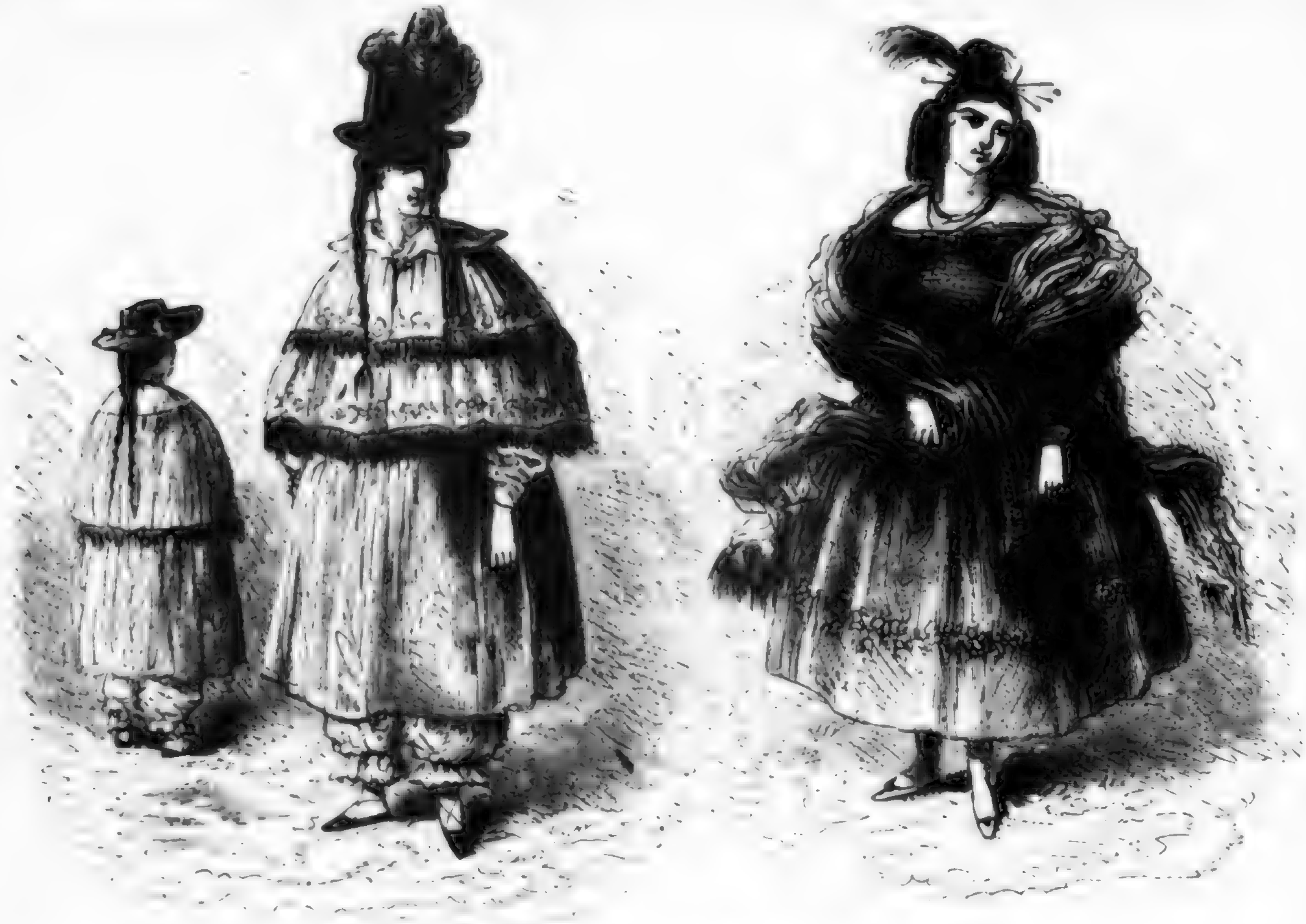


THE LADIES OF LIMA.—PERUVIAN LADIES.—SEE PAGE 235.

"By Jove, they are all alike!" muttered the irate gentleman. "Rich and poor, mistress and maid, they are all alike; and an honest woman is the one grain of wheat amongst countless measures of chaff. Now, Geraldine does not astonish me in the least, for I expect nothing better from her; but that this little creature should possess such sublime assurance—why, it's frightful! No, there can be no doubt about it—this Hager is on the high-road to destruction, and I greatly fear that she has almost reached the end of her journey."

"Cecil, it is not true! I cannot believe it!"

"You may, I assure you."

"And you are really a poor man?"

"Well, I am not exactly beggared; but, beyond the old home, together with a few hundreds, I have absolutely nothing."

"But to have risked your fortune in such a venture—oh, it is dreadful!"

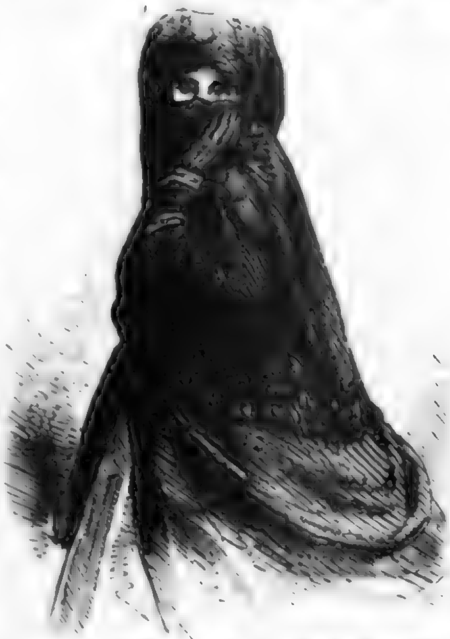
"My dear sister, it does not trouble me at all now; but I wanted to keep the knowledge from you, if I could. And I would have succeeded in doing so, if I had not had some scruples about deceiving you. Now, however, I will see Geraldine, and we will arrange our marriage for an early day, and then——"

"Geraldine!" cried her ladyship. "Cecil Monckton, are you mad?"

"I hope not. Why?"

"Can you think that Geraldine will marry you now?"

"Certainly. Why not?"



THE LADIES OF LIMA.—LIMANIAN LADY PROMENADING.

"Oh, my poor boy! my poor boy!" moaned the little woman.

"See here, Charlotte; to judge by your tones, one would say that there is no hope for me in that quarter. Now, you are unjust, and I will prove it by letting Geraldine know the whole truth immediately."

"Will you?" asked his sister excitedly. "Will you? Then do it, Cecil; do it without delay! Go to her now. She is in the library. Go and tell her all that you have told me, and then—— Oh, Cecil, my darling brother, I don't know whether to laugh or cry. Please—please find her, Cecil!"

He found her—found her in the library—but she graciously put aside her book when her betrothed appeared.

And to her he repeated all that he had told his sister—smoothing nothing, sparing nothing of the humiliating truth, but confessing very meekly how love for her had made him eager for greater wealth, and how, seeking this, he had failed miserably, and past redemption.

"Do you mean to say that you are *poor?*" asked Miss Waldegrave, at last.

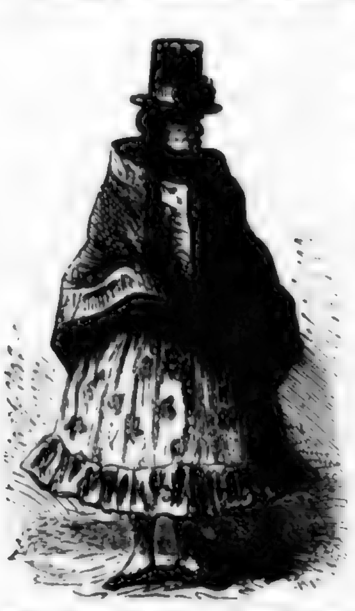
"I mean it. Yes."

"But this is beyond comprehension! Why, what are we to do now?"

"Nothing. I release you from your promise; that is, if you desire to be released."

"Oh, of course; but, my dear Cecil, my heart aches for you."

"Does it? You are very good, Geraldine, and I expected such sympathy from you—still—if you really love me, and think——"



THE LADIES OF LIMA.—A CHICARRERA OF AREQUIPA.

"Don't be foolish, Sir Cecil Monckton," hastily exclaimed the young lady. "This is no time to talk of love, and I trust that, however much I may suffer, I am not weak enough and selfish enough to dream of barring your progress now. No, no, my dear friend; we must be brave, and meet our ill-fortune unselfishly. We must be patient—we really must."

"And you will wait for me, Geraldine?"

"Let time tell," said Miss Waldegrave, with her sweetest smile.

"But you will marry me, some day?"

"Perhaps; I make no rash promises, remember."

"And do you love me? Come, now, Geraldine, tell me frankly whether you love me or not? Have no fear of wounding me. Do you really care for me?"

"No, I do not."

And this was the frankest answer that our gentleman had ever received from Miss Geraldine Waldegrave.

"She is a prudent soul," was Lady Calderwood's sole comment when, an hour later, she was made the confidant of her brother's woes.

"Yes; is she not?"

"Of course you will banish all thought of her now, Cecil?"

"I shall certainly endeavor to do so."

"My poor brother!"

"Pray do not pity me, Charlotte; I am not very hard hit."

"You are right; I should not pity, but congratulate you upon being well rid of a heartless coquette, who never cared the least bit for you. I dread seeing her again."

"You will not be troubled with her long. She returns home to-morrow."

"Does she say so?"

"She does."

"I am glad of that—very glad. By-the-by, Cecil, here is a note from your ward; it was inclosed in a letter to me. Poor little darling! she appears to be enjoying herself vastly."

Sir Cecil received the pink and perfumed sheet somewhat eagerly; but, as he read, his countenance fell. "So this is from Lucy Oswald, is it?"

"Yes, dear little Lucy! She is a perfect child, you see."

"She is a perfect fool," was the ungallant rejoinder.

"Oh, Cecil! how can you!"

"So she is. There, take the thing!" and dashing down the fragrant missive, he stalked from the room.

The song died away upon Hager's red lips as Sir Cecil Monckton entered the Summer-house, and, gathering up her bits of lace and gay ribbons, arose.

"Sit still!" commanded the intruder. "Sit still! I wish to speak to you. What are you doing there?"

"Arranging a head-dress for Lady Calderwood."

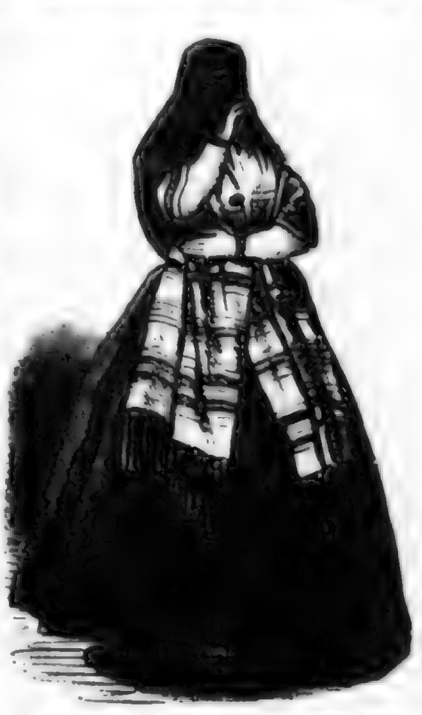
"Humph!" throwing himself into a wicker-chair near her. "I request you to resume your seat, Hager. There, that is right. Now, work, and I will talk to you."

Then, after a moment of silence:

"You must have a happy heart to sing as you were singing just now."

"I am happy, Sir Cecil," answered the girl, pleasantly; but without lifting her eyes from her work.

"And so am I, for Miss Waldegrave is well on her way to London by this time." Then, abruptly, "will you tell me the truth about that letter, Hager? Was it for you? Mind, I want nothing but the truth. Was it yours?"



THE LADIES OF LIMA.—THE DISGUISE OF THE MANTO.

"No, Sir Cecil."

"Whose was it, then? What! You will not answer? Must I tell you? Well, it was for Miss Waldegrave, and Lord Ormsby sent it."

"Oh, sir! who told you that?"

"No one. I had always suspected something of the sort, but I was convinced of it when I happened to see those two persons together in the park the very next day. They did not see me, however, so there was no harm done. Now, since I know that much, pray tell me how you ever come to be pressed into their service?"

"Miss Waldegrave asked me to help her."

"And you consented?"

"Yes, Sir Cecil."

"Was my sister aware of it?"

"Oh no! I was afraid to tell that to her."

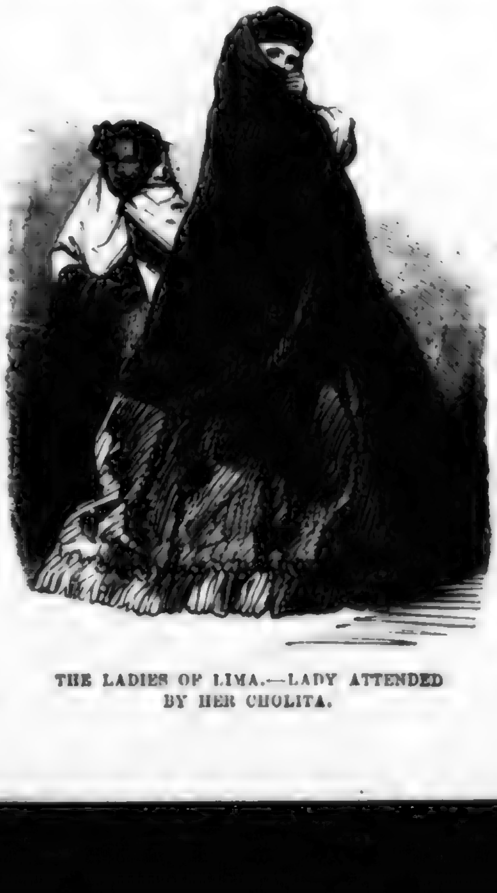
"But why did you deny it to me? Why did you endeavor to leave me under the impression that you were a foolish little girl?"

"Because—because I *was* foolish, I suppose. I don't know. Yes, I do know, too," brightening up, "because I had a promise to keep, and I kept it. It was Miss Waldegrave's secret—not mine."

And then her eyes fell beneath her companion's piercing gaze—an admiring gaze it might have been, for the flush on Hager's pale face improved it vastly.

"She is absolutely beautiful," the gentleman thought, but he only said, very sadly: "My dear child, do you know that I am wretchedly poor?"

"No, Sir Cecil. Are you, really?"



THE LADIES OF LIMA.—LADY ATTENDED BY HER CHOLITA.

XUM

"Yes, almost a beggar. That is why Geraldine Waldegrave has gone home; but before she went she broke her engagement with me. So now, Hager Lee, being once more a free man, I have come to ask you to marry me."

"Sir!"

"There, do not look at me in that manner, Hager," taking her hands in his. "I love you—I swear to you that I loved you from the first moment I saw you. But I could not, in honor, tell you this sooner. I am poor, I know that, my dear, and I am not very young, yet I will care for you tenderly, Hager, and—oh, child, child, for God's sake, speak to me!"

"You are very kind, Sir Cecil," faltered the girl, her cheeks crimson, her bright eyes filled with tears, "but even if you were in earnest—our positions are so different—I could give you but the same answer.'

"And that would be ——"

"That would be *no!*"

"Hager!"

"It would be *no*," freeing herself from his clasp. "Oh, sir, I may be only a simple girl, but I am quite clever enough to know that you are offering me really nothing but that which another has rejected, and I know too that anger, and not love, drives you to madness."

"Is it madness to think of marrying you, Hager?"

"Yes; and all the world would cry out against it. Remember that you are a great gentleman, Sir Cecil, whilst I ——"

"Whilst you are a foolish little thing. I will remember it. Now, Hager, you say that I am driven to this by anger. You are wrong. Why should I feel vindictive toward Geraldine? I never loved her. Years ago I fancied that I did, but I heard enough of her, when I was in India, to cure me of that stupidity. And if I heard of her in India, fancy what awaited me when I reached England. Why, child, I came to this place with a full knowledge of her flirtation with Lord Ormsby, and I am quite certain that she would have married him long ago, had she not imagined that I was the richer of the two. Now, however, that she is convinced to the contrary, I am quite willing to wager half of all I possess—which is not much, Hager—that she marries Ormsby in no time at all. Yes, Geraldine is a beauty—that I acknowledge; but she is the most heartless creature imaginable. I do not even like her, Hager, and I know her better, far better, than you do. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, but——"

"But what?"

"But my answer must still be the same—*no!* I thank you, Sir Cecil, if you please—*no!*"

"Is it because I am poor?" asked the suitor, reproachfully.

"No, Sir Cecil."

"Is it because you hate me?'

"No," very faintly indeed.

"Then, Hager, dear, darling little Hager—now be quiet; do not attempt to push me away from you. And there—put your head on my shoulder and look up in my face, and tell me honestly why you detest me in this outrageous manner?"

"But I do not detest you," came in broken sobs. "I love—love you! I do—I do, I love you with all my heart and soul and—strength!"

"And you will marry me?"

"If you wish it—yes."

"Then we will go in and tell my sister of it, immediately."

"Ah, no! please, Sir Cecil—

"Sir Cecil?"

"Please, *Cecil*," this is in a whisper, "please wait until to-night."

"Why? Surely you are not afraid of her?"

"Oh no! but—ah, do as I ask."

"Very well, we will surprise her to-night, then, my darling."

But before night, just before dinner, in fact, Sir Cecil Monckton was hastily summoned by his sister.

"My dear boy, who do you suppose is here?" she asked.

"I have no idea. Who? Not Miss Waldegrave, I hope."

"No, indeed; it is Lucy Oswald."

"Lucy Oswald? Why, where did she come from—the skies?"

"Of course not. She arrived a few moments ago by the late train from London. Do come in and see her at once."

"Oh, confound Lucy Oswald!"

"Cecil!"

"Well, that girl is a bore, Charlotte; besides, I want to speak to you on particular business to-night."

"You can do that, I am sure, without being so rude about Lucy. Come!"

In the dimly lighted drawing-room sat a little black-robed figure, that arose as the two approached.

"Your ward, Miss Oswald—Lucy, this is my brother, Sir Cecil Monckton."

"I am charmed——"

The gentleman's civil speech came to an abrupt ending, for just here Lucy threw back her heavy vail.

"*Hager!*"

The little black-robed figure held out its hand beseechingly.

"Oh, Sir Cecil, please forgive me! I'm Lucy, but I'm Hager, too. Hager always and forever now."

He caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately

"Hager, my darling!"

"But I tell you it is Lucy," persisted her ladyship; "that romantic little Lucy Oswald, who has been playing at lady's-maid all this while, to know you the better, my dear, as the nursery-rhyme has it."

"Was it for that, Lucy?"

"Yes. I had no idea, though, that any one else would be here but you; so when Miss Waldegrave came first, I could not help myself—it was too late; and I learned more there than I had any thought of ever doing, for that grand young lady selected me as her *confidante* and messenger, but," quite seriously, "I did not betray her. Remember that, please. I would never have betrayed her. You believe me, do you not?"

"I do," declared Lady Calderwood, "and it doesn't matter what Cecil thinks."

"I believe you," said the happy lover.

"And her ladyship knows all about everything. I have confessed my sins to her, so you cannot get me into trouble, Sir. Have I not told you about the letters, my lady?"

"Yes, and have I not scolded you for what you did? Do take off that horrid bonnet, Lucy. There, the truth is, Cecil, this crazy girl won me over to her wild scheme when we were abroad, so I brought her here where none of the people knew her. As my husband was not at home to betray you, you know, everything worked to perfection. And you may believe that I was not going to have my folly exposed to Miss Waldegrave when she saw fit to honor us with her presence. So, now that you have the truth, do tell me whether you really propose marrying Lucy Oswald after all the uncivil things you said of her?"

"If Lucy will forgive me and marry me—yes."

"But, Cecil, if you are really so very poor, what——"

"Nay, I am very rich," interrupted her brother, with a fond glance at the young girl sitting beside him.

"That is quite true," assented Lady Calderwood, "for your man of business, with whom I have communicated, assures me that your affairs were never more prosperous than at present. My dear boy, you are exceedingly clever, I know, but I fancy that I have outwitted you. Be careful in future, therefore, to arrange your little comedies very differently, if you expect them to meet with great success. Lucy, my child, I am truly sorry to assure you that your fine fancy of laying your money at my brother's feet must be thrown to the winds, for this arch impostor has never lost a penny of his fortune, and is unnecessarily rich, as he is well aware."

"Are you?" asked the girl.

"Yes, dear."

"Ah, how could you!"

There was a marriage soon at Calderwood Park, as you may suppose, and, on the very morn of the auspicious day, Lady Charlotte received the wedding-card of Lord and Lady Ormsby. Their quiet little neighbor had followed Geraldine to her home and married her.

"As predicted," laughed Cecil.

THE LADIES OF LIMA.

OF ALL the cities of South America, Lima has an aspect most peculiar and original. It lies in the centre of a region of earthquakes, and where it never rains, and these two circumstances have impressed themselves on its architecture and aspect. Structures of brick or stone could not resist the severe earthquakes to which the city is exposed, and the buildings are consequently of the lightest materials—little more than huge cages of canes, plastered over with mud on the outside, and frescoed in imitation of stone. They are generally of one story, seldom over two, in height. The roofs are flat, because the absence of rain renders a pitched roof unnecessary. The apparently massive towers and buttresses of the churches are only great wicker-baskets, deceptive combinations of poles and canes tied together with hide-thongs, stuccoed over and painted. Under a brisk shower, such as we often experience on a Summer afternoon, the whole city would melt away, leaving only a withered cane-brake in a gigantic mud-puddle.

Absence of rain and superabundance of earthquakes have, however, not only impressed themselves on the aspect of the city, but also on the aspect of the people, whose habits, and, above all, whose costumes, are modified by these conditions. I might have added that earthquakes have impressed themselves, at times at least, when particularly severe, on the morals of the people. The leading geographer of Peru, whose works are printed at the expense of the nation, solemnly tells us that the probable reason why the number of marriages in Lima, for the year 1860, were 378, as against 285 in 1859, was "because the heavy earthquakes of March and April of the exceptional year had induced many people to change their modes of life."

Women sympathize more readily than men with their surroundings, and are more easily molded by circumstances. *Las Limanas*, the women of Lima, therefore, impress the strangers with their peculiarities far more than do the men, who, as a whole, are remarkably weak and common-place, without any strong individuality. It is said of Lima that it is the "paradise of women, the purgatory of husbands, and the hell of donkeys," an epigrammatic way of saying that the fairer part of creation enjoys in Lima a freedom, and exercise a power, rarely conceded to it in other cities. The nature of that freedom has been hinted at in the couplet:

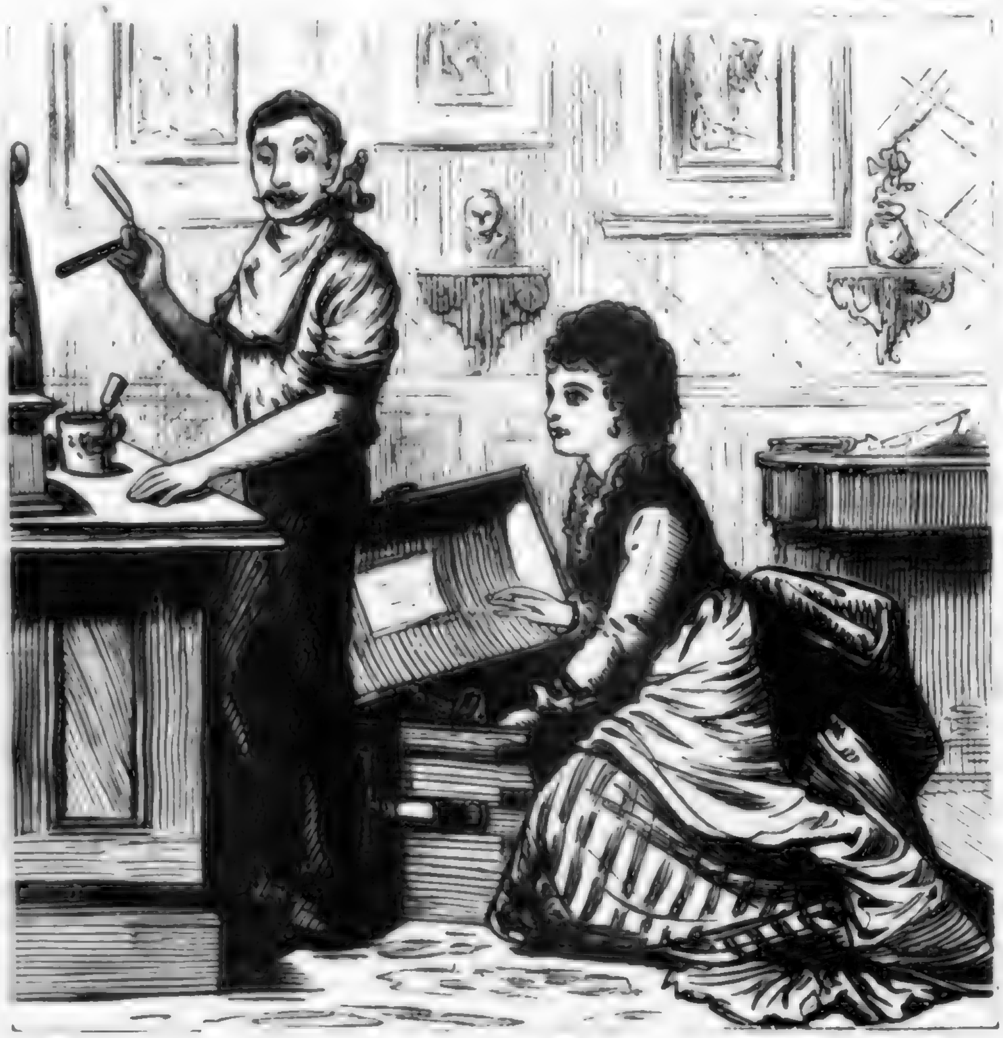
"En la manana gata;
En la tarde, beata!"

which may be freely translated, "A kitten in the morning, a saint in the afternoon." The secret of the power of the Limañas, if we may credit an enthusiastic young Frenchman, who has been writing about them lately, consists in "their natural grace, fine spirits, ease and elegance of manners, vivacity in repartee, their amiability, the fire of their attachments, their infantile hands, little feet, and profusion of long black hair." It is a wonder our enthusiast omitted to mention their large, deep black eyes—the feature most marked and beautiful in the list of Limañian charms.

We meet the Limaña first in the street, and it is not surprising that she produces on us a favorable impression, for she is a model of grace in her movements. She walks slowly, and puts her foot down firmly, so that the muscles of her pedestrian apparatus, and in sympathy with them those of her whole figure, have full play. She neither trips along on her toes, nor "teeters" off as if she wore wire-springs in the heels of her shoes. The weather is seldom so hot as to make it unpleasant, and, as it never rains, she wears nothing upon her head except the *manto*, a long black shawl, which she throws around her shoulders and folds over her head and around her face, concealing all, perhaps, except her eyes, one daintily-gloved or jeweled hand, rising just above her bosom, holding the whole in place. Sometimes, when the sun is not too fervid, a full, white, braceleted arm may be coquettishly exposed in this service, losing nothing of its ivory brilliancy from contrast with the ebon *manto*. The *manto* may be so worn as to effectually conceal the figure, and to cover the entire face, with the exception of a single dark eye, which, as if conscious of the completeness of its owner's disguise, looks boldly and unflinchingly into yours, never drooping its lashes in unnecessary bashfulness. It is under the protection of the *manto*, thus worn, that the women of Lima visit the theatres alone, or perhaps venture into their friend's court-yard when he gives a ball, to criticise the coming of the parting guest, and pick up food for scandal. The *tapada*, however, for so the Limaña is called who thus effectually disguises herself, is not looked upon with favor in the better circles; for although she may claim the right to perpetuate a custom that was once universal, it is one which has been given up, with common consent, to the *intriguante*, or her less reputable sister. A jealous wife or suspicious mistress may, however, put on the *manto*, and neither husband nor lover suspect before the torrent of an *eclaircissement* bursts upon him, to what vailed goddess he has been paying worship. What may be the relation between the *manto* and the rather portentous fact that in 1860 (the year in which, as we have shown, the earthquakes turned moral reformers) the illegitimate births in Lima numbered 1,650 against 1,330 legitimate, we shall not undertake to say; but it is only fair to add that the illegitimates are mostly among the mixed races, of which Lima affords every variety and the largest abundance.

In days agone, the *manto* was coupled with the *saya*, or a narrow skirt and short, fitting very closely to the figure, and so circumscribed at the bottom as to prohibit anything like "stepping out," however much the wearer might be disposed to walk rapidly. It, however, showed off the little feet, about which the Frenchman has spoken so rapturously. Little feet they are, but dumpy, and by no means gracefully shaped, as the Limañas themselves have been compelled to admit, since Lima secured its present considerable influx of feminine foreigners.

The *tapada*, as we have intimated, is a sort of privileged character; for, in the social ethics of Lima, it is not permissible to remove the *manto* ever so slightly from the face of the wearer. It is *tabooed;* and any forcible interference would just as surely subject the offender to the indignation and severe handling of the populace, as would direct insult to a woman in the streets of New York. Von Tschudi (we prefer to make him responsible for the statement) tells us that a lady has been known to arrange an *affaire du cœur* with a gentleman in the street, while her husband, standing a few yards distant, conversing with a friend on some matter of business, little suspected that the fair *incognita*, whose graceful figure he was admiring, was his own faithful better-half! It frequently happens, continues our reliable Teutonic friend, that Doña M. obliges Doña D. with the loan of her *manto* for the purpose of hoodwinking a jealous husband—the Doña M. being certain that her obliged friend will do her a corresponding service, on demand. Sometimes a lady may be seen in an old tattered *manto*, such as only the poorest female might be expected to wear; in which case, however, the silk stockings, dainty shoes, or lace handkerchief may betray the rank of the wearer. Sometimes the concealment leads to ludicrous and mortifying mistakes. On beholding a tall, elegant figure, whose symmetrical outline is plainly discernible through every disguise, with a bright dark eye beaming out underneath the sable folds of the *manto*, one may be excused for supposing a Vienna or a Hebe beneath the drapery—but what if an inadvertent movement of the hand betrays the flat nasal organ and the thick lips and wide mouth of an adventurous female mulatto! It is alleged that most foreigners, after due experience with *tapadas*, sternly stipulate, if fortunate enough to engage the affections of a Limaña, that after marriage their wives shall no longer wear the garb so facile of abuses. "How far," observes our ruthless Teuton, "this condition is observed, is best known to their husbands." We doubt, however, if it be known to that fortunate individual at all; nor do we credit the ill-natured allegation, that "the women of Lima never willingly renounce their disguises, which are inseparably associated with customs to which they are heart and soul devoted." Things have changed in the City of the Kings, for such was the proud title of Lima in the days of yore, since Von Tschudi traveled there, and dissected society with a merciless hand.



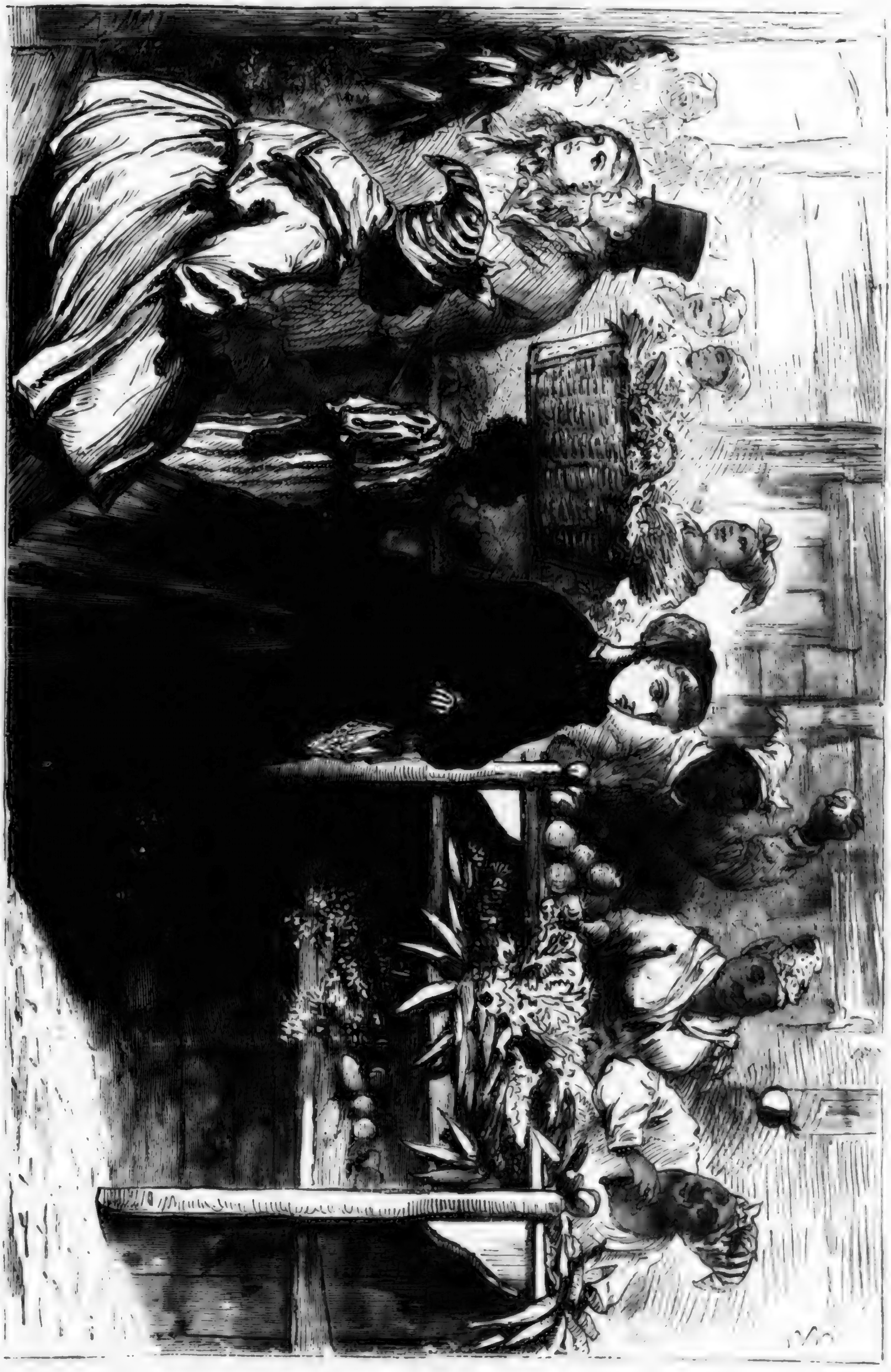
THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

HUSBAND.—"Swear! I guess you'd swear, if you had a razor as dull as this!"
WIFE OF HIS BOSOM.—"Why, it was sharp enough when I cut my corns with it last night!"

We should have explained before that *tapada* is a word derived from the verb *tapar*, to cover or conceal.

In Lima the servants are of the laziest and most worthless description, generally *cholos* (mixed Indian and white), or pure Indians. The negroes, formerly slaves, are relatively few and fast disappearing, in consequence of their vices, of which drunkenness is not the most fatal. The best servants are the Chinese, of which large numbers have been introduced within the last few years. Every household has a superabundance of servants, and no lady is without her *cholita* or *cholito*, a little dependent, whose sole business is to attend to her personal requirements. This little mortal, whatever its gender, does everything for her which a second person can possibly do; and among his or her duties, that of attending madam to her devotions is not the least. The Catholic religion is of course the only one known in Lima; and in Catholic churches all persons high and low, rich and poor, white or black, patrician and plebeian, are on equality before the symbolic cross, and must kneel alike on the bare, cold, and never too clean pavement. The Limaña knows this, admits the principle, but objecting to the cold and dirt, carries with her a mat—thick and soft, and gay in color as a flower-bed—whereon to kneel. This is borne by a *cholito*, who sometimes is fitted out in the garb of the *tiger* of European capitals, with a stove-pipe hat, heavy overcoat, and white gloves. Sometimes the *cholita* does duty for her mistress in the capacity of mat-bearer and propriety-dragon, following respectfully at her heels. Thus accompanied, the Limaña is free to go wherever she pleases, safe from insult or criticism, however diminutive her companion.

Whoever sees the Limaña in the streets, at the opera, or at evening in her own parlor, with her dark hair elaborately piled up over her colorless, wax-like brow, must not fall into the mistake of supposing that she is always regal. Should he inadvertently catch a glimpse of her in the morning, before the hour of fashionable visiting begins, he would probably find her with loose and trailing hair, *en deshabille*, or only with a shawl thrown over her shoulders, squatting on the floor of her bedroom, and eating voraciously a *picante*, not improbably with her fingers, and altogether appearing very unlike the dark-eyed and stately goddess of the parlor in the evening. A *picante*, it should be explained, is a dish in which potatoes and peppers (*aji*) mostly predom-



SOUTHERN SCENES.—CHARLESTON MARKET.

inate, and certainly is not a "dainty dish" one would wish "to set before a king" or any lady of his acquaintance, not blessed with extraordinary powers of digestion. With such a revelation as we have barely supposed to be possible, you will not be surprised that the charming creature you take in to dinner eats less than a canary. With half her contraband consumption of edibles, you would be obliged to go into a severe course of Bantingism within three months.

Society in Lima, unfortunately for the current visitor, is in a transition state. The old, frank and provincial customs of the people, quaint, perhaps, but always genuine, and pleasant if only for their novelty, have mostly disappeared in an unsuccessful attempt at Europization (if I may coin a word), and the people of Lima, the women not excepted, have not the ease of fully-acquired habits, nor that which an ignorance of any except those that are indigenous always bestows. They have ceased to be Limañas, and they have not become French, English, German, or American. Constraint and hesitation, doubt and incertitude, anxiety and timidity, are consequently the prevailing features in the social organization of the Peruvian capital, where society is far less genuine, and consequently far less genial and agreeable, than in Arequipa and Cuzco.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

Charleston Market.

In the early morning hours, when hucksters and purchasers alike begin the "marketing" of the day, few places present a livelier or more picturesque appearance than the old city market at Charleston, the subject of our sketch.

Although now wanting many of the peculiar features which in *ante-bellum* times made it a curious study to the northern visitor, it yet preserves much of its old-time popularity, and, when thronged with buyers and sellers, the busy scene is both novel and interesting. Among the crowd will be seen representatives of many races, and of all shades of color, from the purest Caucassian to the blackest African, all mingling in the most unconcerned way, anxious only to buy where they can buy best and cheapest, or to sell out at the highest figure. Occasionally you will see some sedate old "aunty," like the one in our picture, who seems to have no interest in the trafficking around her, but sits smoking her stumpy clay pipe in meditative contemplation of the scene, apparently indifferent to the prospects of a purchaser for "dem dar geeses."

Pale, sad-looking women, clad in deepest black, still sorrowing for the lost of the great struggle whose wounds are but just beginning to heal, are jostled by laughing, chattering negresses, who date their happiness from the same events that caused the former's misery, and whose attire displays a dozen brilliant, if incongruous hues.

Behind their rude stalls, piled with the myriad fruits and vegetables of this fertile and prolific region, sit the smiling market-women, their shining black faces contrasting strangely with the gay turbans and calicoes of startling and showy colors in which they are clad.

When not actually engaged in waiting upon customers, they laugh and chatter, and play all sorts of practical jokes; which frequently result in mock combats, when they pelt one another with their wares, with a reckless disregard of the prospective profits from their sales.

Nearly all the indigenous fruits and vegetables are offered for sale in great profusion, and usually at prices much below the rates demanded in our Northern cities. The market is supplied chiefly by the negro "truck-gardeners," who have obtained by seizure or purchase small pieces of land within easy reach of the city, and generally having water communication with it. Many of these negro farmers are capitalists in a small way, for the business is very profitable, and they can easily save money. The number who were saving and investing money was at one time considerable, and yearly increasing, but the disastrous failure of the Freedmen's Bank, and the consequent loss of their accumulations, had a very unfortunate effect, discouraging many from any further efforts at economy.

Scarcely any city of the South was more thoroughly devastated by the war than Charleston, but few evidences of the "wreck of war" now remain. Within the last five years the city has been greatly improved and beautified by the erection of many new and costly buildings, while the trade of the city has largely increased. The country surrounding Charleston is noted for the picturesque character of its scenery. Rice and cotton fields, oaks, magnolias, myrtles, and jasmines abound in profusion. The historic palmetto trees—the emblem of the State—have become extremely scarce, and we believe but one specimen is now known to exist within the city limits.

Charleston is connected by several lines of steamers with nearly all the coast ports, and is becoming a favorite stopping-place for Northern tourists, as well as for those who seek recuperation in the balmy climate of Florida. Those who pass it by, or make only a brief stay of a few hours, would find both the city and its people well worthy a better acquaintance, and we counsel all who, in these chilly Winter days, seek health or pleasure in a warmer clime, to take the Palmetto City *en route* at least, and surely they will not regret it.

Early Morning on the Ashley River, near Charleston.

With the change in Southern life, caused by the war, there have grown up around the large cities a class with whom we are familiar at the North, but who under the former system were almost unknown. These are the kitchen gardeners—men of both colors, or of all, if we include the various shades and tints.

As the large plantations have in many cases been broken up and sold off, small farms have been purchased by the more thrifty and industrious whites and colored people of small means, and lands once deemed worthless have thus been taken up at low rates.

Care and industry enable the owners to early vegetables and small fruits for the city markets, and the transportation varies the monotony of work and enables them to see a little of city life, and bring back a store of gossip for the evening chats and wonderful bargains to be displayed as the fruits of their labor and sales; though the purchases are not always judicious—where indeed do the humbler classes show much judgment in buying?—yet the satisfaction is great.

The sketch is not a fancy one, but taken from actual life by a clever artist, who has not sacrificed truth to effect. These scows show, indeed, the very best of these market gardeners, those who aim not at supplying the neighboring market so much as raising the very earliest crops to send to the Northern ports, where nature has not begun to wear the look of Spring, and where, of course, the early produce of the garden comes with a temptation hard to resist, and commands prices that bring a rich harvest to the grower, even after the cormorants of commission agents, middle-men, and freighters have been glutted.

Few Charleston buyers can compete with the speculators who are on the alert to buy up the boat-loads thus brought in by the scows that come paddling down the rivers, with the cheery negro melody stealing through the morning mist. The cargoes are precious, but their life is short; hence the shipping at Charleston is prompt and rapid; there is no Southern indolence there. Every hour tells against the

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probable value at the North. At night the scows begin their slow ascent, lighter laden; but, pulling against the stream, there is less rapid progress, and, weary with the day's exertion, the arms do not pull with the vigor of morning.

The poor whites, too, benefit by the change; and even some of the old planters see their advantage in this mode of cultivation, requiring less ground and fewer hands than a plantation, and yielding prompt returns. Emigrants from Europe, too, are drawn to the neighborhood of Southern cities, and Swiss and Germans with a keen eye to a market, and their proverbial thrift and industry, with women and children who all take their part in the labor, form a new element, and, by their superior cultivation, form a model for others.

CALLING BAD NAMES.

THERE once lived in the richest of all kingdoms over which a mortal ever ruled—in Shakespeare's fancy—a certain knight, named Don Adriano de Armado, who wore fine clothes with never a shirt under them, used big words with little sense in them, and, being himself a big, loud man, relied for all his wit upon a tiny serving-boy, named Moth. It was a wonder to some of the Don's friends that Moth had not found his way into the knight's mouth. "I marvel," said Costard to him, "thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus."

That word stands for a cudgel with which many a poor student's brains have cruelly been beaten. It is the gimlet of the social bore. It is the bludgeon of the scientific bully. Who shall venture to touch or to smell plants with such names as Splanchnomyces, Tetragonotheca, Xysmalobium, Zuccagnia, Schivereckia, Pogoyne, Helminthostachys, Chamæmespilus, and Ampelosiccyos, if plants can grow with the disgrace of such names fastened to them, if such words can represent any living thing of beauty in the glory of creation through which we walk daily?

It is time that we left off calling bad names. The flowers of the field have never injured us, we have no right to behave as if we bore them a deep grudge, and to overwhelm them with our scientific Billingsgate. Neither have we any right to seal up against children—our own blossoms—the beautiful story of the lives of their kindred in the gardens and the fields. He who by the sea-shore makes friends with the sea-nettles is introduced to them by the scientific master of ceremonies as the Physsophoridæ and Hippopodydæ. Creatures weak, delicate and beautiful are Desmidiaceæ, Chætopterina, and Amphinomaceæ, Pycnogonida, Tenthredineta, Twentysyllableorfeeta, and all for the honor of science; or, rather, not for its honor, but for its honorificabilitudinitatibus. Almost every book of science is a stream alive with alligators, among which no such small fish as a general reader dare swim. We declare war against these alligators. Hunt them down!

It is said that a special scientific language is required, because the words in ordinary use are inexact. A man of science won't know what a primrose means, and recognizes common holly only as the Ilex aquifolium. People in general will never become versed in the pleasant—and, in truth, as to the knowledge of ascertained facts, very simple—mysteries of nature; because the words of the scientific are horseboluses, that we must swallow whole or leave altogether.

A public vehicle, in every day use, may be a cabriolet; but we, who set value on our daily breath, economizing it and time with it, say Cab. The man of science, doubtless, if he lived fairly up to his profession, would stand on the pavement and shout cabrioletificitudinitatibus! In our households, William becomes Will, and Thomas Tom. We like things better for the shortness of their names, and shorten their names for them if we love them well. If we like mutton as well as beef, common food as it is, we never could take it in our mouths as a two-pronged word. Why then do not the modern godfathers of living creatures—birds, beasts, fishes, and plants—brought to them to be named, give them good names by which they may be known familiarly and pleasantly in any home? Why do they brand them with bad names. Whatever else the ladies of Billingsgate may do, they do not give bad names to their own fish. A lobster with them is a lobster, not a Homarus vulgaris.

If science must have its Latin nomenclature, let it give us easy English nomenclature for everything in nature that was not named by our forefathers. It is our own good fortune that, when roses and lilies were first talked about, the common people had the naming of them. Rapid extension of that science, which now binds with a chain the two ends of the world together, has made known a vast number of new objects, has laid open the way to a vast number of new thoughts, which are within the perception of all educated men and women, and which cannot remain the peculiar possession of a few. As the general estate of knowledge widens, old ditches of separation must be filled; old hedges and walls must be pulled down. We must weed our estate also of those ugly words which are the tares that choke the wheat in many a field full of rich promise for the people. That such a field grows more than enough for the miller and his men who grind its produce does not satisfy us. There is a whole people waiting to be fed.

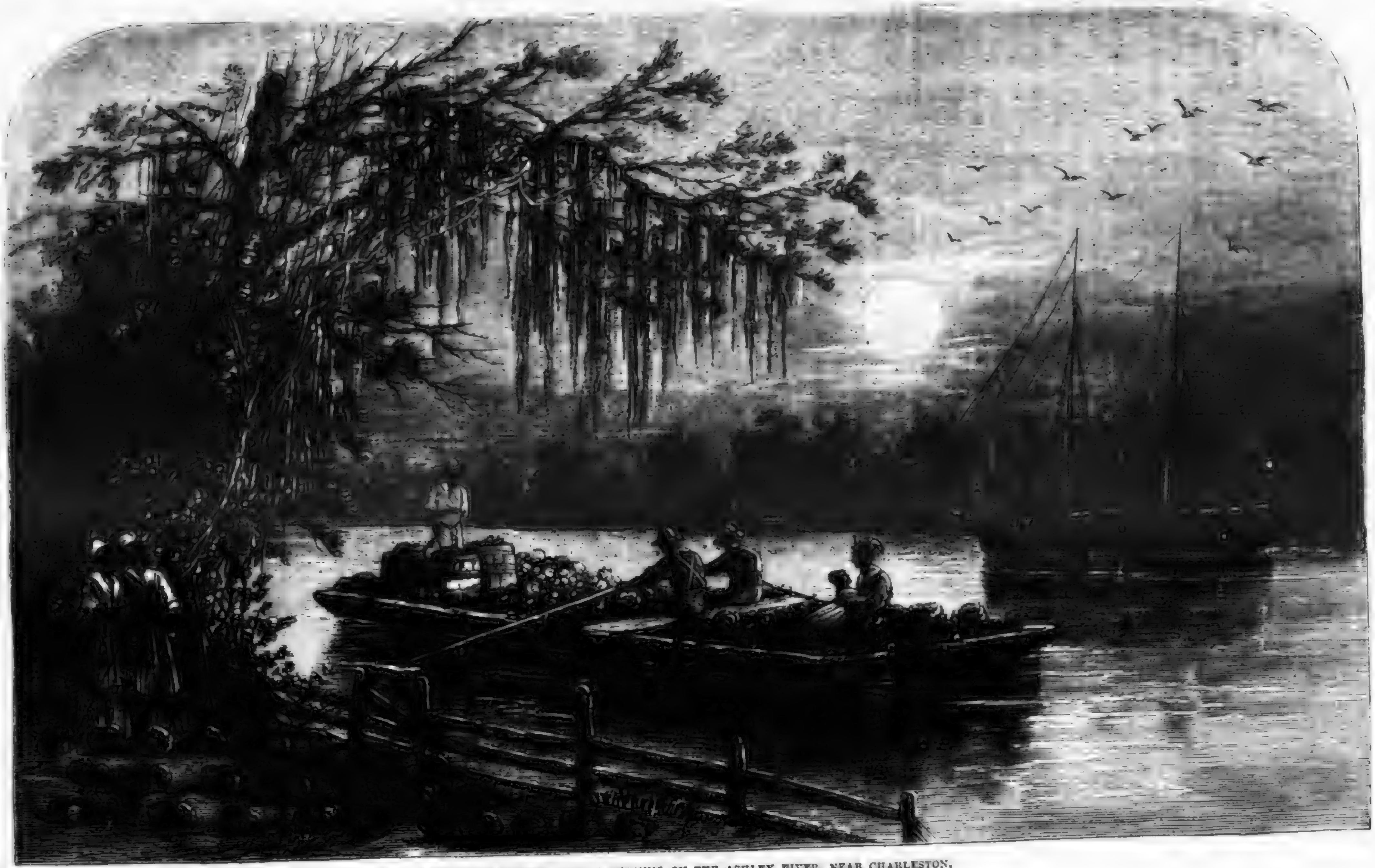
It is chiefly in the study of life—in that study which is most fascinating—that men of science are still cumbering us with clumsiness in technicalities of speech. The engineer, whose science men care less to compass, acts on abtruse calculation, and discusses delicate machines, without using hard words to vex the teeth of those about him, and create unnecessary difficulties. He does not in that way deter men from seeking for a portion of his knowledge. He talks simply of cogs, racks, flywheels, pullies, screws, struts, girders. There is no such word or thought as honorificabilitudinitatibus, or Twentysyllableorfeeta at all, in his vocabulary.

Our forefathers once universally applied the system upon which we form such words as blacksmith, shipwright, or fishmonger. They called a library a book-house, and the meeting of a ward, a ward-mote. The Germans still make language for the people in this way; and, while the French and English called the science of the stars from a Greek word, Astronomy, they and the Dutch spoke of it as Starknowledge.

That the language of science must be universal, and that a dead language is neutral ground on which students of all nations may meet, we know and acknowledge. Yet even Latin or Greek words need not be so used as to insure a toothache to rash strangers who bite on them unawares. We ask, in the scientific naming of things in nature, only for some regard to teeth and human ears; we ask also that second names well fitted for popular use shall be supplied to every object of which men speak in common.

It can be no man's wish, at the outset of any study, to be troubled and distracted by a prolix jumble of hard words. If Mrs. Peachum, in her Cookery Book, had said, "Decorticate the pomarian fruits; incise them vertically and transversely; deposit them in a batina; superinduce a layer of saccharine matter; asperge them with aqueous fluid, and cover them with a crustaceous integument composed of farinaceous particles," only a cook already in her secret could see that she was teaching how to make an apple-pie.

XUM



SOUTHERN SCENES.—EARLY MORNING ON THE ASHLEY RIVER, NEAR CHARLESTON.

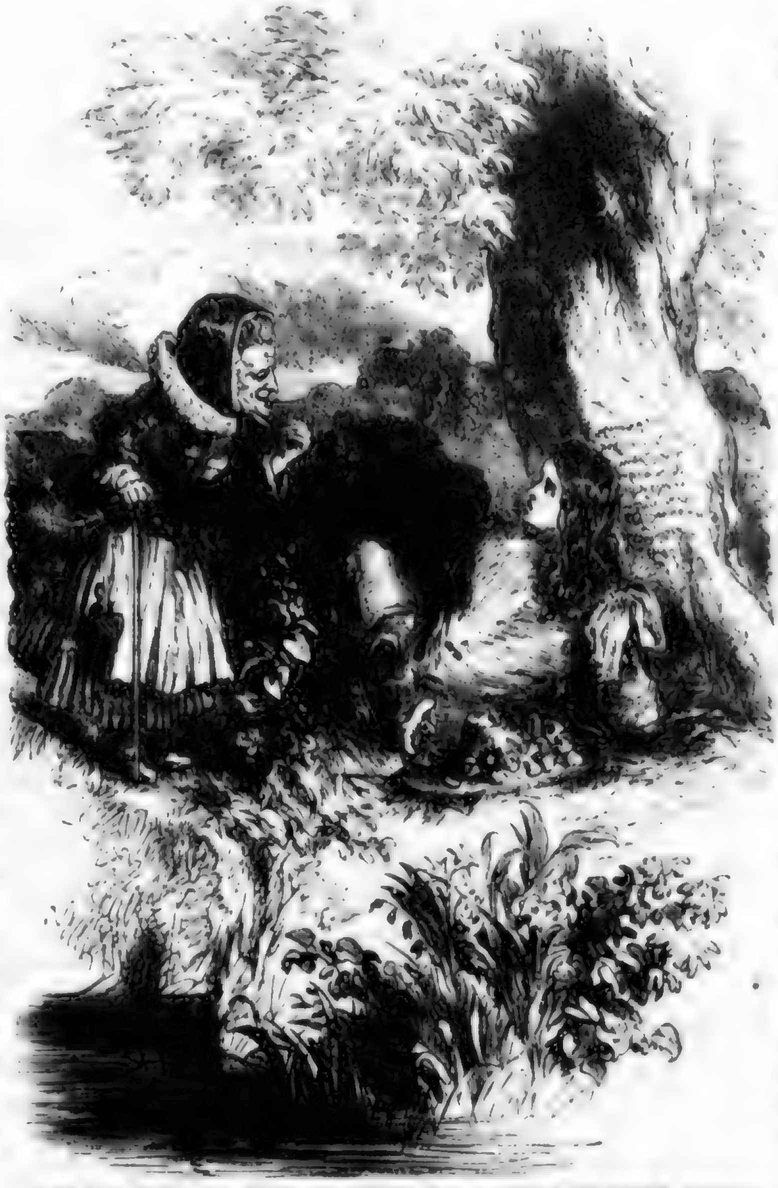
The Golden Fairy.

A Fairy Story.

Once upon a time there was a very discontented young prince, who was the son of a very amiable queen, but whose father, the king, was very penurious. This often grieved the soul of the good queen, who was an angel of goodness, inasmuch as she could not give as much as she wished to the poor and afflicted.

So she often sighed and said to Prince Bonward, for so the youth was called, "If I had a little more gold, my son, I could do so much good with it!"

But the son was not so good and charitable as his mother, for, indeed, few children are, and he silently said to himself, "If ever I become a man, I will do all I can to make money. Gold is certainly the foundation of happiness." He little knew that it is equally the fountain of sorrow, and that as much misery flows from riches as from poverty.



"He saw suddenly start up before him a little dwarfish woman, leaning on a stick."

Full of this longing for wealth, Prince Bonward fell asleep one day in a part of the palace garden, and dreamed all manner of things about gold. He thought he was walking in a golden orchard, where the fruit was composed of the most magnificent rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and amethysts.

In the midst of this glorious delusion, he woke to see only the common trees of earth.

While he was slowly regaining his consciousness, he saw suddenly start up before him a little dwarfish woman, leaning on a stick. He felt instinctively that she was a fairy, and his heart began to beat, while his imagination connected her with his vision of boundless wealth.

While he was gazing upon her, she said:

"My dear prince, I am the Fairy Plutina. I have come to ask what I can do for you. You have only to say what you wish, and I will grant your desire."

Without a minute's hesitation, Prince Bonward said:

"Beautiful fairy, I have only one desire, and that is to be rich. Make me rich, and you will make me happy."

The fairy shook her head, and said:

"Gold is a terrible snare. Think again before I grant your wish."

"I have done nothing," replied the prince, "for months but ponder over the idea, and the wish is now grown so absorbing that I shall die if it be not gratified."

"Be it so," returned the fairy; "and put your desires in your own words."

"I wish that everything I touch may become gold and precious gems; then I cannot fail to be happy."

The fairy then waved the staff on which she leaned three times in the air, and chanted, in a low voice, these words:

"Beauty is a fearful snare;
It is dangerous to be fair;
Power is terrible likewise,
Since it leads to tyrannize;
But the greatest peril still
Is glittering gold, the king of ill."

While she was singing these mystic words, the prince fell off into a profound slumber.

When he awoke, the sun had reached the zenith, and to his eyes everything looked golden.

He rose, and at first considered his interview with the fairy as part of his dream.

Feeling hungry, he rose, and resolved to make the best of his way to the palace.

"A pretty dream I have had; but, alas! it was but a dream, and yet, if I ever felt wide awake in my life, it seemed to me I was then. Why, I shall know that fairy's face from ten thousand!"

On his way to the palace he had to open an iron gate. What was his surprise to find, as he touched it, that the iron was changed into gold—beautiful, bright, glittering gold!

"Am I awake or dreaming?"

He looked around: he pinched himself. He at last became satisfied that he was not dreaming.

His delight knew no bounds.

Bitter was his regret that he could not carry the gate away with him to his private apartment in the palace, but he determined to send some of his attendants for it, and to tell his mother, the queen, all about it, and share with her his riches, keeping his good fortune a secret from his stingy father, the king.

When he reached the palace, he ran up to his own room, and commenced his toilet for dinner.

What was his delight to find that the fairy had not deceived him, for upon taking up his dress he found that his touch had converted it into gold!

He immediately sent his valet to his mother, the queen, to come to his apartment.

When the queen came, he rushed to her, and clasping her hand, he cried:

"My darling mother, we are happy for life!"

The queen's hand immediately became gold. She shuddered and said:

"What is the matter with me? I have no feeling in my hand!"

Prince Bonward then related his interview with the fairy.

XUM

At dinner his touch made the goblet of wine change into a golden mass.

The same happened to everything he touched. He was in peril of being starved.

In a state of bewilderment he rushed to his own apartment, and threw himself upon his couch. It also was converted into gold.

That night the fairy came to him.

"Oh, good fairy," said he, "what am I to do? I am dying with hunger."

The good fairy then said:

"My child, how little do we know what is good for us! but pray to Somona Codun and sleep. I will try and save you."

The next morning he awoke, and was delighted to find that she had released him from his insensate wish.

He became reconciled to his lot, and lived and died happy, for he cared only for virtue, and never coveted gold again; but his mother wore a glove all the days of her life to hide her hand of gold.

Chaucer has made the curse of gold the subject of one of his matchless "Canterbury Tales." We give the idea in a condensed shape as a pendent to our fairy story:

"Three travelers found one Summer day
A golden treasure on their way,
But being hungry, they entreat
One to buy something they could eat.
As he went on his way, he said,
'I'll poison well the meat and bread,
So that I can myself possess
The gold which has such power to bless.'
When he had gone, his comrades two
Had the same base designs in view,
And said, 'When he returns, we'll slay
Our friend, and hide him in the clay.'
So, when he brought to them the food,
Their thirsty daggers drank his blood.
Then down they sat to their repast,
But that dire banquet was their last,
And all lay dead upon the ground
An old philospher who found
Their lifeless forms, exclaimed, 'Thus fate
Punishes the insatiate.
Ill-gotten gold to mortal breath
Is the sure road to shameful death.'"

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

MARTHA WASHINGTON was a refined, thoughtful woman, with a great blending of strength, sweetness, and simplicity in her character. Her life had been one of unceasing benevolence and industry. With the calm self-possession of a Christian lady she entered on her duties as wife of the President, and, officially, the first woman in the land. She did not for a moment think that her dignity depended on mere outward show or the glare and trappings of earthly splendor, for she maintained in her habits and deportment the simplicity of dress and the sincerity of speech for which she had always been remarked.

At first she was almost overwhelmed with the hosts of visitors, many of them idle and frivolous, that she had to receive. This was soon brought into rule. General Washington had a "reception" on Wednesdays, from one to five o'clock, and his wife on Fridays, for the same number of hours. They both agreed to set a strict example as to the Lord's Day, by neither receiving nor returning visits on that *holy* day. The wives of General Greene and Montgomery were associated with the President's wife, and sat by her chair when she had in public to interchange the courtesies of her lofty station, but she dispensed with as much of mere ceremonial and state as possible.

There were, however, some ladies who wanted more splendor, and they resolved to ask a special audience, and try to alter the plans of the wife of their illustrious President.

One morning three fair dames appeared at the Government House; they were dressed out in the utmost gaiety and splendor, as if nature had formed them merely to carry finery and trinkets. Diamonds sparkled in their ears and glittered on their necks. Their hair was puffed out, frizzled, crimped, and tortured in every form but that of nature's elegance. They wore also high head-dresses, adorned with artificial flowers and nodding plumes, and fluttering ribbons, to crown the edifice of hair which fashion then decreed should encumber their heads and brains. Their hands were emblazoned with rings, their wrists encumbered with ruffles, clasps, and bracelets. Stiff muslin rose like foam around their chest and shoulders, and though their rich brocaded silk fell in costly folds about them, and partly hid the pressure that gripped in their waists, yet the pent-up heart had to sympathize with the oppressed brain, overweighted with fashion's load. They came rustling and fluttering into the presence of the lady they sought. She received them in a plainly furnished room, in which she spent her mornings.

With dignified courtesy the thoughtful matron rose to greet her visitors. Her well-filled bookcase—made for use, not show—was behind her chair; her table, with her work-basket and materials for work, before her; and in her hand were her knitting-needles, the useful companions of many lonely hours. Gravely, yet most courteously, she heard the remarks which, with faltering speech, they had come to make. For they did not find it so easy to speak of luxury and display as desirable, when they were face to face with the noble woman who, through years of anxiety and privation, had ministered to the wants and mitigated the sufferings of the soldiers during the terrible struggle for independence. Somehow, their faces soon lost the defiant air and vain simper they had worn when they first entered her presence, and had deepened into seriousness and respectful attention, as the wife of Washington, after hearing them, said:

"Ladies, you came to advise me, and as far as kindness prompted you, I am obliged for the motive, though I cannot act on your suggestions. You are all in the bloom of life. Many years, I trust, are before you. My age, even more, far more than my station, sanction my giving *you* some advice. Dear ladies, suffer the word of exhortation. Should Christian women, honored wives and mothers, be content to aim at no higher glory than that of the insect that glitters in the sunbeam—to be as the firefly, or the humming-bird? You spoke of the greatness of my husband. His dear mother ever looked well to the ways of her household. She taught him to be industrious by her example, for her spinning-wheel spun the clothes he wore from his earliest days; and she, like myself, loved the knitting-needles."

She looked, as she spoke, at her knitting.

"Ladies, during eight years of ceaseless struggle, the women of America—the mothers of the land—spent no money on finery for themselves. They spent all their available means in providing clothing for the army; which, but for that succor, must have perished in our long and bitter Winters. I do not wish to boast; I did only my duty; nay, I know it was my privilege, as Washington's wife, to toil for the men under his command. I always went into Winter quarters with him. In Summer-time I, and his mother, and my friends, were at our spinning-wheels.

Once, in the Winter, I had sixteen looms under one roof, all weaving cloth—coarse, indeed, but warm—for the soldiers of the nation. Trust me, woman was made for nobler ends than merely to display finery, which mars, rather than improves, the graces that nature has bestowed."

"I know," said one of the ladies, thoughtfully, "that Mrs. Sarah Bache, the daughter of Doctor Benjamin Franklin, sold her ornaments, and all that she could possibly spare, to commence a fund, which other ladies in Philadelphia were induced to aid both by hand and purse. They made, I remember, two thousand two hundred shirts, in one season, for the army."

"Yes, dear young ladies, the example of Franklin's daughter influenced the less thoughtful, but not less kind-hearted, ladies of that city. One faithful woman, how much she can do to check the influence of luxury and folly! Our country-women, before the troubles, had grown fond of foreign fashions, and it was feared that, as we depended for luxuries on Europe, the patriotic desire for independence might be checked by a cause so trivial, and yet so dangerous, as the frippery of female fashions. Mrs. Warren, I remember, did good service to the cause of liberty and truth, when, in a poem she wrote, she satirized her country-women's love of dress."

"That poem," said another lady, "was one suggested by the remark of a friend of hers, 'that all articles of foreign commerce should be dispensed with, except absolute necessaries.' I remember Mrs. Warren amusingly put down a fancied list of articles an American lady could not dispense with; I forgot the words, but——"

"I can find them," said the lady President, reaching her hand to a book on the shelves behind her, and, after a little search, coming to the words:

"'An inventory clear
Of all she needs, Lamira offers here:
Some lawns and lute-strings, blonde and Mechlin laces,
Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer-cases;
Gay cloaks and hats of every shape and size,
Scarfs, cardinals, and ribbons of all dyes,
With ruffles stamped, and aprons of tambour;
Tippets and handkerchiefs at least three score,
And feathers, furs, rich satins, and ducapes,
And head-dresses in pyramidal shapes.
So weak Lamira, and her wants so few,
Who can refuse? They're but her sex's due.
In youth, indeed, an antiquated page
Taught us the threat'nings of a Hebrew sage
'Gainst wimples, mantles, curls, and crisping pins:
But rank not these among our modern sins.
Our minds and manners are well understood,
To settle in a stomacher and hood.'"

The poor ladies, as the inventory was read over, looked down at their dresses with dismay. Almost every article enumerated they were wearing. At the reference to the words of the Hebrew sage (Isaiah), there is no doubt those words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles would recur to the mind of each, even if they did not rise to the lips of any, for the Bible had long been the home-book of America. How speaks St. Paul?

"That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array:

"But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."—I Timothy ii. 9, 10.

Impressed, not offended, the ladies left the presence of the noble matron, bearing her words in their minds, and, it is to be hoped, their influence in their hearts; for she gave not merely the precept of the lip, but the example of her life.

MR. SMYTHE'S MISTAKE.

By Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss.

"BRIDGET," said Mr. Arthur Augustus Smythe, in a tone of elaborate indifference, "who is that pret—*ahem!* —what ladies are those who occupy the first floor of the cottage opposite?"

"Them, is it?" responded Bridget, as she deviated from her occupation of filling the parlor-lamp to take a view of the ladies in question, seated at their windows. "Oh! one's Mrs. Grantly, and t'other's her stepdaughter, Miss Laura, from Midgeville. They don't get along very well, their Mariar says. Miss Laura, she's jealous of her pa's new wife, and Mrs. Grantly, she don't take to Miss Laura. That's him, I mane Major Grantly, comin' down the sthreet now—that ould gent wid the big black whiskers and fierce looks. *He's* Major Grantly."

Mr. Smythe instinctively drew back a little at this announcement. He hoped the major hadn't caught him in the act of staring at his wife and daughter over the way.

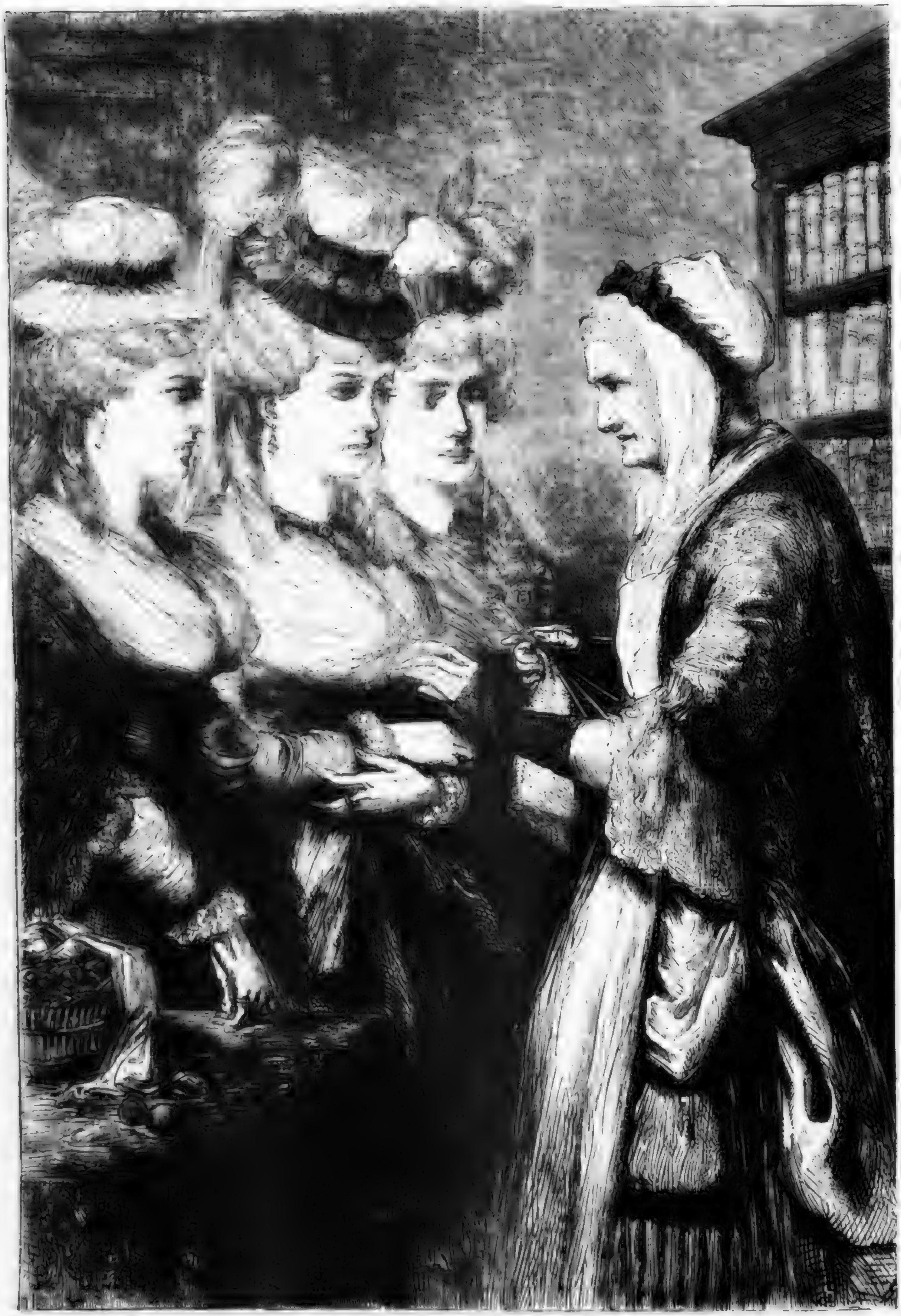
"They appear very quiet," observed he, affecting a yawn. "Never see 'm go out, scarcely—then always with her father—the major?"

"Oh yes, indade. Her father's as sthrict wid her as an ould Turk, and hardly thrusts her out o' his sight at all at all. An' jealous o' his wife, too, their Mariar says. The ould Blue Beard!"

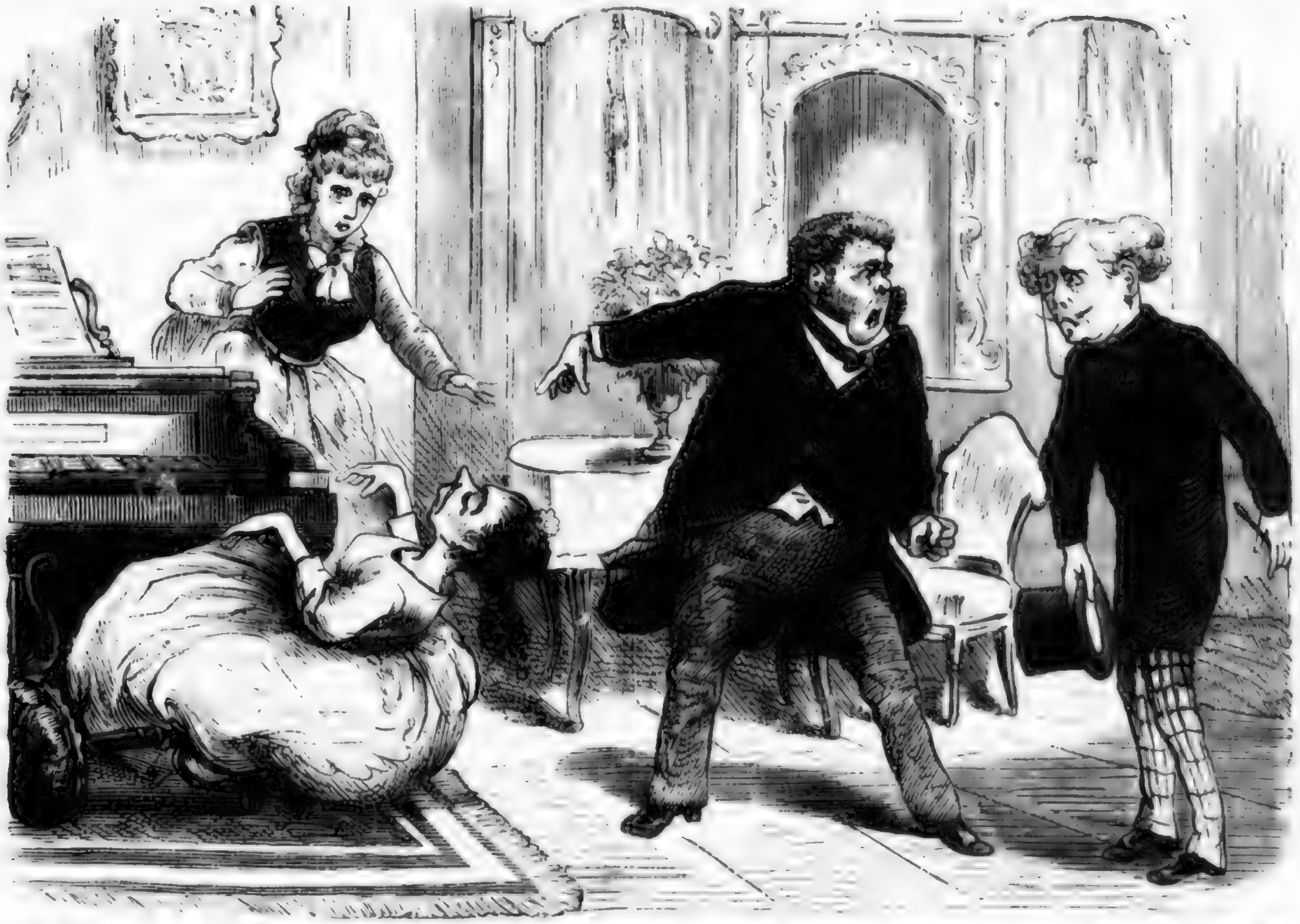
And Bridget, having filled the lamps, and also unconsciously poured oil upon the incipient flame of Mr. Smythe's passion for his fair neighbor, gathered up her brooms and dusters and departed.

It is possible that, under other circumstances, Arthur Augustus, susceptible and romantic youth though he was, might not so readily have yielded to the charms of the fair unknown. But he had already passed a week at that wretchedly slow little watering-place, to which his rich Aunt Morgan (from whom he had expectations) had insisted upon his accompanying her, and everybody knows the power of love in idleness. It was early in the season, and he was bored to death—wherefore the apparition of a young and lovely girl in that proverbially dangerous position, "over the way," was sufficient to excite in his empty mind and heart an immediate and absorbing interest. At first it had been merely admiration, but now Bridget's hints about a stern father and an unkind stepmother heightened this sentiment into a more tender emotion, and soon a few sly glances from the fair object herself increased it into a fervid and all-absorbing passion. So fair and so unhappy! Powerful appeals to tender and chivalric manhood. And evidently not indifferent to himself—a consideration altogether irresistible. Then, to add further piquancy to the affair, there was the objectionable Mrs. Grantly, a tall and angular lady of thirty or thirty-five, with thin lips, long neck, long nose, and any quantity of false curls, color and graces, for ever sitting at the other parlor-window, and slyly watching him. No doubt she suspected something, and, to disarm her, Mr. Smythe was very particular, whenever he caught her eyes turned in his direction, to pretend that she herself, and not her golden-haired, blue-eyed stepdaughter was the object of his respectful regards.

Thus affairs continued for some days, until Mr. Smythe, from constantly seeing the ladies at their parlor-windows, and by some strange accident always meeting them in their walks, ventured upon a bow to the fair Laura—very elegant



SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.—MRS. WASHINGTON AND HER VICTORY.—SEE PAGE 242.



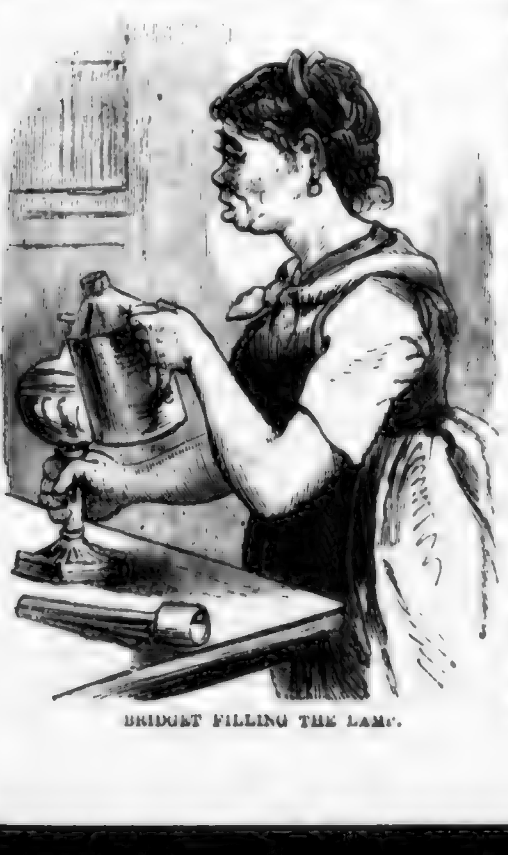
MR. SMYTHE'S MISTAKE.—"MISS GRANTLY, WITH A HYSTERICAL SHRIEK, TIPPED OFF THE MUSIC-STOOL, AND LAY ON THE FLOOR. 'YOU SEE, SIR!' SAID THE MAJOR, AWFULLY, POINTING TO THE PROSTRATE FIGURE OF HIS DAUGHTER; 'THIS IS YOUR DOING!'"

and deferential. This being slyly acknowledged, something like an acquaintance seemed established, which looks and glances speedily ripened into what Arthur Augustus considered "a delicious understanding," all the more charming from its secrecy and unspoken ardor. Mrs. Grantly, too, had evidently been "thrown off the scent," for she bowed to him quite graciously, and Laura would bite her lip and glance shyly at her from beneath her long lashes, as if amused at the self-deception. And at length Mr. Smythe felt himself emboldened to intrust to the sympathizing Bridget, whom he was thus far constrained to take into his confidence, a cluster of Parma violets, breathing in their delicious odor the sweet sentiment, "I think of thee." And Bridget, reporting that these had been favorably received, and that Miss Laura had asked her "a power of questions" about the handsome and interesting lodger, Arthur Augustus, in the gushing impulse of the moment, sat down and wrote a most touching and eloquent stanza, commencing:

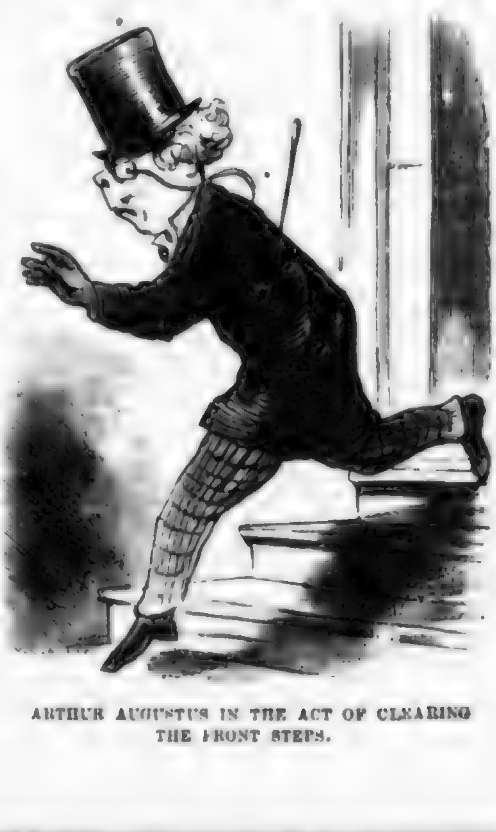
> "I ne'er have heard thine angel voice
> Nor touched thy lily hand,
> And yet a single glance from thee
> Doth all my soul command,"

which proved the commencement of a very tender and confidential correspondence. And so it was, to make matters short, that Mr. Smythe, one quiet Sunday evening, found himself nervously pacing up and down the parlor-floor, awaiting, with such emotions of blissful hope and agonizing despair as only lovers can know, a reply from his Laura to his impassioned offer of his hand, heart, and prospective fortune, his dear aunt's state of health being, as he pathetically hinted, unfortunately extremely precarious.

Thus, pacing up and down the floor, alternately glancing at his watch and peeping through the window-blinds



BRIDGET FILLING THE LAMP.



ARTHUR AUGUSTUS IN THE ACT OF CLEARING THE FRONT STEPS.

at the house opposite, Mr. Smythe was startled by a sudden, sharp, and decisive ring at the hall-door.

Before he had time to collect his thoughts, Bridget appeared and ushered in, to his extreme astonishment, the portly form of his Laura's paternal relative, the formidable-looking Major Grantly.

Mr. Smythe turned pale, and instinctively glanced aside at a table-drawer, in which were deposited his pistols.

"Good evening, sir!" said the visitor, in a deep, firm voice; "a *very* good evening, sir! Mr. —— ah!" (here he pulled out of his breast-pocket an envelope, and glanced at the address), "ah! Mr. Arthur Augustus Smythe, I presume?"

Mr. Smythe feebly acknowledged his identity.

"And this is your handwriting, sir?"

Arthur Augustus in a faint voice admitted that the writing was his own.

Whereupon Major Grantly, carefully unfolding the note, read it aloud very deliberately and distinctly, the wretched author of the same sitting meanwhile on thorns, especially at the passage in which he hinted at the practicability of a secret flight and marriage in case of her cruel parents' disapproval of their union.

"Well, sir," remarked the major, as he concluded, and refolded the touching epistle—"well, sir, I have thought proper, being the lady's father, to make a few inquiries before allowing my daughter to accept your proposal. My wife, sir, Mrs. Grantly, discovered this" (slapping the note, which now lay upon the table) "about an hour since on my daughter's bureau, and very properly informed me of the affair, which she had observed from the beginning." ("The old hag!" muttered Arthur Augustus to himself.) "Imprudent, sir—very!"—here the major frowned darkly and shook his head—"though I suppose that young men will always be young men, ready to commit any absurdity for sake of love."

"I—I am sure, sir," stammered Mr. Arthur Augustus, agitatedly, "my intentions—honorable——"

"Oh, of course, of course! Could I for an instant suspect that you intended trifling with my daughter's affections, or shirking the fulfillment of the proposal which you have herein made"—and the major here frowned so fiercely that his bushy black brows met above his nose, while he impressively tapped his left breast-pocket, in the region of the heart.

Mr. Smythe, who had at the first words experienced a suffocating sensation, now breathed more freely.

The major then proceeded, in a brisk, business-like way, to question him as to his family, prospects, and other important personal items, and finally, pronouncing himself satisfied, shook his future son-in-law cordially by the hand, and proposed that he should immediately accompany him across the way, and be introduced to the ladies in due form. It need not be said how eagerly the invitation was accepted.

It was with a blissfully beating heart that Arthur Augustus entered the apartment where sat his lovely Laura, in company with his future mother-in-law. They were evidently expecting him, for the fair blonde lounging on the sofa looked down, with a smile on her lovely lip, whilst her odious stepmother simpered behind her fan and tossed her false curls girlishly.

As for Arthur Augustus, he was so confused and agitated as to be hardly conscious of what he was about. He had afterward a vague recollection of bowing to a white poodle-dog when "My wife, Mrs. Grantly," was named by the pompous major, and of seating himself in a work-basket, which had been left on a chair near Laura.

He replied vaguely to the remarks addressed to him; and the first observation of which he was distinctly conscious was from the major himself, who now appeared to be in a most amiable and cheerful mood.

"So you prefer old songs. Laura knows a lot; learned when she was quite a gir—ahem! Laura, my dear, give Mr. Smythe 'Will you come to my Mountain-home, Love?' Rather good thing that."

Whereupon the elder of the ladies arose, and wriggling girlishly to the piano, tossed her curls, and gave a few preliminary spasmodic touches on the keys, as though they were hot and burned her fingers.

Mr. Smythe turned a sudden, startled gaze from her to his host.

"Excuse me, sir, he said, nervously, "but—did I understand you aright? The lady at the piano is—your wife, of course—Mrs. Grantly?"

"Eh? Certainly not, sir!" responded the major, starting in his turn. "That young lady is my daughter Laura, to whom your letters have been addressed."

Mr. Smythe's previously blushing countenance assumed a hue of ghastly pallor.

"I—I really fear, sir," he gasped, "that—that, in short, there has been some mistake—that the lady mistook——"

"*Mistook*, sir!" thundered the major, ominously.

"I mean, sir, simply, that those notes were addressed to—to——"

"To 'Miss Laura Grantly.' The direction was sufficiently distinct to admit of no question or dispute. I have every one of those notes locked in my desk, and can produce them at any moment. Yes, sir—to 'Miss Laura Grantly'; and there she is—my daughter and your betrothed wife!"

"But, my dear sir—my dear madam," faltered the horrified Arthur Augustus, "permit me to say—to explain—that I was under the impression that *this* lady"—bowing to the lovely blonde on the sofa—"that *this* lady was your daughter, Miss Laura——"

"What, sir?" roared the major, in a voice of thunder.

And the true Miss Grantly, with a hysterical shriek, tipped off the music-stool, and lay on the floor, grasping spasmodically at the carpet, as though it had been Arthur Augustus's hair.

"You see, sir!" said the major, awfully, pointing to the prostrate figure of his daughter; "this is your doing!"

"I am sure I am very sorry—I deeply regret; but, in fact, sir," said Mr. Symthe, desperately, "if not your daughter, may I ask who this lady really is?"

"My wife, sir!" howled the injured host—"my wife, sir! and if you do not instantly apologize for this insult to me and her, and the worse than insult to my daughter, I will——"

But Mr. Smythe delayed not to hear the major's intentions, which were, perhaps, rendered sufficiently evident by the latter's seizure of a heavy gold-headed cane, which stood in a corner of the room. And as the outraged husband and father concluded the above speech, Arthur Augustus was in the act of clearing the front steps with an agility of which he would have previously believed himself incapable of performing.

He didn't go across to his lodgings, but, making hasty steps to the railroad depot, sprang upon the platform of the departing train, and was borne away as on the wings of the wind from the awful fate which had threatened to overwhelm him.

He wrote to his Aunt Morgan, explaining to that sympathizing old lady how a dear friend had sent a hasty summons to him to attend his dying bed—a petition which he had, of course, felt himself compelled to obey on the instant—and he promised to return in the course of a few days.

But he didn't return; and it is understood that he is still dodging the major, and that the fair Laura is making preparations for a suit for breach of promise.

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A Grass-fire Adventure.

THREE different fires, from as many quarters, were reddening the evening sky, as I and my two brother-officers, and the detachment of soldiers under our command, looked forth from our solitary little outpost on the banks of the Great Fish River.

Within the last few days the Caffres had burst in force upon the colony, marking their track by fire and assagai; the company of Cape Mounted Rifles, who completed our slender garrison, had been sent to the colonists' aid, while we infantry, as being unfitted for such duty, were left to hold the post. But our hearts were with our suffering countrymen; and it was not until those war-lit flames had died away, and the patrol had returned from its midnight round, that we committed our little citadel to its sentinels' charge, and retired to our barracks, which, built in a hollow square, formed also the post's outer wall, its only additional defense being a row of palisades.

Yet no apprehension for our own safety troubled even the faintest-hearted woman within the gate; and we could scarcely believe our senses when, shortly after, we were awakened by the harsh shriek of the Caffre war-cry, and, rushing out, found ourselves beset by a horde of skin-clad warriors, who, concealed by the darkness, had crept, snake-like, along the ground, until, when close at hand, they had bounded to their feet, and, with quivering assagais and discordant yells, thrown themselves against our defenses, hoping to carry them by surprise.

Failing in this design, they fled, though only, as it proved, beyond rifle-range; for daylight revealed to us girt around by a belt of foes outnumbering us by twenty to one. At once we divined the truth that our assailant was some border-chief, who, during friendly visits to the post, had detected its weak points, especially that worst and greatest, the want of water, all we used being brought from a neighboring ravine, between which and us the Caffres clustered thickest. It was soon evident that they had decided not again to attack the post, but, resting on their arms, to await the time when we should either perish of thirst within our walls or fall by their assagais without.

There was indeed but little hope that it would be otherwise. There were none among those hills to bear to Graham's Town the tidings of the siege, and days would elapse ere our next mail was due. Our only chance, and that a faint one, was, that some inadvertence of the Caffres might enable one man to steal through their lines, and hasten in quest of aid. As senior subaltern, I claimed this duty; but so closely were we invested that I almost despaired of ever executing it.

With unspeakable anxiety we watched, while our small stock of water waxed hourly lower. Despite our utmost care, it was all but gone, when, on the third night, a brilliant meteor, darting across the sky, was overtaken by a second, which appeared to the eye to shatter it into atoms. A shout of triumph from the besiegers greeted this infallible omen of success; and in further demonstration of joy, dancing, and music soon filled the Caffre camp, hundreds of feet beating time vehemently to their owners' guttural strains, while the winding of buffalo-horns and booming of calabash drums swelled the whole into a deadening din.

Here was the long-sought opportunity, and, followed by the good wishes of my companions, I started on my hazardous enterprise. Bending almost double as I crept cautiously on from the cover of one hillock to another; when some fire flashed brighter across my way, or group drew unusually near, sinking to the earth with bated breath, yet ever seeking for some unguarded spot by which I might pass out. But it was not till many a danger had been narrowly escaped that a break was found in the living cordon, and still gliding on between the ridges, I left the Caffre circle behind, and rejoiced to find myself free to seek for my comrades' help and rescue.

Our stables and horses were in the Caffres' possession; but a few miles distant was a spot where the spare Cape corps' horses pastured, and thither I hastened in quest of one. Catching the most powerful among them, I speedily equipped him with a bridle and rug-saddle, brought wrapped round me from the post on purpose; then mounting, I took the way to Graham's Town, as a measure of prudence avoiding the path across the hills, and traveling through labyrinths of intersecting ravines and valleys.

This route considerably increased the distance; but well my new steed served me, treading devious breaks in the thorny jungle, fording rushing water-courses, and pushing through steep rocky defiles, where a single false step would have cost our lives, until, ere four hours were elapsed, nearly half our journey was accomplished. My hopes of success were assuming certainty, when some indistinct sound seemed to mingle with the echo of my horse's footfall, and in dread of lurking Caffres, I spurred on faster. But the sound soon swelled into a dreary howl, and then a loud burst of hysteric laughter, and, looking around, I beheld, through the darkness, two fiery orbs, and at once knew that a hyena, that dangerous and wily brigand of the woods, was on our track.

There was no longer need of spur or rein, for, conscious of his danger, my steed bounded fleetly on, but, fresh from his lair, the wild beast's pace was swifter, and each minute he seemed to gain upon us. I did my utmost to scare him off by shouts and yells, and, at the risk of arousing the Caffres, I fired my pistols, but all in vain; unhurt, undismayed, and resolute, our pursuer still held his way.

Suddenly, a second voice joined in chorus, and two more flaming eyes glared on the night. Another hyena had joined the chase, and, to my consternation, I perceived that our peril was more than doubled, for the presence of each other seemed to animate the fierce creatures to yet stronger efforts. I knew that lonely travelers had often been similarly beset; and the remembrance of their adventures was far from cheering. Meanwhile, shrill neighs of terror burst from my horse's lips, as he still plunged madly on; momentarily, more audible grew the headlong rush of the hyenas through the tangled grass, while their reiterated cries rang in our ears like peals of mocking laughter.

It was a race for life or death, and the odds were against us. Nearer and nearer drew our fell followers, as they strove to outstrip each other; nearer and nearer, yelling, howling, laughing at our heels, as if we had been demon-chased.

At length, with a longer bound and a higher leap, the foremost sprang to my horse's haunches, holding on by his enormous claws, and, quick as thought, his companion followed. A loud, wild shriek, quivering through the woods, told the poor creature's agony, as wayspent, wounded, and overpowered, he fell heavily to the ground, his inexorable foes clinging to their prey, and rolling in fierce struggles over him, while, with a thrill of inexpressible horror, I found myself sharing the general downfall.

For a moment I lay stunned and half insensible, helplessly awaiting my expected doom; but in another, to my infinite amazement, I discovered that I had been thrown to some distance by the shock; and rising, found myself not only unhurt, but in no immediate danger, the hyena having neither eyes nor ears save for the victim whose blood they

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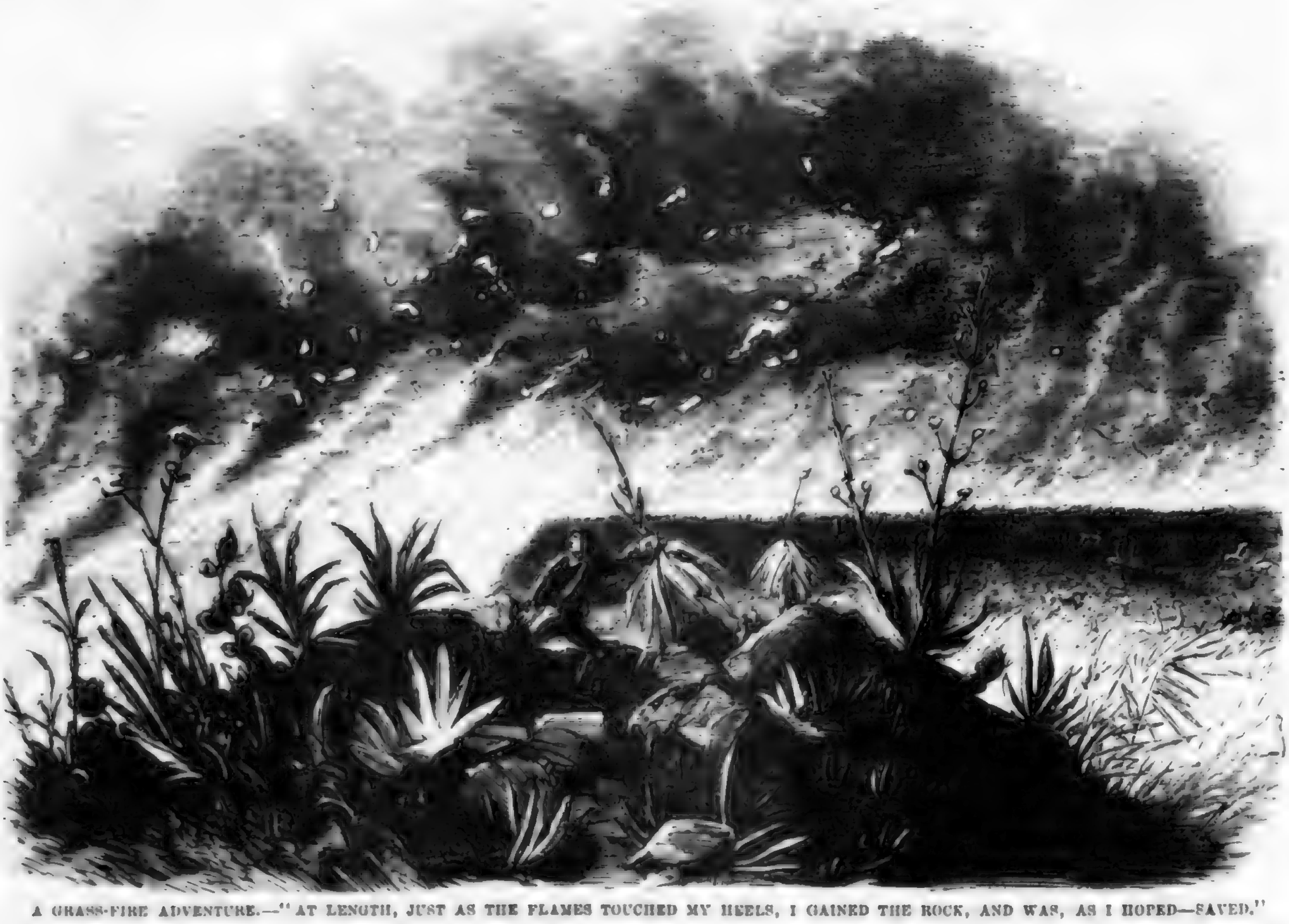
had tasted. It was a horrible scene, and I hastened to terminate it by a brace of bullets. My hapless steed's last breath ebbed as I released him; and with sincere regret for his fate, yet duly and truly thankful for my own unhoped-for escape, I turned away to hasten on my important journey.

But, traveling on foot, I made dishearteningly little progress. The valleys, too, generally lay at angles with my route; and whenever I was compelled to cross the shoulder of a hill, or corner of a plateau, some blackened ruin or abandoned weapon was sure to meet my view, impressing the continued necessity of caution. Thus it was past midday, and I was still some miles from Graham's Town, when, rounding a rocky ledge, I came suddenly in sight of a large body of Caffres, encamped in a valley below. Some expedition was apparently at hand, for each man was sharpening his assagai, or looking to the flint-lock of his rifle; while in the midst, clad in a leopard-skin karosse, and vehemently haranguing his countrymen, was the well-known chief Tyralie, whilom the frequenter of mess and ball-room, but now the colonists' most bitter enemy.

In all haste I retreated, but unfortunately not unseen; for instantly the whole force rose in hot pursuit, while a hue-and-cry rolled up the hill which awakened a hundred echoes. But it was nothing to the outburst of baffled rage with which on reaching the summit the Caffres found that, comparatively fleet of foot, I had escaped to a hill beyond. Rifles and assagais were freely discharged across the intervening ravine, but the bullets fell wide, the flying spears short; ponderous knobberries whirled and whistled through the air, yet with a like ill-success; and then, as if exasperated by failure, rose a deep fiendish howl, heralding a second flight of assagais, and no words can express the extent of my dismay to perceive that each shaft was tipped with fire, an unerring indication that the most fearful device of Caffre warfare was about to be put in execution against me.



A GRASS-FIRE ADVENTURE.—"AT LENGTH, JUST AS THE FLAMES TOUCHED MY HEELS, I GAINED THE ROCK, AND WAS, AS I HOPED—SAVED."

Fanned by their swift passage through the air the spears came quivering down like fiery serpents but a few yards from me. The long prairie grass died almost to tinder by the tropical sun, smoked and crackled beneath their glowing trail; and in another moment a dozen fires were sparkling and leaping along the ground, raising an impassable barrier between me and my pursuers, but at the same time menacing me with a fate more terrible than any their weapons could inflict, and before which even the peril of the past might grow faint and dim. I had but one resource—to turn and flee before this incombatable foe; but when, gaining the ascent, I gave a momentary glance behind, I was well-nigh appalled, for the conflagration had already spread and stretched into a wide field of flames, reddening the steep hill-sides, devastating the ravine to its central stream, and rushing on my track like a fiery tide. The whole wilds on my side of the valley would shortly be ablaze with one of those terrific grass-fires which in that dry climate a single spark will suffice to kindle, and which, taller than a man, rage unchecked and uncheckable over vast tracts of country. All I could do was again to flee; but my breathless race was no more for life, but to delay the death no human effort could finally avert. It was a frightful doom to anticipate; and as I still toiled through the cumbrous grass, visions of my distant home and its loved inmates, thoughts of the beleaguered comrades whose fate would be scarce less miserable than mine, pressed on me with inexpressible distress and pain.

Meanwhile, stronger, louder, and fiercer, the mighty conflagration swept on, running in fiery streams along the parched-up herbage, igniting the thickets, exploding in volleys of sparks from out the brushwood, and rolling along in thick clouds of smoke. Quaggas, antelopes, nay, even snakes and lizards, fled before its scorching breath, and despairing and weary, I followed in their rear. Sud-

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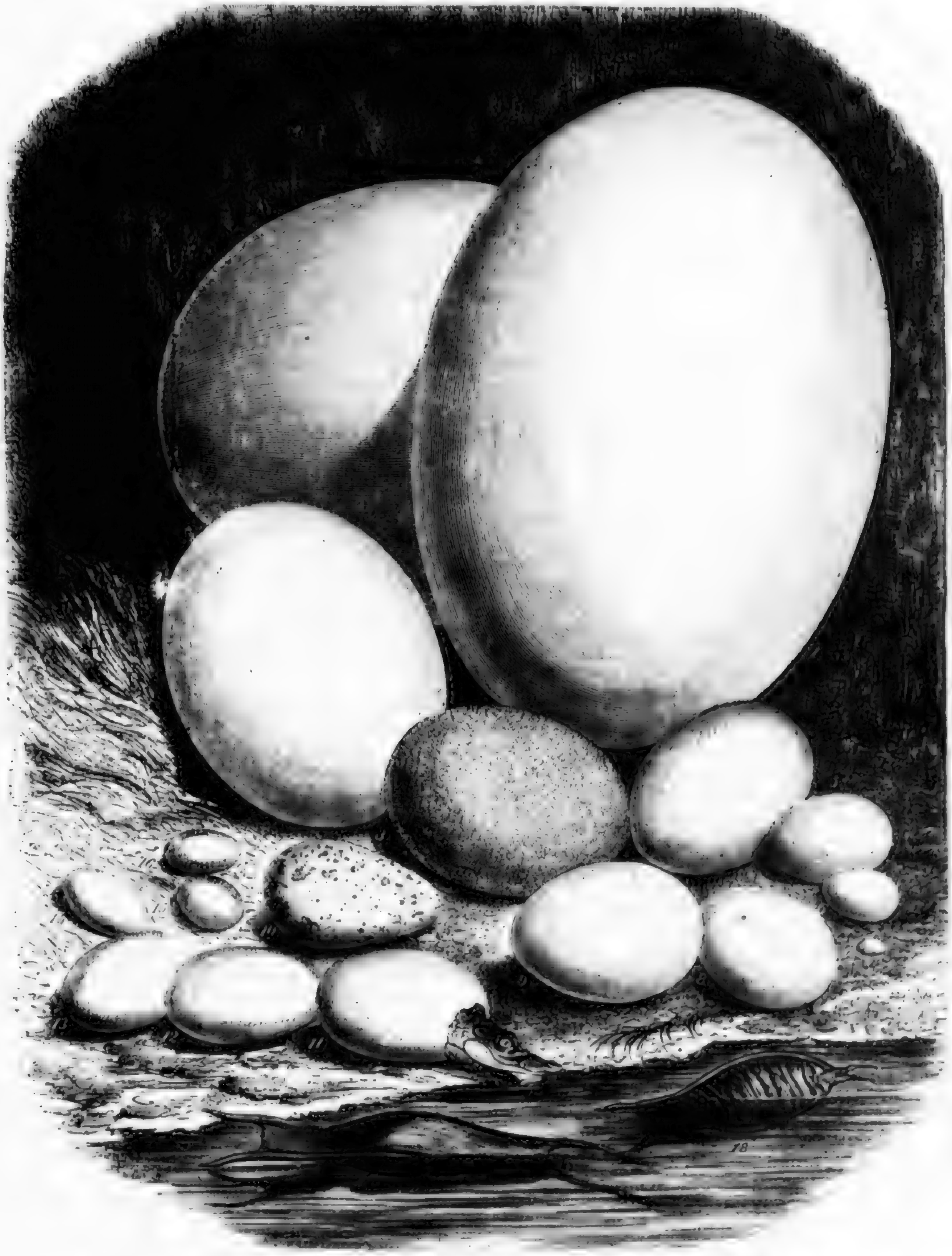
denly, through the circling smoke, I perceived one of those strange, crater-like mounds of rock so frequent in the African wilds. Could I but gain its shelter, my case might be less desperate; and with renewed energy I strove to reach it · but my strength was almost gone; my breath came fast, and my feet faltered in their eager course, while the flames rolled after me with redoubled speed, and more than once I felt as if I must yet sink to the earth, and yield passively to the fate whose only consolation was, that it would be as brief as terrible. No words can tell the intense suspense of those few minutes—the swift rushing blasts of heated air, the swelling tumult of the following surges, telling how near grew the destroyer, while yet far ahead was the little ark in which there might be safety. At length, just as the flames touched my heels, I gained its base; to scramble up the rugged ascent was the work of a moment; then, panting and prayerful, I sank down in its shallow basin, as I hoped, saved.

And so it proved. The fire swept and surged around the stony islet, scathing its guardian aloes, devouring the sparse



INSIDE AN EGGSHELL.—THE COMPARATIVE SIZES AND SHAPES OF EGGS.—SEE PAGE 250.

1. Epyornis. 2. Ostrich. 3. Cassowary. 4. Wild Swan. 5. Hen. 6. Pigeon. 7. Humming-bird. 8. Eagle. 9. Vulture. 10. Penguin. 11. Crocodile. 12. Python. 13. Fresh-water Turtle. 14. St. Lucia Boa. 15. Acnoides Turtle. 16. Ophidian. 17. Shark. 18. Ray.

herbage in its interstices, and almost suffocating me with its dense masses of smoke, then passed on its devastating career until it should be stopped by some interposing stream. Ere long, the denuded ground cooled sufficiently, and descending from the mound, I soon reached Graham's Town, whose rampart of rocky hills protected it from danger. The following night, I found one of the five hundred men who relieved the besieged outpost and escorted its inmates back to safety, lighted on our way by the Caffre-lit flames of our recent home and of all our worldly goods. Many, since then, have been the perils of my military life, but none recall a more thrilling memory than those of the journey ending with that Grass-fire Adventure.

INSIDE AN EGGSHELL.

ORDER prevails so wonderfully and so beautifully in all nature's works, that it appears to us marvelous, indeed, that persons can be found who can doubt that the hand who made them is divine. Indeed, the whole scheme of nature is so well adapted to the physical wants of both man and animal, supplying them with that which is necessary for their comfort in all the different regions of the earth, that it would be impossible for mere chance to have produced a scheme so perfect. It is not, however, to convince the sceptical that we write, but to call the attention of the unthinking to a few of nature's most wonderful works; which, so far from their being out of the reach of ordinary persons, are to be seen chiefly in connection with those things which are most familiar to us.

As our knowledge becomes extended, we see more fully how completely and accurately everything in nature works, and each step we advance on the road shows us how intimately all things are connected one with the other, so that the necessity of all that happens becomes more and more evident, and we see more clearly the wisdom of each contrivance.

Among the more curious studies which present themselves to the observant mind, is that of the production of a chicken from an egg. If we think but for a moment, we cannot fail to see that it is one of the most wonderful in nature. We all know that by the process of incubation—that is, by the application of heat, aided by the influence of atmospheric air—we obtain from the interior of the shell a chicken, which, though when first hatched is only partially developed, is yet sufficiently so to produce the fully developed fowl. It follows, therefore, that the egg must contain all the material for the production of the various parts of the chicken—not only the flesh and blood, but the feathers, claws, bones, nerves, cells and membranes, and, what is more wonderful, the vital principle, which gives life and motion to the whole.

Let us proceed, then, to ascertain the contents and describe the anatomy of an egg, prior to the commencement of incubation. On breaking the shell, the first thing that presents itself to our view is a colorless liquid, which we call the white of an egg, but which is called by chemists albumen; the yolk consists of more of the same substance mixed up with about thirty per cent. of oil or yellow fatty matter. It therefore appears that albumen forms the principal contents of an egg. The shell is a calcareous or chalky substance, formed by particles of chalk being deposited in small spaces which intervene between a sort of network of fibres which extends over the whole of the shell; an arrangement that gives the necessary protection without cutting off the contents of the shell from that communication with the air which is necessary for the development of the embryo chicken. Immediately beneath the shell is a sort of skin or membrane, which, if carefully examined, will be found to consist of two layers; and at the larger end of the egg these separate, leaving a space which is filled with air, containing an unusual proportion of oxygen, destined for the respiration of the future chicken.

We must pause here to notice the perfection of the whole contrivance, for not only is the shell of a porous nature, but from its shape, though in itself of a most brittle character, it is capable of bearing great pressure, and in fact the form above all others capable of bearing the greatest. Again, the yolk floats in the centre of the white, rising to the top, on that part of the shell where it can most favorably receive the warmth imparted by the parent. In the centre, again, of the yolk-bag is a small, whitish speck, which is supposed to be the germinating point or first rudiments of the future chicken; and this, by a similar arrangement, always rises to the highest point, and therefore in the most favorable position for receiving the heat necessary for carrying on the vital process.

Remembering that albumen forms eight-tenths of the contents of an egg, while the oil or fatty matter does not exceed one-tenth, it will be obvious that albumen is the starting-point of the whole series of tissues that constitute the organs which are the seat of vital action in the chicken. Albumen, therefore, seems to be a very extraordinary substance, and its importance, both to man and animal, cannot be well over-estimated, seeing that it holds the first place in the formation of their young; and, consequently, we find their blood contains it in large quantities. Indeed, everywhere throughout organized nature we find the phenomenon of life depending on its presence in the blood or other fluids; and we may further say, that only those substances which contain it form nutritious articles of food.

One important property which albumen possesses is that of dissolving bone-earth, and, by means of the blood, conveying it to parts of the system; and we may also mention, by-the-way, that it has another very valuable quality—that of neutralizing the effects of one of our most violent poisons, corrosive sublimate. This property of dissolving bone-earth is another beautiful contrivance of nature for the distribution of the earthy matter necessary for the formation of the bones. Without some such scheme, the bones would not enlarge at the same rate as the body, and it would be impossible for the human frame to sustain the increased bulk of flesh.

Thus far, we have ascertained that, as an alimentary substance, the contents of an egg is not only highly nutritious, but also that albumen, its principal contents, is necessary for the full development of the animal world.

Albumen, however, is not an elementary substance; let us see, then, by chemical analysis, what are the contents of an egg. It will be impossible to give the relative proportions of the different constituents of an egg with more than a moderate degree of accuracy, because there are so many remarkable instances of variation in the chemical properties of different eggs, that, were we to attempt it, we should only mislead our readers. But we shall be near the average, if we say it is usually about fifty-five parts of carbon, or, as it is more familiarly understood, charcoal; twenty-two of a mixture of oxygen, phosphorus and sulphur; sixteen of nitrogen and seven of hydrogen. The shell is composed of carbonate of lime and magnesia, with about two per cent. of animal matter; or thus—two per cent. of animal matter, one of phosphate, the remainder being carbonate of lime or hard chalk, with a slight trace of carbonate of magnesia.

Our knowledge does not as yet enable us to trace the use of all these substances in the formation of a chicken; but we may say that the phosphorus yields phosphoric acid to aid in forming the bones, but of the earthy matter necessary for their complete development we find no trace; and, therefore, we imagine the shell to be the source from whence it is obtained, though there does not appear to be any communication between it and the vessels of the chicken.

The first indication of the permanent fabric of the chicken, and which is observable on the second day of incubation, is called the "primitive trace," which is, in fact, the foundation of the vertebral column or backbone. In the first instance, it is very minute, being a mere streak or furrow; but in time it rises up and arches over, so as to meet and convert the furrow into a canal.

During the progress of this change, another very important one is taking place, namely, the formation of vessels and arteries which are destined to take up the nourishment supplied by the yolk, and to convey it to the embryo of the chicken. The heart commences to make its appearance at the end of the twenty-seventh hour of incubation. At first, it is only formed of cells having no muscular structure, but very shortly this is formed and the pulsation of the heart commences. It is here that the first blood is formed, and the same process appears to be continued through the whole period of incubation; the yolk being converted into blood, and the blood being conveyed by the arteries and blood-vessels into the body of the embryo. We may, therefore, look at the yolk-bag in the light of a temporary stomach, gradually absorbing nourishment and converting it into blood, which afterwards serves for the formation of the permanent body of the chicken. Thus the whole of the yolk-bag is ultimately drawn into the stomach of the chicken, the former gradually shrinking as its contents are exhausted, and the latter enlarging so as to receive it at last as a little pouch or appendage.

Thus far we have seen the wonderful contrivance of nature for the nourishment of the chicken; let us now see how she has provided for its respiration, for the embryo, like the adult chicken, requires air, partly that its own heat may be kept up, and partly that the carbonic acid, liberated in the various processes of nutrition, may be set free. Owing to the peculiar and beautiful structure of the shell and the membrane covering of the albumen, the outer air is enabled to gain access to the interior of the egg; and at first its action upon the blood is sufficient. On the third day, however, a bag begins to sprout from the lower end of the body, and gradually and almost completely encloses it. This bag serves as the temporary respirating apparatus of the chicken till it is prepared to quit the egg, at which period, there is reason to suppose, it receives into its lungs the highly oxygenized air formerly mentioned as contained in the space at the large end of the egg; and, by the increased vigor thus acquired, it is enabled to perform the movements requisite for extricating itself from the shell, which is done entirely by its own exertions.

In conclusion, we may say that, in the whole of the economy of nature, there is nothing in which the fatherly care of an Allwise Providence is more signally conspicuous than in the means of reproduction which is given to animated beings; and among the various means which He has devised there is none more simple or more beautifully ordered than the one we have attempted to describe.

HOW WAR IS MADE.

As Francis I. was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the State, "It would not be amiss," said the king, stirring up the embers with his cane, "if this good understanding between us and Switzerland was a little strengthened."

"There is no end, sire," replied the minister, "in giving money to those people; they would swallow up the treasury of France."

"Pooh-pooh," answered the king, "there are more ways, Monsieur la Premier, of bribing States besides that of giving money. I'll pay Switzerland the honor of standing godfather for my next child."

"Your majesty," said the minister, "in so doing would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back. Switzerland, as a republic, being a female, can in no construction be godfather."

"She may be godmother," replied Francis, hastily; "so announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning."

"I am astonished," said Francis I. that day fortnight, speaking to the minister as he entered the closet, "that we have had no answer from Switzerland."

"Sire, I wait upon you this moment," said Monsieur la Premier, "to lay before you my dispatches upon that business."

"They take it kindly?" said the king.

"They do, sire," replied the minister, "and have the highest sense of the honor your majesty has done them; but the republic, as godmother, claims her right in this case of naming the child."

"In all reason," quoth the king; "she will christen him Francis, or Henry, or Louis, or some name that she knows will be agreeable to us?"

"Your majesty is deceived," replied the minister; "I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republic on that point also."

"And what name has the republic fixed on for the dauphin?"

"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego," replied the minister.

"By St. Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiss!" cried Francis I., pulling up his breeches, and walking hastily across the floor.

"Your majesty," replied the minister, calmly, "cannot bring yourself off."

"We'll pay them money," said the king.

"Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury," answered the minister.

"I'll pawn the best jewels in my crown," quoth Francis I.

"Your honor stands pawned already in this matter," answered the premier.

"Then, Monsieur la Premier," said the king, "by heaven we'll go to war with them!"

THE ICE-CAVE OF VERGY, IN SAVOY.

Caves where there is ice in Summer, but none in Winter, seem curious things indeed; but such really exist, and have excited no little discussion among the learned. Among the most remarkable of these is the Ice-Cave of Vergy, or, as the peasants call it, Montargy, not far from the village of Pralong, in the valley of Reposoir.

The grotto is hollowed out in the yellowish limestone, and forms a hall about fifty yards in depth, with a sloping floor covered with fragments of rock. All around you are stalactites, stalagmites, columns, platforms, so to speak, or inclined planes, not of mineral, as in many caves, but of pure, clear, hard ice. The forms of the great icicles depending from the roof were that of stalactites, but those rising from the floor were often conical, paraboloidal, or bottle-shaped—sometimes like a top reversed. One very curious one, seen by the artist whose sketch we give, rose from the ice-floor, and rested at the top against a rocky face.

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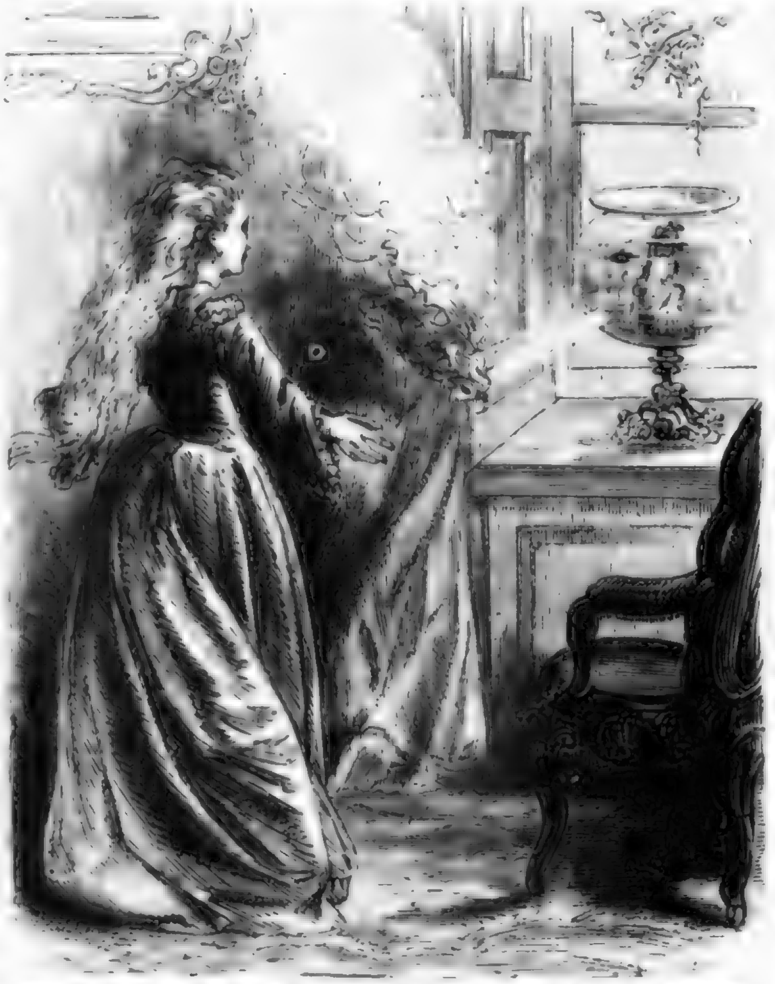
looking like a waterfall congealed as it sprang from the rock. The material was a dead-white like porcelain.

This ice must be formed at the period of the year when the cold and water meet, in the Fall at the first approach of frost, and in Spring when he retires. Sometimes, though but rarely, ice is found here in Winter, but, as the peasants say, "a true ice-cave has no ice in Winter." It is just this popular observation, generally correct, that gives interest to the discussions of the learned. What influence is exerted by currents of air? What by the cooling of the air caused by the saturation of the vapors rising from the water? More connected facts are required to establish a theory, and, hitherto, no man of science seems to have watched, day by day, the formation of the ice, or its melting, so as to give us an intelligent explanation of the curious fact. Our illustration is from a drawing by Mr. Thury, who visited the Ice-Cave of Vergy in 1861, and represents the entrance to this singular cave.



COOKING BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN.—A FISH GLOBE, AS A LENS SETTING FIRE TO A HOUSE AT DURHAM, ME.

COOKING BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN.

The sun is the great source of light and heat, and we make its reflections permanent by compelling it to perform certain chemical action in the daguerreotype. But as it is the source of heat, why not use it?

All know the story of Archimedes destroying a fleet by means of mirrors. The idea of using the sun's rays to give heat for man's use in peace or war is not modern, yet, with all our inventions, it has taken no practical shape. Yet accidents sometimes occur that show us how readily the sun's rays could be turned to account. In the Autumn of 1873, a goldfish globe, full of water, hanging in the window of Dr. Mathewson's house at Durham, Maine, acted as a lens, and actually set the casement on fire, but it was fortunately seen in time.

Mouchot, a scientific man in France, has lately drawn attention to the subject.

In his investigations, he found that as far back as the time of the Crusades it was known that the Saracens used solar heat in distilling some of their precious liquors for medical and cosmetic use. In these distillations they employed polished concave steel mirrors manufactured at Damascus.

The students of science in Europe certainly caught the idea, and we give an illustration, from a work of Adam Lonicer, printed in 1551.

The sun, with a gallantry worthy of Apollo, gave his first labors to the fair sex, to aid some of the complexions he helps to spoil.

Let us hear the venerable author:

"Means whereby an infusion in water of various flowers may be made, retaining the odor and the vertue thereof: Sette a concave mirrour in the burning sun, then place betwixt that orb and the mirrour the glasse jarre, so that the sun's rayes will reflect from the mirrour to the glasse, as shown in the cut set down herewith."

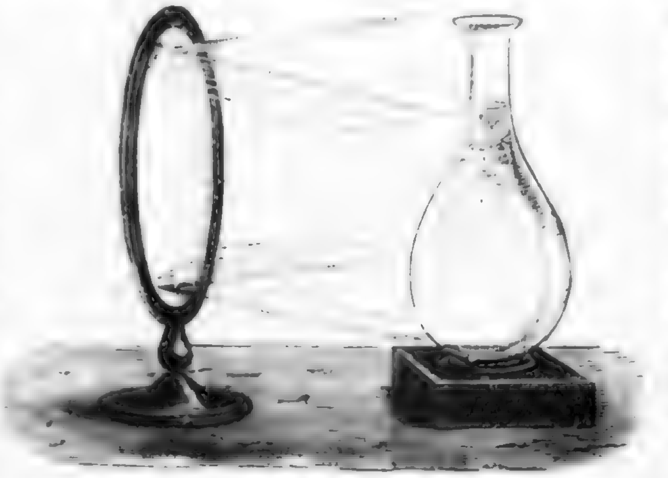
This hardly justifies our title. It is not exactly cooking, but we will come to that. In 1662, Villette, a Lyons optician, made a concave mirror, with a focus the size of half a louis d'or. Green wood, placed a yard from the mirror, was ignited instantly, and a copper coin drilled through in twenty-four seconds.

In 1687, the Baron of Tchirnhausen did cook by sun heat. He boiled water almost instantly in an earthen pot, by the help of the mirror, and cooked eggs; but you had to be quick, for they got hard in an instant, and before you knew it, the water had evaporated.

Mons. Mouchot, reviving the ideas of these early students, and following in the track of Buffon, Saussure, Ducarla, and Sir John Herschel, has obtained most satisfactory results, and now that analysis by means of the spectrum has enabled us to understand the chemical action of certain rays and counteract it, sun-cooking may become important.

A machine has recently been brought forward for drying fruit, vegetables, etc., almost instantly, retaining the sugar, and avoiding the loss of valuable ingredients which all sun-dried fruit undergoes by the fermentation produced by the influence of the chemical rays. As in Mouchot's experiments, the interposition of a red or yellow glass neutralized these chemical rays, tin reflectors may be made so as to dry apples, tomatoes, and other fruit and vegetables in red or yellow glass jars, far superior to the ordinary dried fruit.

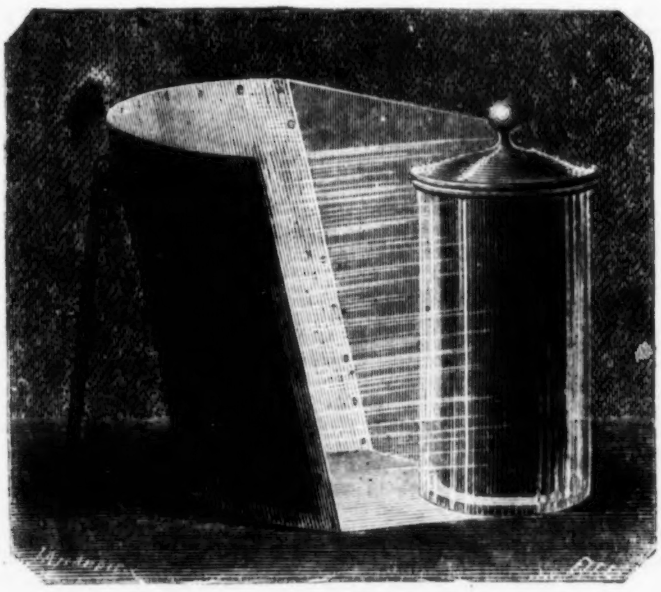
Mouchot says, "I took a glass cylinder, the glass about the thickness of an ordinary window-pane, in which I set a copper or wrought-iron cylinder, with the rim resting on the glass, and with a glass cover over it. This solar pot gave very good results; for on setting it in the focus of a silver-



SOLAR DISTILLATION, FROM LONICER'S WORK, A.D. 1551.

XUM

plated reflector, it boiled three litres (0.66 gallons) of water, starting at 15 deg. Réaumur in an hour and a half. As this kettle was convenient, I used it on several attempts. It enabled me to make by sun-heat an excellent soup of a kilogramme of beef and a selection of vegetables. After four hours' insulation, the whole was thoroughly cooked, although the sun was at times obscured by clouds; and the soup was all the better from the great regularity with which the heat increased."



MOUCHOT'S SOLAR BOILING AND BAKING APPARATUS.

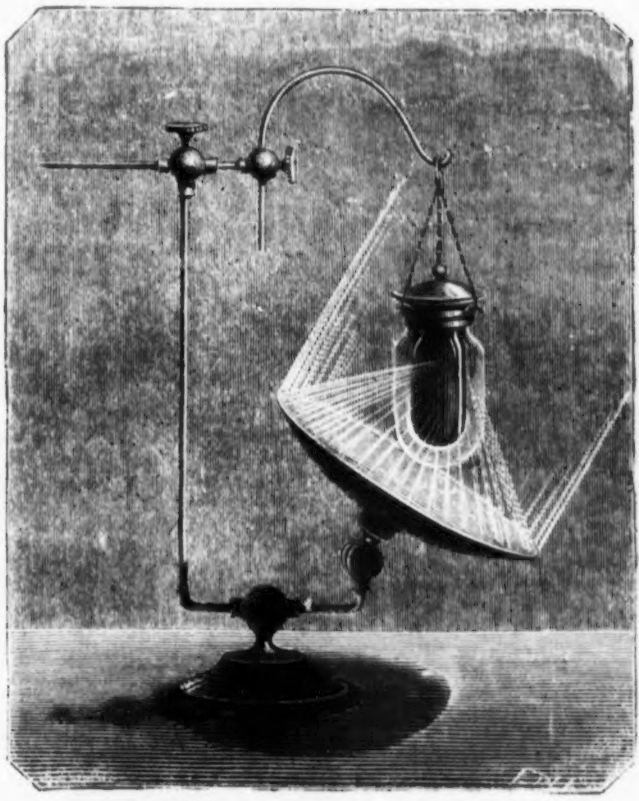
Our illustration shows the apparatus used. The semi-cylindrical reflector fifty centimetres (19.685 inches) high, the base the arc of a circle, the chord of which is a metre (39.37 inches). It is inclined so as to concentrate the rays on the metal pot, which is blackened. The light on its dark surface guides the experimenter in getting it into the focus.

Once, by putting a wrought-iron cover under the glass, he made an oven in which a loaf of bread weighing one kilogramme (2,204 lbs. av.) was baked in less than three hours, and as well as in any baker's oven.

M. Mouchot, having succeeded in cooking and baking by means of his mirror, next tried it in distillation. Replacing the two covers by a still-head, fitting exactly, and connected with a worm passing through a vessel of water, he placed some wine in the iron jar, and in forty minutes obtained alcohol.

The apparatus heating slowly and continuously, the alcohol was concentrated, and had a very fine aroma.

In our illustration, *a* is the jar containing the wine; *b*, the alembic, or still-head; *c*, the vessel containing the worm; *d*, the tap letting cold water around; *e*, the pipe discharging; *f*, the vessel to receive the alcohol; *g*, the reflector.



MOUCHOT'S IMPROVED SOLAR COOKING-STOVE.

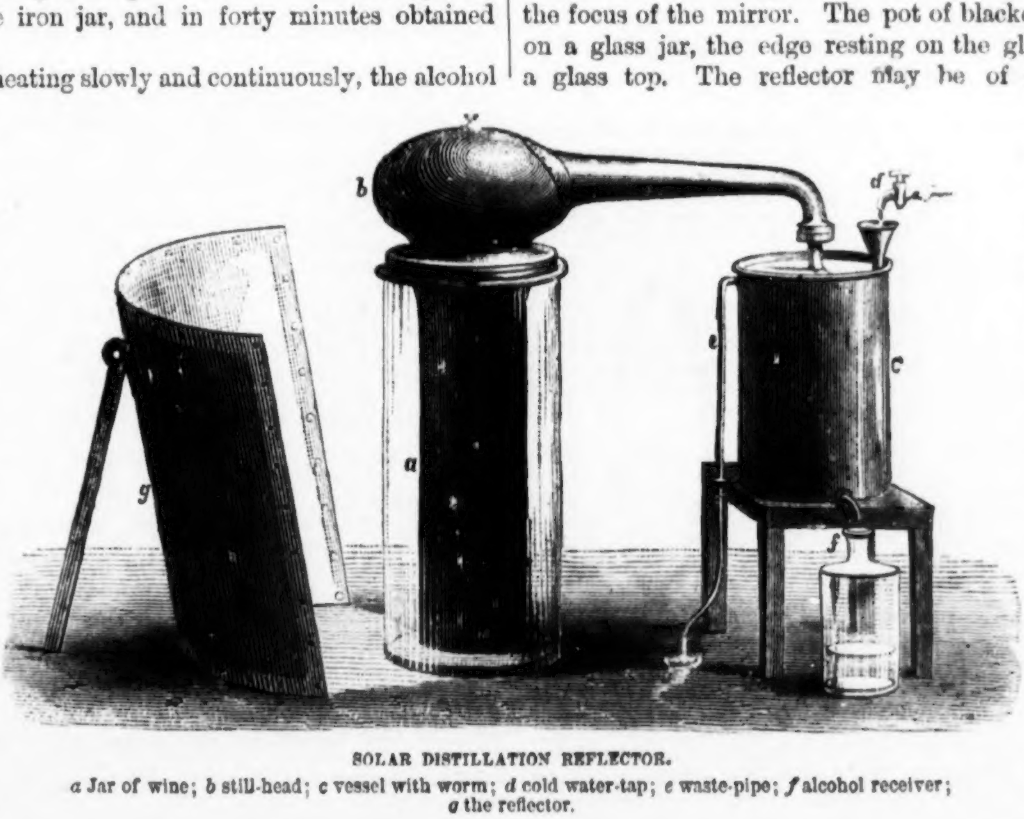
This reflector enabled him to roast meat in the open air; by placing at the focus a spit, with a piece of beef, veal, or mutton, he obtained in three hours a very well cooked piece of meat. But, to avoid the disagreeable taste given to it by the chemical rays, he set a yellow or red glass before the meat.

By leading a pipe from this jar to another containing vegetables or grain, he soon caused the water in the first jar to boil, and in quite a short time cooked the vegetables.

With a larger reflector he obtained still more speedy results, boiling five litres of water in thirty-five minutes, and this not in Summer, as some of our readers may imagine, but in February and March.

M. Mouchot gives a more elegant form of this Solar Cooking Stove, and which is shown in our second illustration. A spherical mirror, working on a joint, so as to be made to face the sun and turn the rays on the pot, which hangs from a branch, is so arranged that it can be readily brought into the focus of the mirror. The pot of blackened metal is set on a glass jar, the edge resting on the glass covered with a glass top. The reflector may be of polished tin instead of silver-plated. A cylindro-parabolic reflector of polished tin, of eighteen inches opening, easily raised water to boiling heat.

Our ingenious inventors have now to introduce portable Sun-cooking and Heating Apparatus, that, like Diogenes, the poor need only ask the princely Alexanders to step out of their sunlight.



SOLAR DISTILLATION REFLECTOR.
a Jar of wine; *b* still-head; *c* vessel with worm; *d* cold water-tap; *e* waste-pipe; *f* alcohol receiver; *g* the reflector.

SCIENCE.

THERE was lately shown at the rooms of the Society of Art, in London, a piece of milk, "solidified by the Hooker process," and weighing one hundred pounds, and which "has been exposed to the action of the air for four years and three months. "The *Agricultural Gazette* of that city says that "its quality was still so excellent that in a few minutes it was resolved, by churning, into good fresh butter."

A NEW Physical Observatory is to be erected at Fontenay, the head of which will be M. Janssen. It will be erected on the very spot where it was intended to build one when it was proposed some years back to remove the Paris Observatory. In a few months, then, Paris will have four observatories—the National, the Physical, and two meteorological observatories—one at Montsouris under M. Marie-Davy, and another which is being built at the Acclimatization Gardens.

ILLUMINATING GAS FROM CORK.—To the list of substances capable of furnishing illuminating gas of good quality cork is now to be added. Recent experiments, made in Bordeaux, France, have given results both economical and satisfactory, and it has been definitely decided to use the material in the lighting of the city. Works for burning cork are now in progress of construction. The fragments of cork, principally waste left after cutting bottle stoppers, are distilled in a close retort. The flame obtained is stated to be whiter and more brilliant than that of coal gas, while the blue zone is much smaller, and the density considerably greater.

A FRENCH firm of submarine engineers, Messrs Denayrouze & Co., have invented a lamp which burns as well under water as in the open air. It has a neat and sufficiently light apparatus, which the diver may hold in his hand, as one might hold a stable-lamp, or set down on the ground beside him. The oil burned is petroleum. Air is supplied to the flame by a tube communicating with the surface, and the products of combustion escape by a carefully planned aperture into the surrounding water. The lamp can be lighted under water by an ingenious contrivance. In clear water it throws a light for several yards around, and with a number of such lamps a party of divers might make the depths of ocean as light as a well-regulated workshop.

SWEDISH MATCHES.—In Sweden the wood of the white poplar alone is used for making matches. The trunks are sawn in planks of an equal thickness to the length of the matches, and these are reduced into pieces by machinery. After they are completely dry, they are dipped in a solution of paraffine, dissolved in photogene volatile oil, and then again dried. They are then dipped by packets or bundles in the inflammable composition, composed of 400 parts of chlorate of potassium, 400 of minium, 300 of sulphate of antimony, 150 of acid chromate of potassium, and 67 parts of gum-arabic. The sides of the boxes which serve for igniting the matches are prepared with a composition of eight parts amorphous phosphorus and nine of sulphide of antimony.

THE remarkable discovery of a boiling lake in the island of Dominica has excited much scientific interest, and investigations of the phenomenon are to be made by geologists. It appears that a company exploring the steep and forest-covered mountain behind the town of Rosseau came upon the boiling lake, about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea level, and two miles in circumference. On the wind clearing away for a moment the clouds of sulphurous steam with which the lake was covered, a mound of water was seen ten feet higher than the general level of the surface, caused by ebullition The margin of the lake consists of beds of sulphur, and its overflowing found exit by a waterfall of great height. Some superstitious people believe this to be the mouth of hell, but as no one has ever yet been seen to enter the place, they are probably wrong.

CAMPHOR.—When small pieces of camphor are placed on the surface of water, it is known that they turn about with the most capricious movements. This phenomenon has lately been studied by M Lescœur (of the Chemical Society at Paris) in a number of other bodies. He arranges in two classes the substances that are endowed with the "epipolar" force: 1. Substances insoluble in water: once the spreading out has occurred, all movement is arrested, and the movement of any other body is suspended (fixed oils, fatty bodies, etc). 2. Substance soluble in water: the superficial layer produced is dissolved or volatilized with more or less rapidity, the movement is continuous. The saturation of the liquid, and of the surrounding atmosphere caused all the action to cease (camphor, acetic acid, essential oils). The phenomena is one of capillarity, or of the superficial tension of liquids.

"**CORK LEATHER**."—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes to that journal: A stall has lately been added to the Maritime Exhibition by the Cork Leather Company, for the purpose of showing a fabric which is very like leather, but with qualities not possessed by any animal's hide. It is well known that cork is the most brittle of barks, and yet at the same time the lightest of materials. The cork leather, which now makes its appearance for the first time, is simply sheets of cork covered on both sides with thin linen, but so prepared that when bent double it neither breaks nor cracks. What the solution is which produces this effect I cannot pretend to guess. If used as leather, it is certainly one-fourth the weight of hide, and looks as well, at half the cost. If in the guise of macintosh, it is as supple and yet not sticky like ordinary waterproof. Boots and shoes are exhibited of this material, but the most efficient use to which it can be put seems to be for military accoutrements and tent-cloths. The French War Office has ordered a soldier's complete outfit to be made of the cork leather, and I understand that the Duke of Cambridge has directed similar samples to be sent to the Horse Guards. With regard to tents, the material is, without doubt, impervious to water, for this is practically shown at the Exhibition, while it is said, on good authority, to be superior to ordinary canvas in resisting heat. If it be used in the army, the tedious burden of kit, belt, and cartouche-box will be very materially decreased. The inventor is a M. De Berski.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

ANTIMONY.

IT has a specific gravity of 6.7, and a cubic foot of it weighs about four hundred and twenty pounds. It melts at a low temperature, and when it solidifies from fusion, it expands a little, the same as ice, and takes a perfect copy of a mold. This latter property enables us to employ it in the manufacture of type and music metal. We cannot employ antimony alone for this purpose, as it is too brittle, so we sometimes melt lead, and at other times tin with it. In different countries they use different metals to alloy with antimony to make types. Some English types were found to contain about sixty-nine parts of lead, nineteen and a half of antimony, nine of tin, and the balance of copper. Other specimens have recently been made of seventy-five parts of tin and twenty-five parts of antimony. The manufacturers of types have secrets of their own, which they naturally do not wish to divulge, a great point being to have the faces hard the impression sharp, and then to be able to cast the very smallest type.

There is a peculiar kind of antimony made by means of the galvanic battery, which explodes like gunpowder when it is touched with a red-hot iron. It is even not safe to scratch it with a file for fear of serious consequences. Fortunately, this form of the metal is not commonly met with in the arts, or dealers in the article would be exposed to much danger. Compounds of antimony are used in the manufacture of certain kinds of metals without phosphorus, but the explosive metal has no application for this purpose.

Antimony has been employed to impart hardness to iron, but as manganese is preferable, it is not very popular for this purpose. It is also used with copper and zinc to make brass, where a particular quality of that alloy is required. When we wish to make a pure transparent, colorless gloss, we sometimes use a little antimony.

A very curious fact has recently been observed by Parkinson, that when antimony is combined with ten per cent. of metallic magnesium, an alloy is formed which will actually deliquesce and melt away to water in the air. No uses have been suggested for this alloy, but it is worthy of note in the behavior of two metals.

An iron-black powder, used for bronzing plaster casts, papier-mache figures, and imparting a steel color to those and other similar objects, is finely divided antimony, produced by precipitation with zinc.

The beauty and permanence of antimony in the air suggests its use as a suitable coating for the protection of other metals, such as iron and copper.

The butter of antimony is dissolved in alcohol, and clarified with a little muriatic acid, and the bright copper surface is plunged into it for half an hour. It becomes coated with a beautiful bright film of antimony, which adheres strongly, and does not alter in the air. Copper-wire coated in this way can be bent without destroying the thin film.

We can make a powerful galvanic battery by employing antimony at one of the poles, instead of gas carbon. Amalgamated zinc in dilute sulphuric acid is used at one end, a massive block of antimony, immersed in a saturated solution of equal parts of common salt and epsom salts, at the other. This forms a simple, cheap, and powerful battery, suitable to electro-plating.

In England, the best Britannia-ware contains antimony, and the English Government harden their bullets and shot with it.

As an anti-friction metal, for the bearings of machinery, for the packing of railroad axles, it is now largely employed.

A beautiful carmine red color, and a fine yellow, are prepared from its compounds. In medicine, tartar emetic, which is partly composed of antimony, is well-known, and for a hundred years no substance has been the occasion of greater controversies, or more extravagant expectations, as a remedy in all cases of sickness, than antimony. It was even necessary, at one time, for the Government of France to prohibit its use, so great was the excess in its prescription.

Notwithstanding the numerous uses to which this metal is applied, there are not more than one thousand tons of it produced every year.

We have thus sketched a majority of the popular applications of antimony, and may have beguiled our readers into acquiring information which they did not possess before. It is worthy of note, that the cosmetic which was a favorite of the "broad-eyed" woman of ancient Greece, has not ceased to retain its supremacy in modern times, and the medicine that fattened hogs at the time of Valentine, is now prescribed by the veterinary surgeon as a panacea for the ills of horse-flesh. In fact, antimony plays an important *rôle* in the ordinary affairs of life; for we drink our tea, shoot our enemies, cure our horses, cross the ocean, travel on the railroad, paint our pictures (not to say our faces), sing our songs, strike a light, harden our steel, coat our copper, purify our glass, print our books, telegraph our messages, and use as a medicine this wonderful metal.

STUDY OF HISTORY.

To study history is to study literature. The biography of a nation embraces all its works. No trifle is to be neglected. A moldering medal is a letter of twenty centuries. Antiquities, which have been beautifully called history defaced, composed its fullest commentary. In these wrecks of many storms, which time washes to the shore, the scholar looks patiently for treasures. The painting round a vase, the scribble on a wall, the wrath of a demagogue, the drollery of a farce, the point of an epigram—each possesses its own interest and value. A fossil court of law is dug out of an orator; and the Pompeii of Greece is discovered in the Comedies of Aristophanes.

AFFECTIONS OF HOME.

If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of toil and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.

THE HAPPY HOME.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and forbearing and patient in a neighbor's house. If anything go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home; but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbor's house; and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we gained anything good by giving way to it Fits of ill-humor punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.

NATIONALITY OF HANDWRITING.

It is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B—— states: "I am acquainted with a Frenchman, who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but yet who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixed exclusively with French people, but who, although he had a French writing-master, and, perhaps, never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style; it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing; but, with all their professions, and all their exertions, they never can get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their handwritings. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs can be instantly determined by his handwriting The difference between the American or English and the French handwriting is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish, and German handwritings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference in the handwritings of different nations as in their languages. And it is a singular truth, that, though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language well, perhaps better than his own—yet never can he succeed in changing his handwriting to a foreign style."

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A rake's progress—Through a quantity of weeds.

An old hulk of a husband is the wreck of a courtship.

A poor place for a hungry pig—The *trough* of the sea.

If you have tears to shed, prepare—a little horse-radish.

What kind of paper most resembles a sneeze?—*Tissue* paper.

Why is making love like studying law?—Because it's making ready for *courting*.

The song of the repentant husband after knocking his wife down—"Come to my bosom, my own stricken dear.'

Which possess the most cheerful disposition—gas or candles? Why, you often hear of laughing-gas, but the best candles are always *waxy*.

Trumpeters.—They say that trumpet-players are doomed to short lives. We doubt it. We have known men who blew their own trumpets incessantly, and achieved a good troublesome old age.

Speak by the Card—"Do they ring two bells for school?' asked a gentleman of his ten-year-old daughter, who attends "a select institution for young ladies."—"No, papa," she replied, "they ring one bell twice."

"Do you think, doctor," asked an anxious mother, "that it would improve little Johnny's health to take him to the springs and let him try the water?" "I haven't a doubt of it, madam." "What springs would you recommend, doctor?" "Any springs, madam, where you find plenty of soap."

Smart Work.—A man down in Northampton, it is said, made so many pairs of shoes in one day that it took two days to count them! He was a smart one, but not equal to one up in County Tipperary, who built so many miles of stone fence in one day that it took him all night and the next day to get home.

The Misery of Short Sight.—"There! don't you see him? He's waving his handkerchief, now, said a near-sighted but sentimental young lady to her companion as they sat on the hotel balcony. "Nonsense, stupid!" replied the other, "it's the waiter-boy shaking out the tablecloth after dinner." She fainted on the spot.

A witty, popular, and learned lord on the northern side of the Tweed, tells a story of a Scotch wife, shortly after the nuptial-knot had been tied, mildly expostulating with her husband for indulging in two tumblers of whisky-toddy just before going to bed. "My dear Agnes, a glass o' whisky-toddy maks anither man o' me." "But, my dear William, you take two." "Ay, Agnes, that gangs to the ither man."

English—not the Queen's.—It would seem from the following that there is much need of a School Board at Weardale. A doctor there was lately summoned to a cottage at Harwood in Teesdale, and found a boy-patient in need of his services. "Put out your tongue," said the doctor. The boy stared like an owl. "My good boy," requested the medical man, "let me see your tongue." "Talk English, doctor," put in the mother; and then, turning to her son, she said, "Hoppen thy gobbler, and push out thy loliker." The boy rolled out his tongue in a moment.

The Clown and the Poet.—When Lord Byron frequented the green-room of Drury Lane, he occasionally met Paulo, the clown, whom he guessed, from his name, to be an Italian. Paulo was English, not only to the back-bone, but to the very roots of his tongue, "Paulo" being merely his *nom de theatre*. His lordship, thinking to please the interesting foreigner by the dulcet sounds of the language of his native land, addressed him in the purest accents of Tuscany. Paulo was amazed, and, wishing to reply politely to his noble interrogator, answered, "Yes, sir—I mean, my lord—very likely—just so!" His lordship, perceiving his mistake, wished him "Good-night," and walked away. "Old 'un," said Paulo to his pantaloon, pointing to the retreating figure, with the well-known black cloak gracefully disposed to conceal the unfortunate foot, "see him?" "Yes." "Lord Byron—poet." "I know." Paulo placed his mouth close to the pantaloon's ear, and whispered, "Mad—as a hatter!"

That Boy!—Who does not know that boy? He is as numerous as the sands of the sea; he infests every neighborhood; every square of every city in the land has one of him. He is omnipresent and almost omnipotent for evil. He has a hand in all that is bad, and knows not that which is good. He it is who persuades that good little boy of Sunday-school proclivities to play truant and "go swimming" with him, that he may come back and enjoy his discomfiture when the parental protest and admonition is being vigorously applied. He chaseth the unwary cat, and tieth the tin-can to the caudal appendage of the family watch-dog He lieth down to learn evil, and riseth up to practise it, and thus acquireth that widespread notoriety which putteth his name in the mouth of every one, and maketh him a terror in the land. There is no hope of relief from his wickedness, for he has existed from the beginning, and always will As the seasons come and go, and the boy of yesterday becomes the man of to-day, even so do others rise up to follow in his footsteps and perpetuate a line we cannot hope will ever become extinct. Let our adjurations rest on him as we will, he yet remains to torment and distress us. He is the inevitable, whom we cannot avoid.

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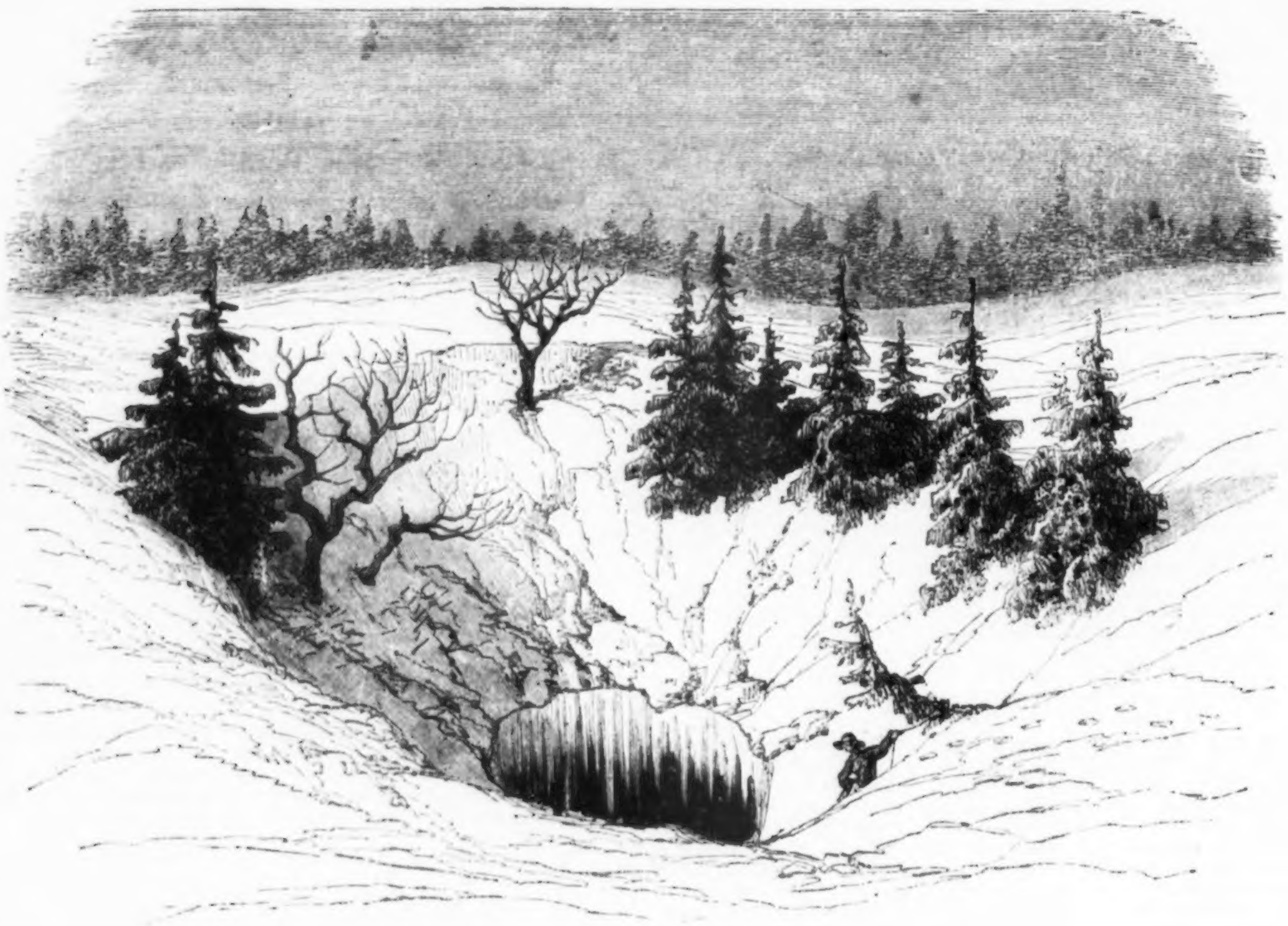
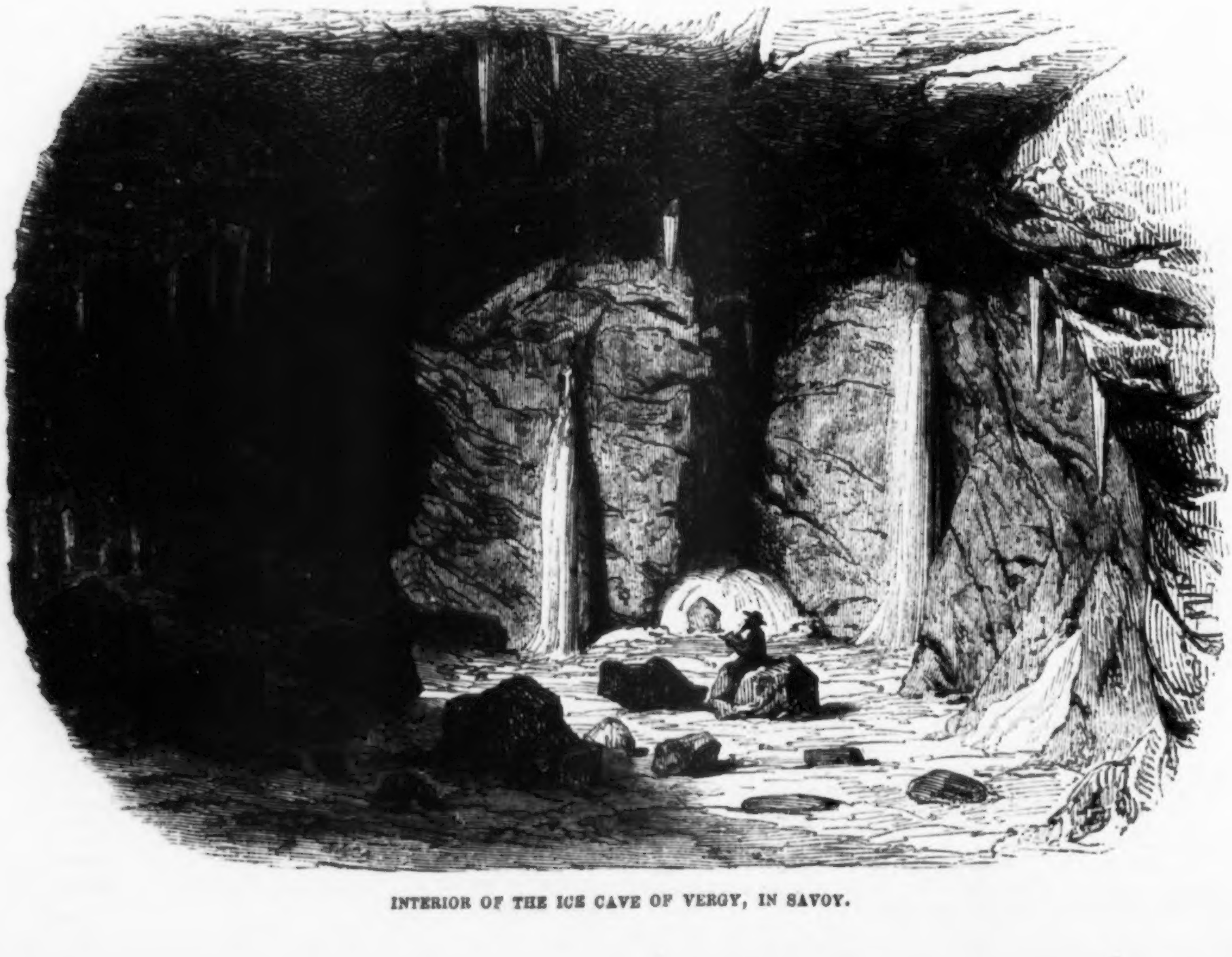


THE ICE CAVE OF VERGY, IN SAVOY.—SEE PAGE 251.

It is a curious fact that no water has been found in the storage cells of camels which have died in America, although, as is well known, the cell compartment of the camel's stomach is used in the East by the animal as a reservoir of water, whence it draws its requisite supply for drinking on long journeys across burning deserts. Naturalists suppose that the watering process ceases when the well-being of the creature no longer requires it.



INTERIOR OF THE ICE CAVE OF VERGY, IN SAVOY.

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